

THE
LONDON REVIEW.

JULY, 1859.

ART. I.—*The Poetical Works of Geoffrey Chaucer.* - Edited by
ROBERT BELL. J. W. Parker and Son. 1855.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER is first in the order of time, and scarcely inferior to the first in merit, of our great English poets. Yet so little of his personal history is known, that his name is now only a synonym of his genius and works. His birth, his birth-place, his parentage, and his education, are alike involved in obscurity. To us he can, and need, be little more than the man who wrote 'Chaucer's Poems.' He lived to an advanced age, usually reckoned as seventy-two years; and his monument informs us that he died October 25th, 1400. He studied at Oxford, or Cambridge, or Paris, according to different reports; not impossibly in all three universities. He is said to have originally chosen the legal profession, and to have been a member of the Inner Temple, where upon one occasion he was fined two shillings for beating a Franciscan friar in Fleet Street;—an improbable anecdote, now all but disproved. Wherever he received his education, however, the extent of his acquirements was very great. He was well versed in philosophy and divinity and the scholastic learning, and displays an intimate acquaintance with most of the sciences, as then cultivated, especially astronomy. The actual course of his life has been much obscured by what has been truly called 'a tissue of romantic adventure' drafted into his biography from the *Testament of Love*, that fantastic allegory, in which Chaucer is supposed to relate his own history in the phraseology of fiction. If this were so, the poet would labour under the severest stigma that can oppress

the name of man,—that of having betrayed and impeached his companions in order to procure his own pardon.*

The authentic notices of Chaucer's life which occur, may be briefly given. He served in 1359 under Edward III. in the expedition against France, upon which occasion he was made prisoner. He would then be about thirty years of age, and at this period he is described, after an authentic portrait, as being 'of a fair and beautiful complexion, his lips full and red, his size of a just medium, and his port and air graceful and majestic.'† In 1360, the year of the peace of Chartres, between France and England, Chaucer is supposed to have married Philippa Roet, one of the Queen's maids of honour. This lady was the daughter of Sir Payne Roet, a native of Hainault, who had been brought over by Queen Philippa in her retinue in 1328. Her sister Catherine married John of Gaunt after the death, in 1369, of his duchess Blanche, the subject of the glorious poem known as *The Book of the Duchess*, and, less appropriately, as *Chaucer's Dream*. The Queen granted to Philippa Chaucer an annual pension of ten marks, which the King continued after the Queen's death; and John of Gaunt conferred upon her a pension of ten pounds *per annum*, and on different occasions presented herself and her husband with valuable marks of his favour and protection.

In 1367 Chaucer was made one of the valets of the King's chamber, and in the same year the King granted him an annuity of twenty marks, till he should be better provided for, under the designation '*dilectus Valettus noster*,' which Selden says 'was conferred upon young heirs designed to be knighted, or on young gentlemen of great descent or quality.' From this time he appears to have mixed much in public business, and was found very competent therein. He was absent from England on the King's service in the summer of 1370; and towards the end of 1372 he was joined in a commission, with two citizens of Genoa, for the purpose of determining upon an English port where a Genoese commercial

* In the *Testament of Love*, Chaucer is represented to have taken an active part in the struggle between the Court and City, on occasion of the election of John of Northampton to the mayoralty in 1383. He incurred the displeasure of the Court, fled to Hainault, returned, was arrested, and confined for three years in the Tower, from which he escaped in the disgraceful way mentioned in the text. A complete refutation of all this has been made by Sir Harris Nicolas, and the memory of Chaucer is cleared from one of the foulest slanders that ever attempted to cling to a great man. 'At the very time,' says Sir Harris, 'that Chaucer was supposed to have been a prisoner in the Tower, he was sitting in Parliament as knight of the shire for one of the largest counties in England.'

† This portrait, Mr. Bell tells us, was in 1721 in the possession of George Greenwood, of Castleton, in Gloucestershire, Esq. It is mentioned by Urry and Grainger.

establishment might be formed. An advance of £66. 13s. 4d. was made to him on the 1st of December, and he probably left England immediately afterwards. He was absent about a year, observes Sir Harris Nicolas, drawing his information from the Issue Rolls, and visited Florence and Genoa. It was during this visit to Italy that he is supposed, not at all improbably, to have visited Petrarch at Padua. This seems as probable from their conversation as from anything else; for if the Prologue to the *Clerk of Orenford's Tale* be in the person of Chaucer, he 'learned' the story of Griselda 'from a worthy clerk of Padua, Fraunceis Petrark, the laureat poete.'

The rest of our author's life we are content to accept from the carefully-sifted narrative of Mr. Bell, who has examined the earlier biographers, Urry, Tyrwhitt, Grainger, and Godwin; and who has profited also by the later researches of Sir H. Nicolas, whilst exercising a sound and independent judgment of his own.

'The next authentic notice of Chaucer occurs in a writ dated 23rd April, 1374, granting him a pitcher of wine daily, afterwards commuted into a money payment. In the same year he was appointed comptroller of the customs in the port of London, under strict condition that he was to write the rolls of office with his own hand, to be constantly present, and to perform all the duties in person, and not by deputy. At the same time the pension of £10, which the Duke of Lancaster had conferred upon the poet's wife two years before, was converted into an annuity to both, to be held for life by the survivor, and to be paid out of the revenue of the Savoy. In 1375 Chaucer obtained a grant of the lands and custody of the son and heir of Edmond Staplegate, of Bilsynton, in Kent, and also the custody of five "solidates" of rent in Solys, in Kent, a matter of little pecuniary value.'

The men of that age knew how to take care of their poets, then; and their patronage was real patronage. They expected work to be done for pay given; they supervised not only the purse, but the daily life of their workman.

'Soon afterwards we find Chaucer employed on two secret missions: in 1376 in the "comitiva" or retinue of Sir John Burley; and in 1377 in association with Sir Thomas Percy, afterwards Earl of Worcester, with whom he proceeded to Flanders.'

Then follow discussions as to the date and object of these missions; the fact of them is enough for us. Upon his return from them, he was sent into Lombardy on an embassy, object unknown. Observe, that it never seems to have occurred to the men of that time, that a poet was likely to be either incompetent or idle in the discharge of public business. Chaucer had his share in it like other people. When he went into Lombardy, he

chose for his representative at home John Gower, his friend and brother poet. Next year he was appointed Comptroller of the Petty Customs of the Port of London, in addition to his other office; and soon after was released from that condition of personal attendance, which we did not much like when we read it.

'Being now at liberty to consult his own inclination, he turned his attention to politics,' (a very noble thing was then understood by that word,) 'and was elected one of the representatives of Kent in the Parliament which met at Westminster, on 1st October, 1386.'

Another fact sufficient for us. The Parliament only met for a month, and its proceedings were directed with great violence against the government of the Duke of Lancaster. Chaucer's devotion to his patron occasioned him the loss of both his offices in the Customs. But shortly afterwards, upon the appointment of new ministers, he recovered the royal favour.

'In July, 1389, he was appointed Clerk of the King's Works, embracing the Palace at Westminster, the Tower, the royal manors of Kennington, Eltham, Clarendon, Sheen, Byfleet, Childern Langley, and Feckenham, the lodges of the New Forest and the royal parks, and at the mews for the King's falcons at Charing Cross. This important office he was permitted to execute by deputy.'

Through the whole of his life, with the exception of two comparatively short intervals, he enjoyed no inconsiderable independence; and his income many rated as fully equal to that of a gentleman of his time. 'His pensions, exclusive of his offices, ranged for many years with the salaries of the Chief Baron of the Exchequer, and the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas.' He passed through life beloved doubtless, but also honoured by all men; busy, responsible, full of strenuous action,—poet, soldier, diplomatist, and master of the philosophy, science, and divinity of his time; and when at length he ceased, it was to sleep beneath a tomb of the grey marble in Westminster Abbey.

Much may be learned even from this brief outline concerning the man and his age. Patronage was true patronage; and homage, true homage: the poet was not looked upon as a madman, or an imbecile; the utterly false distinction between 'practicality and impracticality' was not drawn. It was not considered impossible that a poet could deliver a message decently, or form a judgment correctly. Nay, men seem even to have expected that the same inspired insight which led the poet unerringly aright in his art, would suffice for the regulation of matters of the life of every day; only they did not continue *always* to set their best workman 'to gauge beer-barrels.' They seem to have been impressed with two facts, little thought of now: that it was truly

a thing of importance that they should have an inspired man among them to tell them things that they did not know; and that it was necessary for them to honour him with some sufficient portion of this world's goods for his sustentation; nay, even for his comfort and amusement. Chaucer was not only well cared for at home, but even compelled by provident kindness on more than one occasion to travel and acquaint himself with the facts of other countries.

The inner life of the great poet whom we are memorializing, stands revealed to us in his own words, by such brief yet vivid touches as only a great dramatist can give of himself. His years seem to have flowed smoothly on between the 'making of books' and his unaltering devotion to nature. In these following sweetest verses he gives an interesting picture of his tastes. His books occupy all his leisure, and for them he is content to live secluded; but when the daisy time comes round, he issues forth from his retreat, still wearing that half-dazed look that belongs to him alone, and gathers 'Chaucer's flower,' how tenderly! from 'the small, softe, swete, grass.'

'And as for me, although I ken but lyte,
On bokes for to read I me delite,
And to hem yeve I feyth and ful credence,
And in myn herte have hem in reverence
So hertely, that ther is game noon,
That fro my bokes maketh me to goon,
But yt be seldome on the holy day,
Save certeynly, whan that the monethe of May
Is comen, and that I hear the foules synge,
And all the floures gynnen for to sprynge,
Farewel my boke and my devocion.

'Now have I thanne such a condicion,
That of all the floures in the mede
Thanne love I most those floures white and red
Suche as men callen daysyes in our toun.
To hem I have so grete affectioun,
As I seyde erst, whanne comen is the May,
That in my bed ther daweth me no day
That I nam uppe and walkyng in the mede
To see this floure ayein the sunne sprede,
Whanne it up ryseth erly by the morwe;
That blissful sight softeneth al my sorwe,
So glad am I, whan that I have presence
Of it, to doon it alle reverence,
As she that is of all floures flour,
Fulfilled of all virtue and honour,
And every ylike fair and fresshe of hewe,
And I love it and ever ylike newe,

And ever shal, til that myn herte dye;
 Al swere I nat, of this I wol nat lye,
 That loved no wight better in his lyve;
 And whan that hit ys eve I renne blyve,
 As soon as evere the sunne gynneth weste,
 To seen this flour, how it wol go to reste
 For fere of night, so hateth she derkenesse.'

Prologue to Legend of Good Women.

There is something here that marks it for a true thing. Chaucer did love, and did watch, as he tells us he did. We may see him yet, as in Occleve's portrait, coming forth, still half-dazed, from his books, his grey beard forked, his dress and hood of dark cloth, his black pen or knife-case in his bosom, his right hand extended, as in the eagerness of love, his left hand holding a string of beads, as in gentle reverence, his eyes full of gravity and sweetness; or—as in the other authentic portrait, a full-length in the *Canterbury Tales*, MS. 851, *Lausæ*, dating twenty years after his death, in the initial letter of the volume—in long grey gown, red stockings, and black sandal shoes, head bare, and hair cut close, face still full of majesty, mystic yet clear intelligence. Thus he lived, as he tells us, the life of a hermit; and yet sometimes, in society, abstained from abstinence, to speak gently, and in latter years grew somewhat corpulent, suffering the banter of the big host of the Tabard, who congratulated him upon a waist as well shaped as his own. Yet in society he was generally retired and absorbed in contemplation.

Thus year by year was his song poured forth, sweet and full beyond the compass of all other men. He sang of human life in all its varieties; he never wrote a line but with the fullest power, most abundant mastery, and completest extrication of his subject from all entanglements, his touch being as firm as granite and soft as marble. He never failed to say at once whatever he wished. In the abundance and joy of his genius he sometimes transgressed against the laws of delicacy, but never against the truth of human nature, to which he was always faithful and kind. For many long years he seems to have made a religion of his art. Then came the change, which must come to all such, since it came to him; the cold wind of doubt in art—doubt whether art is religion after all—sweeps, like breath, across that wondrous soul, and at the end of his *Canterbury Tales* he writes thus in penitence, proposing to himself retractation:—

'Wherefore I biseke yow mekely for the mercy of God that ye pray for me, that God have mercy upon me and forgive me my giltes, and nameliche my translaciones and of endityng in worldly vanities, which

I revoke in my retractacions, as in the book of Troyles, the book also of Fame, the book of the twenty five Ladies, the book of the Duchesses, the book of Saint Valentines day, and of the Parlement of Briddes, the Tales of Canturbury, alle thilk that sounen into rynne, the book of the Leo, and many other bokes, if they were in my mind or remembrance, and many a song and many a lecherous lay, of the whiche Christ for his grete mercy forgive me the synnes. But of the translaciouns of Boece de Consolacioun, and other bokes of consolacioun and of legend of lives of Seints and Omelies and moralitees and devocion, that thanke I oure Lord Ghesu Crist and his moder and alle the seints in haven, bisekyng them that they fro heneysforth unto my lyves end sende me grace to biwayle my gultes and to studeen to the savacioun of my soule, and graunte me grace and space of verrey repentance, penitence, confessioun and satisfaccioun, to don in this present lif, thurgh the benign grace of him that is King of kynges and Prest of alle prestis, that bought me with his precious blood of his hert, so that I moote be oon of hem at the day of doom that schall be saved, *qui cum Patre et Spiritu Sancto vivis et regnas Deus per omnia secula.* Amen.

Of his peaceful death the little ballad following, made by him 'upon his death-bed, lying in his anguish,' bears witness:—

'Flee fro the pres, and duelle with sothfastnesse:
Suffice the thy good tho it be small
For both hate, and clymbyng tikelnesse,
Pres hath envie, and well is blent over alle; *
Savour no more than the behove shalle;
Rise well thy self that other folke canst rede,
And trouthe the shal delyver, hit ys no drede.

'Payne the not eche crooked to redresse
In trust of him that turneth as a balle,
Grete rest slant in lytil besynesse,
Beware also to spurne ayeine an nulle: †
Stryve not as deth a croke with a walle,
Daunt thyselfe that dauntest otheres dede,
And trouthe the shall delyver, hit ys no drede.

'That the ys sent receive in buxomnesse,
The wrasteling of this world asketh a falle;
Her is no home, her is but wyldyrnesse,
Forth pilgrime! forth best out of thy stalle!
Looke up on hye, and thanke God of alle,
Weyve thy lust, and let thy goste the lede, ‡
And trouthe shal thee delyver, hit is no drede.'

* Wealth above all things blinds.

† Beware of kicking against a nail.

‡ Let thy spirit lead thee, not thy appetite.

All that is peculiar, all that seems now so distant and unattainable, in the poetry of Chaucer, arises from the one great typical fact, that it is always nothing more nor less than the telling of a story. It is this in whatever form it occurs, as well that of the small didactic verses, then called Ballads, of which the verses just given afford a specimen, as in that of the professed tale or legend, of which the major part of his works consists. The people of that age were fond of hearing things; they wanted all kinds of things to be told to them, and were always intensely struck with what was told. There was no art of method or settled rules, in accordance with which things were habitually accepted or rejected. Everything was believed intensely, and everything to their minds took the form of a story. A sermon to them was a tale about their moral nature; an impersonation was a truth; and a poet was well termed a clerke or cleric. The inspiration of the poet was a thing believed in with reality and seriousness, and his words were accepted as oracles and discoveries of truth.

Many indications are to be met with in Chaucer of this kind of feeling. We must conceive of the people of the Middle Ages as children in their love of stories, and in their adoration of those who could tell them. Books then, of course, were very scarce, and the reading of a new book would be a real epoch in a person's life. In every case to read a book was to read a tale,—to become acquainted with something both new and strange, whatever it might be. Hence originated a poetical complexion or turn, which everything seems to have assumed, and the passionate cultivation of poetry by all classes. It seems incredible to us, but it was undoubtedly the case, that in the Middle Ages poetry formed the chief delight of the people. A nation that read poetry deliberately, seriously, and constantly, with actual delight in it, actually living in it, is a spectacle so strange that our minds, so long used to the antipoetical and often base and abject things in which people have grown accustomed to delight themselves, refuse to credit it, and regard it rather as a theory of what should be. Yet proofs of this prevailing love of poetry may be found abundantly in Chaucer, whose poems always represent the characteristics of his own age. Thus Pandarus finds his niece, Cressida.

‘And ther twey other ladyes sate and she
Withyn a pavid parlour; and they thre
Herd a maydyn rede hem all the gest
Of the sege of Thebes, whil hem rest.’

And Sir Thopas, arriving to fight ‘a geaunt with heedes thre,’ calls for his minstrels to encourage him with tales.

“Do come,” he sayde, “my mynstrales,
And gestours for to telle tales
Anon in myn armyng,
Of romaunces that ben reales,
Of popes and of cardinales,
And eke of love-longyng.”

So Chaucer himself, when unable to sleep, as he tells us in the *Book of the Duchess*, solaces himself thus:—

‘So whanne I saugh I might not slepe,
Now of late this other night
Upon my bed I sate upright,
And bade one reche me a boke,
A romauns, and he it me toke
To rede and drive the night awaye;
For me thought it better playe
Than either atte chesse or tables.’

This habit—so memorable both in the age and the poet—of regarding everything as a story, of looking at everything in a poetical light, is the key to the peculiar character of Chaucer's poetry; it is to be regarded as the reason of all that strangely true, strangely simple, strangely sweet, life that is in him. It was a habit which turned everything that came to his notice into an aliment of poetry; insomuch that the comparatively dry and lifeless fables of classical mythology take new form and beauty from his hand, and the sayings of the philosophers are quaintly intermingled with the talk of knights and lovers. It rendered him entirely careless of fame, and thus gave him his envied simplicity. He is really anxious to do nothing except tell a good story. He cares not at all for the praise of originality or invention—probably the meaning of such terms in criticism would have been unknown to him: he cares for nothing but his story. Hence he is quite content to become a translator, if he has seen a good story in a foreign tongue; and his *Troilus* and *Cresseyde*, the most perfect love-poem in the language, is in great part a translation from the *Filostrato* of Boccaccio; whilst his obligations to the ancients, to Ovid (or rather Ovid's to him) in especial, are absolutely innumerable. He cared not what material he found to his hand, all was freely welcomed, used, transformed, and ennobled.

This Chaucer had in common with his age—and in common with all great periods—a tendency to rest content with the stories and legends already in the world, without taxing the invention in the way of digging out fresh ones. It was so with the cyclic poets of Greece, it was so with the poets of Rome from Virgil to Statius, it was so with the romances of the Middle

Ages. It is singular to reflect that in the ages which have most loved poetry so few new stories were invented; while in our own age, which emphatically does *not* love poetry, so many new stories are invented. The new characters, new catastrophes, new situations, which have been invented in the present generation, would suffice to supply all the great poets of the world with a lifetime of reproduction. And yet the present age is not poetical. It is not so, because there must, it would seem, be a common ground-work of legend—a cycle—upon which to go; just as, if men are to be religious, they must consent in a certain rudimental creed. There must be an acknowledgment of certain things as delightful, as interesting, as containing in themselves what is necessary, in order that poetry—or the narrating of them—should evolve, and that we may make the true progress of a return to the art of our forefathers. We have the same sort of need of a poetical creed that we have of a religious. We should not be for ever to seek for our first principles. At present almost every new poem that appears is an experiment in a new direction. We lose ourselves and the finest part of us in morbid straining after effects and novelties; we become spasmodic, and are deservedly laughed at; we become self-conscious, and are deservedly mistrusted. We are children no longer, we delight not any more in twice-told, nay, hundred-times told, tales. As in the lost art of architecture, so justly deplored by Mr. Ruskin, so it is in the art of poetry. Our poets are at a loss what style they shall write in:—shall the objective or the reflective predominate? shall they this time be pure or naturalistic? As if there were in reality more than one style possible,—the story-telling style, that is, the style of saying what you have to say, in as natural, straightforward, workman-like, and simple a manner as possible. There is in this age no lack of power; but there is a fearful want of direction: we have all the eclectic scepticism without much of the eclectic instinct. It is a common cry among those who perceive something to be wrong with us, without knowing what it may be, that we are deficient in originality. We are, on the contrary, painfully, agonizingly original. We are original in deserting what has been the way of the world since the siege of Troy. More original directions have been opened out in the last fifty years than ever before. If the poetically disposed amongst us, who consume themselves in producing the modern novel (O name well chosen!) would either relapse into silence, or spend their genius legitimately in the only true poetical way, then we might hope that poetry would resume her throne in the hearts of men, noble, temperate, majestic, like the influence of one who is both a lady and a Queen.

Chaucer's poetry, then, like all the greatest poetry, may be called that of situation. Chivalry supplied him with what we may call an atmosphere,—a measure of poetical sympathy passing current in the world,—to which he could at once address himself; and the world's old heritage of legend he found sufficient for his own wants, without the necessity of taxing his invention to make new ones. Did he wish to sing of true heroic love? What type of it could be found to surpass the Trojan Troilus? Or of the truth of woman? How could he hope to invent names and stories that recalled this with the same variety and power of association as those nine of Greece and of Ovid, who reappear in the *Legende of Good Women*? The old world-histories of love and war have reappeared in every age, dressed in its own fashion. So they would in ours, if we had but something better to put them in than a suit of our modern tailoring.

These things, then, concerning the age of Chaucer, and what he got from it, are carefully to be gathered up, and put into contrast with the tenor of the present age. We pause for an instant to exhibit even more fully the contrast irresistibly forced upon us by the subject, between the age of Chaucer and our own. The difference, we repeat, is not in power: for the present age is as full of power as any previous. But every thinker upon the enormously important subject of the state of art will at once admit the truth, that an indefinable difference does exist, and that our forefathers, with a tythe of our knowledge and experience, effected in art what lies beyond our power. The preceding observations will have thrown some light upon what the age of Chaucer possessed which we have lost, viz., a common poetical atmosphere, a common love of poetry, and desire to be instructed in a true way, that is, to be told of things by poets, and a common consent in the sort of thing that was to be looked for at their hands. It remains to inquire into the cause of this strange, sad change, which has passed like a blight upon the love and interest which all men ought to feel concerning poetry, and has displaced the poet from the high eminence which no other is fitted to hold.

How are we to explain what we mean? The difference between a poetical and an unpoetical age is the difference there was between Heathcliff, when he was preparing the way for his great revenge, and Heathcliff, when, all things being ready now, he found that he no longer cared to drive down the long-impending blow. It amounts, in one word, to loss of enjoyment. It is the difference between acquisition and possession, between process and result. To our forefathers every old thing was really a new thing: every new thing is an old thing to us. Our

forefathers delighted in processes, in the realizing of what was told them: we, on the contrary, rest content with the acceptance of results, which we do not for the most part realize. Hence, whatever knowledge was in the hands of a man of the old time, was his real possession and delight, thoroughly impressed upon him, and a part of what he himself was; not half forgotten, little cared for. And if he chose to impart it to another, he was listened to, delighted in, and respected. For example, *logic* was believed in, and the logical forms had a real significance in the olden time: there is a good deal of logic—formal dialectical reasoning—in Chaucer. We now know more of logic than was known in Chaucer's time; but we know it rather as a science than a process; we fancy we know its actual value in relation to other sciences, rather than attach an unknown value to its actual contents; our delight in logical processes has ceased; their power over us is gone.

Now this seems to lead to an explanation of those wants which we all deplore in our age and in ourselves. A perception of these wants lies at the bottom of the common and erroneous saying, that poetry flourishes better in a barbarous than a civilized age. This is not true, but there is a truth in it. The two requisites in a great poetical age are—*knowledge, and the love of things known*. The actual amount of knowledge is immaterial, and so likewise is its nature, in itself; but that there should be knowledge, more or less scientifically recorded, is essential; and that whatever is known should be loved and cared for, is co-essential. In a great poetical age all objects of knowledge are equally objects of love, and therefore equally objects of poetry. And the great poem is no mere puristic abstraction; but takes hold of the whole of human life with the widest grasp, its plan being to embrace all—the *Canterbury Tales* are our present instance—with the arm of its love, to recreate all with the arm of its power. Yet it must and does happen that the relation between knowledge and the love of the things known becomes in the course of time disturbed. Knowledge increases and opens wider the eyes to see; things known become too numerous, and the heart is not opened to receive: and exactly as this is the case, so does the poetical capacity recede and disappear. Knowledge, in its progress, begets a knowledge of the value of things; and exactly as things begin to be compared with one another, whether the standard of value be true or false, so do they lose the love that once environed them with the poetical. This might be expressed as tersely and exactly as an algebraic formula. When this is the case, we have soon a general unsettlement, attended with con-

tinual readjustments of the standards of value, and occasionally a total perversion of them. We are now speaking strictly of the influence of the age upon the poet, in what it puts before him, independently of individual genius. He finds himself compelled to accept and reject, to a very considerable extent, in deference to other men; the objects of his knowledge cease to be all things,—whatever God presents,—and are confined to what the fashion of men approves. Then follows his own struggle to regain a state from which he feels that he has fallen, and which his predecessors enjoyed: and so originate those peculiarly modern phases of mind, unnatural purism, the plaintive feeling of regret with which past ages are regarded, the despicable spirit of romance, the desperate efforts to create an atmosphere in which poetry is possible. This is an extreme picture, and is meant for one. It is the foundation—yea, so sadly rotten—upon which the gleaming, glorious edifice of modern poetry has been built by a few of everlasting genius. The great poets of modern times have our deepest worship and the innermost reverence of the hearts of all wise men: but they dwell alone, they work unregarded, or scorned; and their individual position is what has never as yet fallen to the lot of a poet. And not only so, but, as we see, their work must needs be affected by the thoughts and intents of the age; the age does not care for poetry, and it becomes impossible to ‘sing the Lord’s song in a strange land.’ The song raised once and again so strong and clear, is it always of God and the truths of His heaven and earth?

Were it not well, before proceeding further in this so proud eclecticism, to inquire what we gain in proportion to what we lose by it; and whither upon the whole it is leading us? Instead of accepting everything, we make it our privilege to choose unhesitatingly, and without scruple, to which of the truths that surrounds us we shall attend, and from which we shall turn our attention. The standard fixing our choice is also itself arbitrary. Now consider these two things,—the assumed right of choosing, and the standard of choice. The assumed right of choosing is in itself anti-poetical, for it involves rejection; and the poet is commissioned to know and to love all. His innocence cannot be guilty of profanity in ignorance, nor of disdain in rejection. Then, the standard of choice: is not this lowered and raised in compliance with the tastes and fashions of common men, and not in obedience to the deep instincts of the poet? In history, has not the false taste of a frivolous age, or the false pride of a corrupt age, or the false shame of an impure age, or the false faith of a sordid age, sometimes interposed to chill the ardour, curtail the amplitude, quell the simplicity of the poet; keeping

things out of sight that should be known, and dwindling utterances which should be hallowed by the poet's faith to human nature, into a conventionalism current for the hour?

If we can by any means abandon this pride of our knowledge, and go back to the old reverence for all that God teaches, for all the knowledge of each thing good in its kind which He sets before us, it would be well for us. There must eventually be a limit to it, by reason, as we shall presently observe, of the increasingly *intellectual* character which it is assuming. We long to mark in poetry also the retrograde movement which has been already commenced in the other arts. At present we live in an age which cares as little for poetry as is possible; which is attended upon by poetry as the sensualist is by a mistress, who has denied him nothing, and is rejected and cast off for ever at his whim. Poetry has of necessity adapted itself to the tastes and position of the age, has lost much savour thereby, and is cared for not at all. Meanwhile, the whole wondrous life of man upon the earth, the mystery that darkens it, the alternating want and fulness which play like light and shade within it, the solemnities which environ it, the natural analogies which illustrate it, the rushing passions which are its changes, the unknown unity that pervades it, stilly with an expectation beyond its restlessness, and pausing on its long-stretched hopes as a vessel rides upon its anchor over the swell of the waters that change beneath it,—this remains for ever to be grasped by the God-given poetic power, and steadied into a substance that may meet the eye of man, and struck into a form which may do him true service and delight.

One main method by which we may fit ourselves for this knowledge, this result, is the careful study of those who by patience and faithfulness have attained it. And such an one especially was Chaucer. We now proceed to examine more fully what we conceive to be the great distinguishing traits of this poet, without inquiring very much more what share his own genius had in these, and how far they were indebted to his age. We have arrived at this point naturally. We have seen the growth of knowledge to be incompatible with the full maintenance of that spirit of reverence for things known which is essential to poetry. We shall now find that in several important poetical qualities of a positive nature the growth of knowledge has marked a decline, and the diffusion of knowledge has created a vacillation of a strange character.

We come then to discuss the great distinguishing marks of the mind and power of Chaucer. They seem to be four in number: dramatic fearlessness and breadth, workmanlike directness, comparatively non-intellectual character, and sense

of beauty. These are the four facts of Chaucer to which we wish as briefly as possible to invite attention; and we are of opinion that they will be sufficient, when thoroughly apprehended, to present the great poet before our minds, and to instruct us in several things which it is necessary we should have the knowledge of. In discussing them we shall be gradually proceeding from what he possesses in common with many others, to what he possesses along with fewer still, and from that to what is conspicuously his own characteristic, and shared by scarce another.

Concerning the first, the 'dramatic breadth and fearlessness' of Chaucer, we have already said much. It is sufficient here to observe that he possesses these qualities in a pre-eminent degree; in a degree almost equal to Shakspeare, although they are more subordinate in him than in Shakspeare to the other essential great poetical qualities. To represent what men and women would actually say to one another is Shakspeare's aim: to write poems is Chaucer's. - That is the difference between them. But Chaucer can always have whatever dramatic breadth he wants consistently with his poetical purpose. And in dramatic breadth and fearlessness we know no name in English that competes with him except Shakspeare himself. It is impossible for a moment not to compare the two in the subject upon which they have both exercised themselves, the story of Troilus and Cressida. The play of Shakspeare so named is amongst his best; it contains some of the most marvellous speeches in dramatic literature. The poem of Chaucer is the most finished love story in our language; it is as long as the *Aeneid*. Now take the character of Pandarus according to each of them. The Pandarus of Shakspeare is a coarse, not altogether disinterested, bawd. The Pandarus of Chaucer is a gentleman of loose principles, but quite disinterested, and acting purely from good nature. This will illustrate our meaning. Chaucer puts more nobility, that is, more poetry, into this secondary character; acting from poetical reasons. Shakspeare is less careful about his secondary character, from dramatic reasons.

Concerning the second quality, 'workmanlike directness,' we shall find it difficult to express our full meaning. Whatever Chaucer attempted was done at once, at a stroke. His power, as compared to that of later poets, is like the sheer cleavage of a sword compared with the slow reduplicated work of the hammer, and chisel, and file. Whatever it may be, high or low, it is done at once and for ever, and leaves the feeling that it could not possibly be otherwise. It stands out for ever with its one effect upon it, suggestive of nothing but itself.

This quality proceeds of course in great measure from what we have seen of the intense credence of the age in everything that came before it. Chaucer does not appear in the least desirous of saying poetical things, and producing poetical effects. One thing is to him equally poetical with another. All things are equally poetical—or equally not poetical. He did not know the distinction between things that are ‘fit subjects for poetry,’ and things that are not. But he could, for this very reason, *treat* everything poetically in an unexampled degree. He is not anxious to be poetical; but only to say whatever is set before him. Hence he shuns not ‘the moral tale virtuous,’ as Erasmus calls it, which in his day formed part of the stock of the professional gestour,—as in the *Tale*, or allegory, of *Meli-bæus*; nor the theological tract,—as in the *Personne’s Tale*, which is a treatise on penitence; nor indeed the absolute sermon,—as in the *Testament of Love*. All subjects are equally proper to him; he is anxious to build (the true poetic instinct) out of whatever materials come to hand. The prose works which we have just mentioned, were probably each a translation of some theological tract—*Summa Theologiæ*—in use at the time, worked up by Chaucer in his own peculiar manner. Observe how zealously he maintains, while he superadds and ornaments. Every one of the divisions and impersonations which he found would be to him a real thing. It would never strike him that a division was cross, or an impersonation clumsy, or that the whole work was rendered unnecessary by something else on the same subject existing in the world. The book, the work in hand was to him for the time the only thing that the world contained. In all this he unconsciously acted upon the great poetical law,—too often lost sight of even by artists of no mean power,—that it is impossible to have all beauties at once in a single work; that one effect is to be produced, and every word ought to aid in producing that one and no other. There is no crowding, no hurry, and therefore no confusion or vacillation, through all Chaucer’s work. With workmanlike singleness of eye he beholds his object, with workmanlike love he compasses it, and with workmanlike power he accomplishes that and no other. There is not an accident through all his writings.

The third of the qualities which we enumerated was ‘comparatively non-intellectual character.’ We do not mean to deny that Chaucer had high intellect, and took delight in the severest intellectual exercises. The contrary of this is the case. Chaucer was educated most carefully, and held acquaintance with all the sciences of his time. His logical and astronomical acquisitions are especially remarkable. But there is a distinction to be

drawn between intellect and genius, between the intellectual temperament and the temperament of genius. The intellectual has a tendency to abstraction and the abstract. It deals with pure thought. The temperament of genius is the temperament of action, and deals with the occurrent in life. The one strikes out thought, the other tells stories. Now to the one there is obviously and necessarily a limit, sooner or later. Pure thought must sooner or later exhaust itself. The other has no necessary limit whatever. The possible variations in a story are infinite as the phases of the life, human and natural, which the story arrests and describes for the delight of mankind. Chaucer gives free play to the genial vein, in the way of story-telling; and this is the secret of his inexhaustible fecundity and freshness. It is only now and then that a glimpse of pure intellectual treatment appears,—as if to show what he could have done in that way. In modern poetry, as a rule, the intellectual predominates; and this is sufficient to account for the exhausted appearance of most of it, the sort of aridity which belongs to it. The distinction between intellect and genius, between thinking and action, is ineffaceable, and must needs be borne well in mind. The more intellectual a poet permits himself to become, the more abstracted does he become, and removed from living life; the more severe, arid, and liable to the great poetical fault of falsity, the more prone to conceits, trickery of language, and the '*dulcia vitia*' which Quintilian lamented in the later Roman poets. It is a desolation to behold poetry made no more than 'a well-constructed language;' in which the care is less about facts than ideas, and, ultimately, less about ideas than about expressions. Yet this danger is constantly increasing, the more that poetry deserts God's ways for man's ways; the universe of facts, the vast region of the apparent, and the sort of truth which is apparent, for the intellectual process which abstracts, and, whilst it abstracts, cancels.

We come now to the final typical quality of Chaucer, 'the sense of beauty,' which is at once the sequence and the crown of all the others. Much has been said about the comparative claims of truth and of beauty upon the attention of the poet. We think that the following statement will commend itself to our readers. The greatest man will always seek for truth, independently of all other considerations. But the greatest man will for this very reason always be led eventually to beauty, because the highest truth is always beautiful, and, generally, beauty is that which gives value to truth. Now the preceding observations will have made it plain that Chaucer's primary aim

was truth; but the very appetite and instinct which led him to pursue truth brought him into the presence of beauty. And it is impossible to read him without being struck by the clear perfection of his sense and knowledge of what is truly beautiful. Everything that is well defined, sharply cut, strongly outlined, instantly comprehended; everything which has a distinctive use and office, which nothing else could in anywise fulfil,—everything of this kind is seized and loved by Chaucer as, so far forth, beautiful. The rule and law according to which a thing is beautiful is with him just this,—sharp definition, and prominent use or service. Under the former head would be included all clearly defined shapes, such as those of leaves and birds, of which he was the greatest lover ever known; all enclosed spaces, easily taken in by the eye, such as ‘sanded courts,’ ‘parks,’ and chambers, which he revels in describing; and the real features of the beauty of women, of which he knew more than any of the countless poets who have written about them.* Under the latter head comes all that man devises or constructs for his own use, which never fails of beauty and real satisfaction to the intellect. There is in Chaucer nothing of set and elaborate description, though much of recounting. His imagery is chosen in the way we have indicated; it is always definite, and always has some reference to human uses. For instance, he introduces a forest, in the *Assembly of Foules*. It is a celebrated passage, and Spenser has closely imitated it. Chaucer does not describe the mass of trees, with the blue shadows dwelling about the cones of their foliage, and the innumerable stems beneath, like colonnades leading into long-withdrawing glades: he never gives the effect of a mass; but he enumerates each of

* Take, for instance, the lady in the *Boke of the Duchesse* :—

‘I saugh hir daunce so comelily,
Carole and singe so swetely,
Langhe and pleye so womanly,
And loke so debonairly;
So goodely speke and so frendly;
That certes I trowe that evermore
Nas seen so blisful a tresore.
For every beer on hir hede
Sothe to seyne hit was not rede,
Ne nouthur yelow, ne browne hyt nas;
Methoughte most lyke golde hyt was.
And whiche eyen my lady hadde!
Debonaire, goode, glade and sadde,
Symple, of goode mochel, nought to wide,
Thereto hir looke was not asyde
Ne overtwert, but besette to wele,
It drew and tooke up every dele
All that on hir gau beholde,’ &c.

the kinds of trees in it, distinctly and severally, each with an epithet expressive of the use to which it can be put by man. Indeed, the assertion of the human prerogative in everything is as characteristic of him as it is of Homer. He never cares for the distant or vague. His trees, for example, are numerous, but not indefinite. This limitation seems to be a very admirable and healthy thing. It at least affords a rule to determine what is beautiful. If things are definite, they satisfy the intellect; we feel the action of some poetic rule of selection; and if things are subordinated to the wants of humanity, we feel a human interest and pleasure in them. There ought not to be such a thing in poetry as elaborate, unsubordinated description.

Here we leave Chaucer. We have seen his majestic countenance, full of brooding light; his long life and ceaseless energy. His influence for centuries was unbounded, and probably wider than even that of Shakspeare. He created a language and a method of versification, which was followed by the poets both of England and Scotland.* We have seen how exhaustless was his genius; how great his love and fixed his faith in human nature; how firm, and true, and fearless his dealing with all things. We have seen how much of this was owing to the age which nurtured and understood the poet. Also, we have not failed to see how different, strangely different, the condition of poetry in an essentially scientific age has now become. Instead of breadth we have height, instead of definiteness vagueness, instead of multitude mass, instead of simplicity complexity, instead of joy sorrow. It is as if the spirit of humanity, in seeking to work out its own objective existence, had lost the old instinctive knowledge of what was to be done and how to do it; and had started again with a wider problem and uncertain appliances. There is ever a dissatisfaction and sadness in modern poetry, a loss of the old simple joy and power of doing a thing at once and for ever. The course of poetry is in this analogous almost to that of philosophy. Philosophy has long ceased to inquire after the nature of happiness, and seeks more temperately, but more sadly, after that of duty. Her object is no longer *the good*, but *the right*. What is next?

* *Vide Aytoun's Ballads of Scotland*, Introduction.

ART. II.—*Wanderings in South Wales.* By THOMAS ROSCOE.
8vo. 1853.

OF the five rivers to which Plynlimmon—a mountain of nearly two thousand five hundred feet in height—gives birth, the most important is the Severn, the most beautiful the Wye. The name of the latter is, more correctly, the Gwy, that is, ‘the river;’ and the beauty of its picturesque course justifies this title of pre-eminence. It may be appropriately designated the British Rhine, though much shorter and narrower than the famous German river. This resemblance, indeed, impressed itself upon the mind of a distinguished foreigner, who, when making the tour of the Wye, expressed his astonishment that ‘so many Englishmen travel thousands of miles to fall into ecstasies at beauties of a very inferior order.’*

Although it has rolled on so long, it was only about the middle of the last century that the Wye became much visited by tourists. To Dr. Egerton, then Rector of Ross, afterwards Bishop of Durham, was owing the early notoriety of this river. His chief delight was to invite his friends and connexions, many of whom were of high rank, to visit him at Ross, and to accompany him down—

‘Pleased Vaga echoing through its winding bounds.’

The well known Rev. William Gilpin, always in search of the picturesque, visited this river in 1770; and, though a pedant in art, and sometimes incorrect in his descriptions, he did good service by publishing an account of his tour. The same year, however, a greater than Gilpin, a true poet, and one whose exquisite sensibility of taste was cultivated to the highest point, wandered meditatively in this direction. In one of his graceful letters, Gray thus writes: ‘My last summer’s tour was through Worcestershire, Gloucestershire, Monmouthshire, Herefordshire, and Shropshire, five of the most beautiful counties in the kingdom. The very principal light and capital feature of my journey was the Wye, which I descended in a boat, for near forty miles, from Ross to Chepstow. Its banks are a succession of nameless beauties.’ From this verdict there is no appeal; and, had our fastidious but delighted critic taken a more deliberate survey of the ‘nameless beauties,’ his opinion would have been fully confirmed. Notwithstanding this commendation, some years elapsed from the period of the publication of Gray’s correspondence before more than a single boat was necessary for the

* *Tour of a German Prince.*

pleasure tourists down this river. Now boats abound, and competition descends to advertisements to secure passengers.

There is nothing to distinguish the commencement of this beautiful stream. For its first ten miles the surrounding country wears but little attractiveness, and is rather naked and dreary, with brown, peat-covered hills in the distance. But, for the next twelve miles, the scenery is more varied and interesting, the river being flanked by bold rocks, while it runs over an irregular declining bed in a succession of rapids. Yet it is only about Rhayader, a wild, wasted town, that the river begins to exhibit its most attractive borderings. Here, foaming over a ledge of rocks, it forms deep and dark pools, and then wears its way through white rocks into a more spacious and open bed. Now receiving two tributaries, it flows in romantic reaches for thirteen miles to Builth, or Bualth. At one point a huge rocky mass, named the Black Mountain, appears to fill up the entire vale, and to refuse all passage to the waters that nevertheless hasten heedlessly towards it. Just as they reach its foot, they turn northward, and, after opening a narrow passage, expand into a broad picturesque bay a little below Builth. Thence they roll on to Hay; on approaching which town the scenery is less wild, but, on leaving it, the waters divide the fertile plains of Herefordshire in slow and solemn measure. Sixty miles have thus been passed over from its source, and, having received several tributaries, it now wears the appearance of a great river, although its bed is broad and shallow, and no vessel sails upon it before it arrives at Hereford. At this ancient city we cannot pause, even to enter its old cathedral; for we are merely indicating the direction of the river, and therefore rapidly follow it as it runs away from the main road. The country between Hereford and Ross, though pronounced tame by Gilpin, is fairly marked by swelling hills, by hop-grounds, and by luxuriant orchards, from which last is derived the famous Herefordshire cider.

It is to Ross that the majority of Wye tourists resort for the purpose of commencing their acquaintance with the attractions of the river. As so few ascend higher than the town, the Upper Wye is almost unknown, except to patient pedestrians, and still more patient anglers. It is not so beautiful as that portion on which we now enter; but it is worth visiting. After leaving the town of Ross, the river forms the boundary between Monmouthshire and Gloucestershire, and, so far, separates England from Wales. At the town of Ross, we for our part should never tarry longer than is necessary to trace the faint tracks of that worthy, the Man of Ross, whom Pope made famous by

his well known and charming lines. Here the visitor may walk over the town and around the church, and everywhere he will discover the application and propriety of the poet's allusions.

'Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow?
 From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?
 Not to the skies in useless columns tost,
 Or in proud falls magnificently lost;
 But clear and artless pouring through the plain
 Health to the sick and solace to the swain.
 Whose causeway parts the vale in shady rows?
 Whose seats the weary traveller repose?
 Who taught that heav'n-directed spire to rise?
 "The Man of Ross," each lisping babe replies.'

The lines following those cited are proved, by the facts of the case, to have been too highly charged with praise; and we notice that, in one of his letters, Pope confesses to having painted this portrait in colours too bright. He derived his information, not from personal research, but from a Catholic family in the neighbourhood whom he visited; and some points of personal history have come to light subsequently.

A few particulars of the Man of Ross will not be out of place. His real name was John Kyrle. In person he was rather tall and thin, but well proportioned. His features were regular and composed, with an aquiline nose, as we see in a portrait supposed to represent him perfectly. His usual dress was a plain suit of brown; and a wig in the fashion of his day. His mind was active, and his benevolence of heart unbounded. Planting and gardening were his favourite pursuits, and he had some taste in architecture. The 'Man of Ross's Walk' may be trodden still, and underneath tall trees planted by him Pope's poetic eulogy may be rehearsed. Having obtained a long lease of a field, since named 'The Prospect,' he laid out the ground advantageously, and, joined by respectable townsmen, constructed a fountain for the purpose of supplying the town with water. He 'hung with woods' the adjacent Clevefield's bank, opposite Wilton, and erected seats under the trees. Supposing the old spire of the church to be dangerously feeble, he convened a parish meeting, and caused about forty-seven feet of the spire to be taken down and rebuilt, himself daily inspecting the work, and contributing over and above his assessment towards its speedy completion. He added the pinnacles, and the great bell in the tower was his gift. Within the church is a pew called his own; and, most singular relic of all, two small trees, having their origin from the roots of a tree planted by Kyrle outside of the church, have risen up *within*, close to a window, and nearly overshadow one of the

pews. Their leaves are close neighbours to the panes of the window, and at the time we last saw them wore somewhat earlier autumnal tints than the leaves of the exterior trees. On the side of the church-green are the old Alms-houses, and in the town is the old new-faced house, near the market-place, where Kyrle resided : formerly it was used for an inn, and Coleridge, when tarrying there, wrote some agreeable lines commencing thus :—

‘ Richer than misers o’er their countless hoards,
Nobler than kings, or king-polluted lords,
Here dwelt the Man of Ross : O traveller, here
Departed merit claims a reverent tear.’

Physiologists affirm that the indulgence of benevolent feelings is promotive of health ; and it was so in the instance of John Kyrle, who died without pain in 1729, at the advanced age of eighty-eight. For nine days his body lay in state in his own house ; after which it was carried to the grave upon the shoulders of the poor, whose patron he had been during his life. Twenty years afterwards, when the church was newly pewed, it was resolved that the pew in which Kyrle sat should remain as it now does in its original state. When Pope wrote,—

‘ And what ! no monument, inscription, stone,—
His race, his form, his name almost unknown !’

the lines were literally true ; but in 1776 a lady of rank left money for a monument, and now a plain one, with a simple inscription, is erected in a suitable spot.

Considerable research has recently been made respecting John Kyrle’s pedigree, family, and habits. Some few of his letters have been discovered, and we have seen and perused one of these. They are all, however, on matters of business and uninteresting. He was very solicitous for the continuance of his name ; and by his will he determined that, in the event of the failure of male issue, the person marrying into the female line shall always take and use the name of Kyrle. Nor does his example of beneficence appear to have been fruitless ; for we see in a local publication a list of seven charities connected with the town of Ross, the principal of which is Baker’s charity, consisting of the interest of £26,666, left by James Baker to be distributed amongst poor parishioners of Ross not receiving parochial relief.

These particulars may interest the visitor of Ross, as he stands at the end of the Prospect Walk, and looks over the river, far-winding and almost forming a horseshoe curve, the broad swell of which rolls underneath his feet. Beyond there are luxuriant meadows, and the castles of Wilton and Bridstow, and

the dim outline of Welsh mountains. He may then descend to yonder stepping-stones upon the margin of the river, and embark in one of those long boats, bearing a framework for an awning, and ready to shoot along and around the curvatures of this meandering stream.

About four miles from Ross, the banks on either side of the river begin to rise into lofty precipices and wooded hills; and suddenly we descry the ancient Goodrich Castle, which stands on the summit of a bold promontory, towering up proudly in its decay, amidst flourishing and embowering trees. It is remarkably situated for effect, and presents from various points, near the river rolling lazily below, a very imposing appearance. In its original entireness this famed castle was nearly square, and covered a space of ground measuring forty-eight yards by fifty-two. It was defended at each angle by four large round towers, one of which formed an irregular heptagon. Through a perfect Gothic arch we are introduced into a spacious hall of fine proportions, now overgrown with ivy. Adjoining this is an area presenting the remains of a lofty square building, with circular arched windows in the Saxon style, and somewhat resembling Gundulph's tower at Rochester Castle. Ascending another embattled tower, as we best may, by the fragments of a stone staircase, we look down at a great depth upon the immense fosse or trench, which is twenty yards in breadth, and has been hewn out of a solid rock. A drawbridge once stood there, having two gates, with recesses between each, and evidently intended as places of safety for its guards, who, while there sheltered and unseen, could annoy an approaching enemy. During the times of the Civil War this was the scene of desperate contentions. It was the last castle, with the exception of Pendennis, which held out for the King. It suffered severely from the mortar pieces during the siege, and from the grenadoes and the 'great iron culverin' of the assailants. In the month of March, 1647, it was ordered by the Parliament that 'Goodrich Castle should be totally disgarriioned and slighted.' 'Slighted,' or destroyed, it accordingly was, as far as hands could effect the destruction of so massive a pile. Enough, however, remains to be picturesque and suggestive.

Opposite to the old is the new Castle, erected in 1828, under the superintendence of Mr. Blore, and named 'Goodrich Court.' It contains a valuable collection of ancient armour formed by the late Sir Samuel Meyrick, an eminent authority upon that subject. They, however, who have seen the armour preserved in the Tower of London will not be moved to wonder by this smaller collection, although some few suits in Goodrich Court are not to be matched in the Tower. A more remarkable pos-

session is the series of beautiful sculptures in ivory, which originally belonged to the late Mr. Douce, and which comprises examples of early date and great interest. Amongst them may be observed curious caskets, diptychs, and a remarkable set of sculptured Paternosters, together with a singular head of a crosier sculptured in the style of the early Irish artists of the twelfth century. One specimen of recent date, but spirited execution, represents Orator Henley delivering a funeral sermon on Colonel Charteris.

The architecture of the exterior of this building embraces specimens of the styles which prevailed in the reign of the first three Edwards, the whole being designed as a complete representation of a feudal fortress. Its situation has been well chosen, and the result is that we have upon two opposite promontories the Present with all its imitative perfection, and the Past with all its ponderous decay. For some time after quitting these two promontories, the old castle peeps forth from its cincture of foliage; for the river now makes a complete horseshoe curve of seven miles, beginning at the village of Goodrich as one corner, and ending at Huntsham Ferry as the other; so that, after being rowed some distance away from this castle, we find ourselves again apparently approaching it. But before reaching Huntsham Ferry we pass between banks comprising what we regard as being the finest scenery on the Wye. About two miles below the little village of Welsh Bicknor, situated in Gloucestershire, on the left bank of the river, we arrive by land at another village, named English Bicknor; and soon afterwards we stand upon the summit of the bold and jutting rocks of Coldwell, and gaze upon the slow stream creeping around their base. If, standing upon the banks of the river itself, which here forms a little bay, we look up at the rocks, we certainly gain a fuller acquaintance with them, and appreciate their beauties more highly. Gilpin calls this 'the first grand scene on the Wye,' and in truth it is so, and perhaps what some may consider the only *grand* scene, taking in connexion with it the immediate neighbourhood. Broken rocks of considerable height—so broken as to seem piled upon each other in separate segments, and so prominent as to appear to be planted there for effect by the hands of giants—rise up abruptly from the water, clothed half-way with verdure, and then, as if scorning concealment, starting forth from the embowering foliage, they present variety and beauty in a limited compass. Here the delighted tourist may rest, standing upon the most prominent rock of all, named Symmond's Gate, (locally, 'Yat,') which rears itself to a height of about eight hundred feet, and almost exactly realizes the description of Virgil:—

*'Stabat acuta Silex, præcisus undique saxis,
Speluncæ dorso insurgens, altissima visu :
Dirarum nidis domus opportuna volucrum.'*—Æn. viii. 233.

There is no finer promontory than this upon the entire river, especially when viewed from below, and no finer prospect than is seen from it above. From the summit of this natural pinnacle we catch not only the ample sweep of the river itself, but also fine landward prospects over Gloucestershire, Monmouthshire, and Herefordshire, and here also we take a parting look at the dimly descried tower of Goodrich. Equally fine views, and some finer in relation to extent, may be obtained from the opposite side of the river. A tourist tarrying at the little inn opposite, 'the Symmond's Yat Inn,' or at Whitechurch, would be rewarded by the discovery of most richly varied walks over the Great Doward Hill, stretching along at pleasure through woods and thickets, which ever and anon open upon long reaches of the winding river, and at last arriving at the hill known as the Little Doward, and crowned with the remains of an ancient **encampment**. Or, if unshackled by weighty luggage, and unfettered by the necessity of returning to his boat, he might follow the banks of the river itself, under the shelter of the jutting crags; halting here and there to gaze admiringly upward at some overhanging mass apparently just in act to leap down, or only held back by twining branches of rude ivy, or gnarled roots of short but tough oak; or else at some projecting piece of pillar-like stone, bearing upon its summit a slim adventurous ash, so light and graceful that one might wonder at its position of pre-eminence, and doubt its permanence. Nearer to his own level the pedestrian would perceive long, trailing, creeping plants, and descending festoons of ivy, and so he might proceed all the pathway to Monmouth, advancing from bold, abrupt, and rocky battlements to time-worn obelisks; from strong towers and mighty breastworks and bastions, to gentler declivities and pastoral scenes, with cattle straying over green ledges that stretch along the river-side, and meadows shelving here and there down to its very margin.

The town of Monmouth is richer in historical memorials than in historical monuments. Its native historian, Geoffrey of Monmouth, is more credulous than credit-worthy; but its boast is King Henry the Fifth, the hero of Agincourt, and of one of Shakspeare's best historic plays. So much for its memories: its monuments are its Castle, which is hardly worth a visit, its Priory, and particularly the Monnow Bridge, by far the most interesting remnant of antiquity in the town. 'The inhabitants and sundry guide-books make their boast of the prospect from the

Kymin Hill, and of the wide extent of country included, as well as of a rocking-stone. The tourist of limited travelling experience may enjoy and highly esteem these, but they may be omitted without great loss. Not so the Castle of Raglan,—which, though not standing near the river, forms an essential feature of the Wye tour. It is confessedly one of the most picturesque of ruinous castellated mansions, and stands upon a piece of ground which measures within the castle walls, as an old map shows, no less than four acres, two roods, and one perch. Thus it would have filled the area of the enclosed grounds within some large modern town squares.

Some years since, we remember, a special conveyance from Monmouth was necessary to reach Raglan. Now a railway nearly connects them, and conveys us to within a mile of the village, where nocturnal accommodation is not always abundant, as we found upon the occasion of our last visit, when a pair of thorough rustics had by preceding us a few minutes secured the only remaining beds. It was only by a diplomatic manoeuvre worthy of a greater cause, that we obtained that questionable boon, a bed in a double-bedded room. Mutual suspicions between the stranger tenants of the room were dispelled by a little social attention, and we were at length honoured with our companion's confidence to such an extent that he consulted us upon two momentous points,—his projected marriage and intended emigration. His visit to Raglan was preliminary to one to New Zealand. For ourselves, we had resolved upon a solitary moonlight visit to the ruins of Raglan. To baffle the guide, to avoid our now too faithful companion, and to obtain an entrance without unlocking the gates, were no slight obstacles. Towards the Castle, however, we went alone. The shades of night were upon us. The moon had not yet risen, but the comet had, and was spreading its tail in long and luminous beauty nearly over the Castle, as if signalizing it with mysterious augury. We arrived at the outer gate of the railed-off castle precincts. It was evident that no agility of limbs would enable us to gain a safe entrance that way, and as to getting round to the back of the building, and trying there, we might as well have attempted to get to the back of Jericho. Was the whole inaccessible? Surely that large ancient house on the right hand of the Castle, now occupied as a farmhouse, had some way of entrance into the main building. Notwithstanding the threatening bark of a defiant dog we crossed the garden and knocked at the old door. Louder and louder did the clamorous defiance of the watchful quadruped sound through garden and hall; but now a light at the chequered window flings its radiance

across the gloom. We knock again, prefer an humble petition, explain our romantic tastes, melancholy moods, and quiet habits, and assure the reluctant inmate that if we can but find entrance into the Castle, unattended, we shall consider it a marked favour, shall quietly roam in the safest parts, and shall commit no greater sin at the worst than composing half-a-dozen verses, a copy of which we will leave at the farm. A few other persuasive arguments were employed, and the stubborn 'no' gradually became converted into a friendly acquiescence.

Once within the space of the four acres, called 'the Castle grounds,' we are free to advance, or stand, or climb, or fall, as we please. Advance quickly we cannot without risk; for the moon has but recently risen, and even now is doing penance behind sheeted clouds, for having too boldly bared her silvery beauty for a few minutes. The ruins are particularly intricate, and we must sit on this long wooden seat until a gentle beam becomes a partial guide. It shines, and now full before us rise round towers, massive and mantled with nodding foliage. The whole exterior frontage now begins to re-shape itself in our mind, and to appear as it did when we visited it a dozen years before by broad daylight. There is one portcullis gateway and the principal entrance. We enter, and are within what was originally named the Pitched (*i. e.*, paved) Stone Court, one hundred and twenty feet long, and fifty-eight broad. An exquisitely softening ray of half-doubting light now slants down through the rents in the thick walls, and partially manifests the vast court around us. From the elegance of the window-frames now remaining in part on each side, this court appears to have been bounded by the principal rooms in the Castle and by the Kitchen Tower on the eastern and western sides; the Stately Hall and the rooms for offices of the household lying on the north and south. By far the most beautiful of the windows is the bow of the Stately Hall, standing on our left as we enter the court. Within the beam now playing upon it, we observe that it forms half a hexagon several yards high, with stone montems and transoms in proportion. No glass is in it now, but its top is crowned with ivy, which bends down in graceful negligence, and overhangs it like a natural curtain of dark but appropriate drapery. No artificial hanging there, however richly embroidered, would be so attractive. Passing round by an open gap into the Stately Hall, or Hall of State, we stand within the bow of the window, and look back into the Pitched Court we have just left, and observe its ample dimensions, shading off into undefined bounds, and looming larger than in full daylight, as so much is now left to imagination.

Returning to the scene by sober daylight, we are no longer

under the dominion of fancy ; for the bright rays of an unclouded sun have chased every shadow far away, and have brought to full view every recess and corner of the chambers so confused and intricate in the half-lit gloom of last night. Our early feet brush away the plentiful dews as we enter the grass-grown precincts, and gaze upon a multitude of objects and points of interest from battlement to base, from ivy-crowned summit to fallen fragment ; each and all suggestive of the former grandeur of the perfect mansion, and of inhabitants once pacing its floors as we do now, once listening in the early morning to the joyous lays of birds, once habited in colours as gay as those of the now fast-changing leaves upon the surrounding trees, but now lying as those leaves will soon lie, decaying on the all-receiving Earth. Truly, 'we do all fade as a leaf.'

The castle itself, too, is in its autumn of time, and in its autumnal hue of appearance. As nature herself displays a beauty peculiar to autumn, so, too, do buildings like the one before us in their season of decay ; and, perhaps, the contemplation of beauty in decay awakens a deeper sentiment in man's breast, a pleasing melancholy which we might be unwilling to exchange even for the more exciting spectacle of beauty in perfection and splendour. Although, in perambulating these roofless and voiceless halls, we must everywhere resort to inference and conjecture for the restoration of their early completeness to the mind's eye, and although we must continually lament the ruthless assaults of Parliamentary besiegers, and of time, the most ruthless of all besiegers ; yet it is questionable whether at any period Raglan Castle has presented such claims to artistic attention, or so many and varied charms, as at this day. What it was in its early entireness, an old poet thus quaintly sings :—

' A famous castle fine
That, Raglan hight, stands almost moated round ;—
Made of freestone, upright, and straight as line,
Whose workmanship in beauty doth abound,
With curious knots all wrought with edged tool ;
The stately tower that overlooks the pool,
The fountain trim, that runs both day and night,
Doth yield in show a rare and curious sight.'

It must, indeed, have been ' a rare and curious sight ; ' and yet is it not so now ? Can we not trace out by careful study how it must have been, as has been said, ' a masterpiece of design and execution ? ' Surely we can, and that without let or hindrance. Had the old marquis been here at this hour, we should not have been standing where we are unchallenged. The gates would have been closed, the portcullis would have been down, the

warder upon the battlements or the tower, the armed retainers marching round, the smoke ascending from the wide chimneys, and the whole building firmly barred and guarded. But now, there is not a chamber, or a vault, or recess that we cannot enter; not a tower we cannot ascend, if we will but climb daringly enough; not a window through which we cannot gaze, nor a step upon which we cannot place our foot; not a walk by moat or mound, or tree or tower, which we cannot perambulate fearless of sudden capture and consignment to the depths of yonder dark dungeons. If there be only ruins around, there is liberty; let us avail ourselves of it to explore, and in imagination restore, this majestic mansion of the olden time.

Beginning at the grand entrance, there are three pentagonal towers, all crested with battlements; and though their shattered fronts present frequent marks of the leaguers' cannon, although, too, within the walls we shall handle a cannon ball which once came whistling against them, yet these portions of the building are less defaced than others, and are now shielded by the thickly wreathing ivy which twines amidst the stray stones and stately towers, as if to weave them together and to prevent further dilapidation. Looking up under the grand gateway, we perceive broad grooves for a pair of portcullises. The two grand pentagonal towers, between which these portcullises descended, were probably appropriated as the quarters of the inferior officers of the castle, while barrack-rooms for the garrison were immediately behind. Adjoining the two principal towers was a third or closet tower, and on the left side the officers' apartments, which were demolished at or immediately after the siege. Halting still for a minute between the entrance archway, we see how smooth the grooves are worn by the action of the portcullises, and how almost impossible it was to gain entrance this way when these were down, and the numerous adjacent guardians on the alert. Though all should be open, one minute would suffice, at one word, to make the whole an impassable barrier.

Advancing into the pitched court, we behold the scene of our nocturnal sojourn in broad sunlight. The buildings on the north side were destroyed during the great siege, while a breach through the east wall hastened the capitulation. At the western end we obtain an imposing view of the architecture of the south side, so peculiarly picturesque, with all its scars and disjointed stones, and so richly hung with a natural tapestry of evergreens. Through these we descry the window of the Great Hall in its grand proportions, the rigid shafts of stone beautifully contrasting with the creeping pliancy of the ivy and the clematis. The whole area of another huge pentagonal tower is occupied by

the great kitchen, and from this a passage leads across the pitched court to the buttery, and thence again to the common hall or parlour; an apartment nearly fifty feet long, and communicating by three contiguous openings with the Great Hall. This lies between the pitched court and the chapel, and occupies nearly the whole space between the dining-hall and the officers' tower at the entrance.

The Baronial Hall, measuring sixty-six feet by twenty-eight, occupies the space between the two inner courts running parallel with the chapel. Here is the great bay-window, in the shadow of which we stood last night, and through which the moonbeams struggled so faintly, and yet so fairly, that it seemed to us the most enchanting of all the objects around us. Even in broad daylight it is attractive by its elegant proportions, and more so by the associations which it suggests. How many fair ladies and feudal lords have from time to time trodden here, as we do now! They, however, when richly coloured glass filled many a present vacancy, and when emblazoned panes displayed the arms of the noble inmates of the mansion. Now the only trace of the arms of the Worcester family is to be seen above our heads on yonder carved stone in the eastern wall, and in the cypher worked in the brick over the fire-place on the left,—that fire-place itself, how capacious, how suitable, in its dimensions and broad arched head, for a time when blocks of oak wood and pitchy pine hissed, and crackled, and blazed up from the broad burning hearth!

Here, too, last night, we looked upward at the stars, once shut out by a thick roof of Irish oak, famous among the ornaments of the castle; for it was elaborately carved, neatly adjusted, part to part, and so ingeniously framed and fastened together, that the entire fabric seemed as if it had been chiselled and shaped out of a solid block. Withal it was so lofty, high, and airy, that it rather appeared to be suspended from the clouds, than supported by the massive walls which it sheltered and adorned. In its centre was a Gothic *louvre* of stained glass, through which the descending light became clouded, and shone upon the arms, dresses, and varied accoutrements of the guests below in rainbow hues. Brave gentlemen and fair ladies not only walked in light, but also in changeful colours, beneath this ornament. The chapel shows nothing to delay us, unless we stand a moment and call up before our eyes and ears the splendidly furnished altar, the stoled priest, the assembled household by way of congregation, and the strains of hymn and fumes of kindled incense; all passed away, like the smoke that curled upward from the silver censer; not one sacred symbol remains, unless one be found in the two rude stone figures peeping out of the

wall above at an inaccessible height. But passing through these once consecrated precincts with heretical and hasty steps, we enter upon the Fountain Court, so named from its conspicuous ornament, an equestrian statue of white marble, raised upon a lofty pedestal, and embellished with 'fountain trim that ran both day and night.' The water supplying this fountain was conducted at a great expense from the surrounding heights, and was also conveyed to the fish-ponds. The water-pipes were long ago ploughed up in the field adjoining the Castle, and the fountain is entirely a traditionary ornament; for statue, marble, and pedestal, even to their very fragments, have disappeared from the court.

Proceeding to the south-west tower, we come upon the now desolate chamber once occupied by no less a person than the King of England, after the battle of Naseby. So dilapidated is this part that it is difficult to enter, nor can it be easily approached; as if the very memory of its royal tenant were to perish utterly. When the position is gained, we discover in the outer wall of this King's chamber a tunnel like a chimney communicating with the outer rampart; designed, probably, as a secret way of escape for the unhappy Sovereign, in case he should be surprised in the chamber; for he might readily have been lowered in a basket down this passage. Had he possessed a similar resource in Carisbrooke Castle, he might have eluded his enemies; but the difference between the two castles was this,—at Carisbrooke the King was a prisoner, at Raglan he was a guest; at Carisbrooke every man was a spy upon him, here every man, from noble master to menial servant, was his friend and helper, and not one of them all but would have gladly expended his life-blood to defend his Monarch.

An elegant stone window frame in these apartments is of special interest; for it is thought that out of this very window the King himself often looked abroad, doubtless regarding with a chastened pleasure the rich and beautiful landscape. To this day the visitor can gaze upon broad green fields, hill and vale, hamlet and stream, village and farm and church, as the King himself once gazed. We may pause in this recess. Here we can readily imagine the moody Monarch sitting at the hour of sunset, and from hence at night departing in his accustomed manner along the gallery to his bed-chamber, followed by his faithful servant, Sir Thomas Herbert, and preceded by a torch-bearer to his vaulted room, containing two beds. Of these, one is for the King, the other for his page. On the table at the King's right hand stands a little silver bell, with which he can arouse his attendant, if desired. In a corner stands a silver basin holding a watch-light, divided by marks into lengths of time,

and burning glimmeringly to the morning light. The King's two watches (for he carried two) are laid upon a low stool near his bed, while in the ante-chamber Sir Thomas Herbert reposes. We leave the servant to his slumbers, and the King to his dreams.

The most famous portion of this once celebrated mansion was the Great Citadel Tower, otherwise the Yellow Tower, or Tower of Gwent. Let us examine it in detail. Now, alas! it is but a mass of masonic ruins; formerly it was the dungeon of the fortress. It had six broad sides, each side being twenty-two feet wide and ten feet thick. Five stories, all built of squared stone, symmetrical and completely set, rose one above the other in the most orderly masonry, and the mortar is now harder than the stones themselves. It communicated with other buildings by means of an elegant bridge, with six arched and embattled turrets: adjoining these was a deep moat twenty feet broad, supplied by a clear running stream, from which an hydraulic apparatus cast up columns of water as high as the battlements; and of this apparatus more, in particular, anon. During the siege, the battlements themselves, being of light construction, were soon demolished; yet the body of the tower resisted the great guns of Fairfax, as the great round tower of Sebastopol resisted those of the allied armies. But after the deliverance of the Castle to Fairfax, the top of this vast mass of masonry was battered with pickaxes, not, however, with great effect. It was then undermined, and the weighty stones were propped up with timber while the other six sides were cut through. The timber being burnt, it fell down in charred lumps. The battlements once so rudely assailed by pickaxes, are now clustered with friendly ivy, which seems to be growing with the purpose of hiding the past misdeeds of the enemies, and veiling the demolitions of foes with thick and perpetual verdure.

A sunken walk, which begins near the base of this tower, and winds along the edge of the moat round the Castle, though now we cannot complete the round, was originally a favourite promenade of the resident family and their guests. It was adorned with occasional retiring-places, grottoes and shell-work, and statues and busts of the Cæsars. So adorned and shaded by umbrageous trees, which kept it cool in summer, and dry in winter, this promenade must have been most delightful. Though dangerous by moonlight, and difficult to trace, it forms one of the best spots for viewing the grand outline of that side of the Castle, and the imposing masses of the ruined citadel. Close above this walk was the bowling-green, higher than the walk itself by twelve feet, and here and there dotted with *parterres* of flowers and with bowers of evergreen. We know that Charles I. took

special delight in playing games upon this bowling-green, which, being two hundred and sixty feet long, and seventy-seven broad, afforded ample space for the bowlers. It should be noticed that the large space lying at the south-west corner of the Great Terrace, on the south front of the Castle, which guides sometimes call the bowling-green, is erroneously so styled; for the remains of a parapet show that this space was used for a bastion when the castle was converted into a garrison.

We now return to the hydraulic apparatus to which we referred above, and to a most interesting tradition connected with it. Close under the walls of the keep of the Castle, where the draw-bridge rose, and where we may now cross a rustic bridge that spans the moat, the Lord Herbert, second Marquis of Worcester, placed, as we have reason to believe, *the first steam-engine*. Here, during his father's lifetime, the noble inventor carried on his first experiments relating to the power and uses of steam; and it is highly probable that he here constructed that model of his invention which he desired might be committed with him to the tomb in his coffin. This being admitted, upon what other spot in our land can we stand so richly fraught with interesting associations, and so marked by curious contrasts and anticipated results in time to come? First, listen to the terms in which the inventive lord announces his discovery. 'This admirable method which I propose of raising water by the force of fire has no bounds, if the vessels be strong enough; for I have taken a cannon, and having filled it three-fourths full of water, and shut up its muzzle and touch-hole, and exposed it to the fire for twenty-four hours, it burst with a great explosion. Having afterwards discovered a method of fortifying vessels internally, and combined them in such a way that they filled and acted alternately, I have made the water spout in an uninterrupted stream forty feet high; and one vessel of rarified water raised forty of cold water; and the person who conducted the operations had nothing to do but to turn two cocks, so that one vessel of water being consumed, another begins to force, and then to fill itself with cold water, and so on in succession.'* Such are the simple but pregnant words which in brief contain the principle of the steam-engine; and as, after the capture of the Castle, there would have been little leisure and few opportunities for the Lord Herbert's experiments, it is in the highest degree probable that it was at this very spot that the first steam-engine was used. How magniloquently the noble inventor could boast of it may be judged from one sentence: 'By Divine Providence and heavenly

* From No. 68 of the *Century of Inventions*, a little volume published in 1663.

inspiration, this is my stupendous water-commanding engine, boundless for height and quantity.' No remains of it are now to be found, nor any indications of it, though it must have been costly and large. But in these traditionary water-works we recognise the true steam-engine in its essential parts and primitive simplicity as applied to pumping and raising water.

Beyond these associations, the greatest interest of this castellated mansion is connected with Henry Earl and Marquis of Worcester,—who was generally reputed, as Clarendon observes, 'the greatest moneyed man in the kingdom,'—and the siege sustained during the period of his habitation within the walls. At this time he was the head of the household and of his family. We find nothing but brief allusions to him in any book except the *Apophthegms*, by Dr. Baily. The way in which the doctor became acquainted with the Marquis was as follows. Meeting with the Marquis at the beginning of the war, he acquainted that nobleman with the approach of some Parliamentary forces, and the imminent danger was guarded against. In consequence of this, the peer cherished so great a regard for the doctor, that he took him to the Castle, where he continued until the King's coming and during the siege, remaining also with the Marquis after he quitted the Castle until his death. The Marquis drew from the doctor a solemn engagement, 'never to leave him so long as they both should live,' which, says he, 'I was so careful to observe, that I never left him in life nor death, fair weather nor foul, until such time as he bid me; and I laid him under the ground in Windsor Castle, in the sepulchre of his fathers. And it was a strange thing that during the time that I was thus bond-servant to his lordship, which was for the space of twelve months twice told, the difference in religion never wrought the least difference in his disposal of trusts of the highest nature upon me; but his speeches often showed his heart, and his often lending me his ear, that they were both as much mine as any man's, of which, it seems, his Majesty being informed, I must be the beetle-head that must drive this wedge into the royal stock.' We shall see more of the excellent character of the head of this house as we proceed with the story of the siege and final surrender of the Castle. And now, for a moment, we pass on to another noble personage, the Lord Herbert, son of the Marquis, but best and most favourably known as the inventor of the steam-engine. He was an inmate of the Castle previously to the siege, but not, apparently, during its progress. He was no less devoted to his Majesty than to his machine. 'King and steam-engine' might have been his motto. Yet he little imagined that while he was expending his energies and

resources to uphold an irresponsible monarchy, he was the depository of a power which would prove itself mightier than monarchs,—a power which, in due time, should liberate and elevate an oppressed people, and bestow upon them benefits vastly greater than ever issued from throne and sceptre. This same mechanical genius was a brave and successful soldier, and commanded a body of 500 cavalry and 1,500 infantry, which had been raised by his liberal father at the cost of £60,000, an enormous sum for that period.* With this army Lord Herbert performed the brilliant exploit of capturing the town of Monmouth. But this imposing force became a mere 'mushroom army,' well nigh perishing in the night in which it grew up, at a place called the Vineyard, near Gloucester, where it was encountered by Waller at an hour when no danger was apprehended, and when, therefore, a fearful panic seized the whole mass, who fled, and left Waller in possession of the field. No severer blow than this fell upon the royal cause, and the vexation and loss to the noble Marquis were almost indescribable. Therefore the last hopes of the royal party in these parts was the Castle of Raglan itself; and in its successful defence all the anxieties of the family centred. Accordingly it was garrisoned with eight hundred men, commanded by several distinguished officers, and provided with necessaries for a vigorous and protracted resistance. At the head of all these was the Marquis himself, then nearly four-score years old, but hale, quick-witted, and self-possessed.

Early in the spring of 1646 it was resolved by the Parliament that this famous Castle should be taken and dismantled without loss of time. As it was the last stronghold of royalty, so it was the chief dread and dislike of the Parliament. It was, therefore, invested by Glenham and Sir Trevor Williams, and the first summons to surrender was forthwith sent to the noble inmates. We may conceive how such a summons would be received by so many noble and brave defenders.

They protracted the siege for some months, nor do the first attacks of the enemy appear to have produced much effect upon the strong building. Doubtless many interesting events must have occurred during this anxious period; but we can discover no records of them, excepting two incidents which Dr. Bailly narrates, and which are singular indeed.

During the siege, a musket-ball came in at the window of the

* 'I have heard Lord Herbert say,' says Clarendon, 'that these preparations and the others which by this defeat were rendered useless, cost above threescore thousand pounds, the greater part of which was advanced by his father.' This large sum, however, probably includes other expenses, perhaps those for garrisoning Raglan itself.

withdrawing-room in which the Marquis was wont to entertain his friends with his pleasant discourses after dinner and supper. The ball glanced upon a little marble pillar near the window, and thence to the side of the head of the Marquis, after which it fell down flattened upon the table. It had, however, broken the marble pillar, and made so much noise in doing so that the Countess of Glamorgan, who was standing at the window, ran away, 'screaming as if the house had fallen down upon her.' Finding that she was more afraid than injured, she was pleased to acknowledge to the company and to her father her fears to be foolish. 'Daughter,' said the Marquis, 'you had reason to run away when your father was knocked on the head.' Then turning to the gentlemen present, he added,—'Gentlemen, those who had a mind to flatter me, used to tell me that I had a good head-piece in my younger days; but if I do not flatter myself, I think I have a good head-piece in my old age, or else it would not have been musket-proof.'

The chaplain himself had a similar but even more remarkable escape. He was looking out of a window of the Castle upon the besiegers at their work, and, while standing at the window, there came a musket-ball directed against him. It struck upon the edge of the iron bar of the window, which thereby parted the bullet into two pieces; one piece of the bullet flew on the one side, and the other piece on the other side, while the rash gazer remained unharmed between them. Upon being informed thereof, the Marquis inquired at what window Dr. Baily was standing; being certified, he answered, 'The window of that chamber is cross-barred, and you will never believe me how safe it is to stand before the cross when you face an enemy.' The besiegers were still unsuccessful until the month of June; but early in this month they were reinforced by a strong body of troops from the city of Worcester. Strange that the city bearing the name of the Marquis should contribute to his assailants! These troops were under Colonel Morgan, who received instructions to hasten the siege operations by all the means at his disposal. Now the closely invested garrison made several desperate sallies, in one of which they slew an officer of Morgan's, and seized a stand of colours. But, after the surrender of Oxford, Morgan received another strong enforcement, and redoubled his zeal. The spirit with which attack and defence were now conducted was probably strengthened by the letters which passed between Morgan and the Marquis, offering and rejecting terms of capitulation. The Parliament waxed indignant at the protracted resistance of the soldiers of Raglan, and despatched Fairfax with orders to take the Castle at all hazards. He opened a new approach on the

14th of August, which was carried forward so rapidly, that the engineer threw up approaches of nearly a hundred yards in circuit, making exact running trenches, as secure as if they were works against a town, and reaching to within sixty yards of the works of defence. It was now that the spirited old nobleman saw and felt that his defence was hopeless: deprecating otherwise inevitable slaughter, outrageous plunder, and destruction, he sent on the 15th of the month a message to Fairfax, intimating his desire to treat upon the general's propositions. The letters that passed previously are preserved, and show how unwilling and gradual was the Marquis's concession. But now the treating place was fixed at Mr. Oates's house, about a mile and a half from Raglan, and on the 17th the treaty was concluded, consisting of six fair and moderate articles; the second being remarkable, and probably conceded to the entreaties of the Marquis, viz., 'that on the 19th inst. the officers, gentlemen, and soldiers of the garrison, with all other persons present therein, shall march out of the said garrison with their horses and arms, with colours flying, drums beating, trumpets sounding, matches lighted at both ends, bullets in their mouths, and every soldier with twelve charges of powder, match and bullet proportionable, and bag and baggage, to any place within ten miles of the garrison which the governor shall nominate.'

Accordingly, on the 19th day of August, the double portcullises were hoisted, the gates were flung open, and forth issued the procession of the unfortunate but still loyal defenders of the surrendered Castle. Melancholy would that spectacle be to any spectator admiring the fidelity and true courage of the loyalists. However deeply he might despise the King himself, it was impossible that he should not respect his devoted, though defeated, adherents. The order of evacuation was this:—

First comes the Marquis himself, now eighty-three years of age, and the father of thirteen children; he walks with feeble step and dejected mien, but evidently endeavouring to bear up with high soul against inevitable misfortune. He is followed by the Lord Charley, his sixth son, who afterwards died a canon at Cambray, in French Flanders. Next appears a fair, somewhat matronly dame, the Countess of Glamorgan, wife of the eldest son of the Marquis, the inventor of the steam-engine, and who succeeded to his father's honours. He himself is now absent, as before explained. Another female follows,—Lady Jones, the wife of Sir Philip Jones, who for safety had retired from his own house to the Castle. She is succeeded by the chaplain, Dr. Baily, the collector and publisher of the apophthegms of the Marquis; and after him comes Commissary

Gwilym, probably a relative of the Whitchurch family. Now appear four colonels, eighty-two captains, sixteen lieutenants, six cornets, four ensigns, four quartermasters, and fifty-two esquires and gentlemen. This was the rear of the procession in chief, as it moved out of the castle gate, and entered upon the common road-way. It must have been swelled by common soldiers and servants, but of these we know nothing.*

Such was the exit of the Marquis from his magnificent mansion, which, with the affected humility of those days, he had in one of his letters to Fairfax called, 'my poor cottage at Raglan.'

To the lasting discredit of the Parliament, who were probably overborne in this instance by violent men, it was pretended that the Marquis had in some way violated his treaty with Fairfax, on which accusation he was committed to the custody of the Usher of the Black Rod; yet he retained his loyalty to the end, and hoped to see the downfall of his enemies. 'I do believe,' said he, when speaking of the ruling party, 'that they are so near unto their end, that, as weak as I am, there is physick to be had, if a man could find it, to prolong my days that I might outlive their honours.' When it was told to his lordship not long before he died, that leave was obtained of the Parliament that he might be buried in Windsor Castle, within the great chapel, and wherein divers of his ancestors lay buried, he exclaimed with some reviving sprightliness,—'God bless us all, why, then I shall take a better castle when I am dead, than they took from me whilst I was alive.'

Who will deny that this was a true man, and a true hero, despite his obstinate defence of irresponsible monarchy, and his obstinate adherence to Popery? Yet, we are disposed to conclude, from a full perusal of the *Apophthegms*, and a glance at the *Certamen Religiosum*,† that the Marquis was comparatively an

* There can be no ground for supposing, as a recent writer has done, that the inmates were 'on the verge of famine.' On the contrary, there is a record, that there were delivered up with the castle not only twenty pieces of ordnance, three barrels of powder, and a mill with which they could make a barrel a day, but also great store of corn and malt, wine of all sorts, and beer. The horses, indeed, might have been on the verge of famine; for they were few, and those few almost starved for want of hay; so that 'they had like to have eaten one another for want of meat, and therefore were tied with chains.' 'There were also great stores of goods and rich furniture in the Castle, which Fairfax committed to the care and custody of Mr. Herbert, commissary of the army (and to others) to be inventoried; and that in case any of the county should make a just claim to any of them, as having been violently taken from them, or they compelled to bring them in thither, they should have them restored.' This fully proves the right feeling of Fairfax.

† The full title of this book is, *Certamen Religiosum: or, a Conference between King Charles the First and Henry, late Marquis of Worcester, concerning Religion, in Raglan Castle, 1646.* Virulent criticisms were made upon this work, and Bailly was

enlightened Papist, and certainly would not have counted for an Ultramontane. To his honour he entertained Dr. Baily, though a Protestant; and though the latter is somewhat of a panegyrist, yet what he says has an air of verisimilitude which begets belief. Though the Marquis was very rich, he was very liberal; and when one remarked to him at Raglan, that for his faithful adherence to the loyal cause, and ungrudging liberality on its behalf, he might expect and claim to be made a Duke, his answer was,—‘When I was a Lord, I had one hundred thousand pounds more than I have now I am a Marquis; and I had rather not be made a Duke, seeing that, after the same rate, I shall then have nothing at all!’

In taking leave of Raglan Castle, we turn and gaze once more upon that imposing mass of ruins with reverence, and a kind of melancholy fondness. What scenes have been enacted within its walls! What conceptions and imaginations have passed through the minds of those who once dwelt there! What grandeur has flitted away from it like the shadow of evening! What splendour has been rudely removed by time, like the dewdrops our late and early feet have brushed away! Looking only at its outside, what labour and what treasure must have been expended in the construction of those massive towers and thick walls! The stones, how fair, and how well-fitted! No quarry in the neighbourhood supplied them; for they are of a different colour and character from the surrounding stones. The facing stones are all laid with geometrical accuracy, and in many places are so perfect and uninjured, that the scaffolding might be supposed to be recently removed.

The outworks, too, of this castellated mansion must have been very extensive, though all traces of them have disappeared; for what would lawns, slopes, and bowling-greens be to those plain and unsentimental farmers who occupied the ground, and put in the ruthless plough, and dragged the obliterating harrow, where royal and noble feet had once trod? Then there was a park attached, which is supposed to have spread over ground now divided into ten estates or farms; and we know that there were two keepers of the home park, and two of the red deer park.

Returning to the banks of the Wye, we find its course between Monmouth and Chepstow to be varied and ever

accused of having substituted his own fictions for the truth. Certain writers declare that the conference had nothing of the King's style in it, and amongst these was Heylin, whom Baily roundly abused in return. It certainly wears the appearance of a got-up book, in which the Popish argument is dexterously made to appear the better one. There may, however, have been some foundation of fact in the conference, though there can be little ground for supposing that this was a faithful account of it.

pleasing. Soon after quitting Monmouth, it flows on through less interesting lands than before; but though it is now only here and there imposing, it is never dull and unattractive. What teeming orchards, with over-abounding apples, did we pass last autumn in this district! The villages are numerous and pretty; especially the neat and quiet village of Brookweir. Here the stranger should take up his quarters, and proceed in the early morning towards Tintern Abbey. After emerging from a hill-side thicket-path, we begin to descend a hill towards the Wye, and then first obtain a view, and one of the best views, of the exterior of this celebrated ecclesiastical ruin. As we approach the ferry-boat station, we mark how the river flows round the walls on the northern and eastern sides of the building, so far isolating it; while the surrounding grounds are covered with fruit trees, bearing abundant crops of pears, apples, and cherries, in their respective seasons. Stationing ourselves a little higher than the ferry, we behold the ruined abbey church in all its length, and trace its cruciform structure. This station has been selected by a faithful artist for the delineation of the beautiful ruin in a water-colour picture, which now hangs before us, and which completely brings back the view we have often enjoyed.

Gazing round upon the whole prospect, including the abbey as its central attraction, every visitor will confess its situation to be as beautiful as any that could have been chosen. Nestling in the grassy hollow of an amphitheatre of rocks, clothed with the foliage of hazel, ash, and light breezy birch, and ever solemn yew, some of whose far-reaching branches seem to point down to the sacred building as worthy of all observation; it stands unbending and immoveable, while every light wind finds a welcome and response amongst the quivering trees around and above it. Close upon it are apple and pear trees; around it whitewashed cottages arise, deformed yet delightful in their rusticity, irregular and rough, and strongly contrasting with its stately lines and rigid regularity. Approach it from whatever quarter you may, it presents strong claims to your admiration. If you behold it first in travelling by the road from Chepstow, (the more common course,) it suddenly bursts upon you at a turn of that road, realizing, yet surpassing, the ideas you have formed of it from numerous prints and photographs. From the tombstones in the churchyard, another commanding view of it is obtained. We have drawn near to it from all directions in different tours, and have surveyed it from every favourable point. In advancing, you note the stains upon its sacred walls, and the abundant ivy stealing out of its vacant

and glassless windows, and climbing up shafts and over segments of geometrical tracery higher than itself.

This abbey church was obviously constructed upon the plan of a cathedral, and must have been a perfect example of Gothic architecture in its greatest purity. Its dimensions were imposing and yet harmonious. Its length was two hundred and twenty-eight feet from east to west, from north to south one hundred and fifty feet; the breadth of the central pillars was thirty-seven feet, and the height of the central arches seventy feet. The abbey was founded so long ago as the year 1131, and therefore we are not surprised at the loss of so much of the original structure; for the church itself could not have been built very long after that date. At all events, we have now before us the remains of an edifice erected about seven hundred years ago; and, therefore, that it should now be a mere shell is in no wise strange. Tower and roof and topstones have departed, and we can only trace out entire shapes and outlines by a visit to the interior.

Entering the little plot before the western window, and advancing to the low door underneath it, we ring a little bell, and soon gain admission into the interior, and behold that first grand view which has been, by common consent, admitted to be unsurpassed, and may perhaps be affirmed to be unequalled. An accomplished antiquarian, Sir Richard Colt Hoare, declares that 'this abbey (as to the first *coup d'œil*) exceeds every ruin I have seen either in England or Wales;' and Gilpin exclaims, 'When we stood at one end of this awful piece of ruin, and surveyed the whole in one view, the elements of earth and air its only covering and pavement; and the grand and venerable remains which terminated both, perfect enough to form the perspective, yet broken enough to destroy the regularity; the eye was above measure delighted with the beauty, the greatness, and the novelty of the scene.' Comparisons might be instituted between this and other ruinous abbeys, but it may suffice to say that here all is simplicity and elegant ornament, and the entire is in the grand though severe style of the thirteenth century. Gaze slowly down that long-drawn pillared aisle, nave and choir, and take in the whole two hundred and twenty-eight feet. Mark how the pillars stretch along like a stony forest, as if winter had stripped them of their foliage: even where some of the pillars have crumbled down, their basements remain. Gaze again upon those graceful arches (the span of each of which is five yards) sweeping along, like airy circles, in orderly directions from the massive central arches, all rigidly upheld, all clustered and chained

together with links and knots of stonework, which, while they strongly manacle, yet render the whole majestic. They are all subordinate to that now open space of twelve yards, whence arose the great lanthorn tower or spire.

' Just as a giant guards with ample stride
 A conquered brother underneath him flung,
 On ample arches, in its sturdy pride,
 Stood the great tower: there the bells were hung,
 Each under each with graduated tongue;
 Aerial lords of boundless worlds of tone:
 The Great Bell shone its meaner peers among
 In portly pride, and its high rank was known
 By learned scroll, inscribed around its ample zone.'

Of the two great windows, that close behind and above us, or the western, is by far the more perfect, and indeed is as nearly perfect as possible in its sloping frame. It stands forty-two feet above the bottom of the wall; and though its shortness and disproportionate breadth, compared with the eastern window, have been objected to, it should be remembered that it was not intended as a rival, but as part of a harmonious whole. But the greater window was the eastern, though now an utter skeleton. There it stands before us in ruin, an open space framing, as it were, a mass of far green trees that flank the opposite hill-side, that green mass being divided by the single slender shaft of the window, soaring to the height of seventy feet, and terminating in a now crushed ornament of stone, but once supporting a variety of beautifully stained glass, of which we have one precious fragment in our possession.

In the *Itinerary* of William of Worcester, who himself beheld this church in its entireness, we find that the breadth of the great eastern window contained eight glazed panels, with the arms of the founder, Roger de Bigod, Earl of Norfolk. From the same authority we gather that there were in the lower part of this church, at the south side, 'ten windows of great length,' in the upper story also ten windows of like workmanship, and ten principal windows in the north part of the church, every window containing two great glazed panels, while the principal north window contains fourteen glazed panels of great height. Such were the windows in general, and such in particular the great eastern window. When furnished with its glass, all that the most potent and glowing sun could effect within the sacred aisle, was to fling down a resemblance of the heraldry and the englazed saints, martyrs, and confessors, upon the richly tiled floor. Of such a spot as this we might sing, restoring the olden state:—

' Beneath that eastern window's pictured frame
 A canopy of fretted stone was spread,
 Pavilioning an altar's marble plain;
 Each corner rested on an angel's head,
 Within lay relics of the sainted dead;
 Two lamps, undying, blazed perennial fire,
 A smoke of odours from the censers fled;
 The pall, that gorgeous altar's proud attire,
 A crimson noonday threw around the coloured choir.'

What must have been the charm of altar and window, and the pomp of the ceremonial, when a novice took his vows and first knelt at this altar, here plighting his youthful, yet life-enduring devotion! The altar blazes with unwonted splendours. A light streams down from every pane of that richly painted window; the burst of musical chant and swelling organ overcome him; all the accompaniments of that solemn hour are adapted to his state of mind, and inspire a grand momentary dream in the overawed suppliant. In sudden ecstasy all heaven descends before his adoring eye; clouds of incense rest upon the burning glory of the altar, and, as they finally ascend toward the roof, his excited spirit glides away with them; he enters paradise, he joins the assemblies of the saints of his Church, and he is now an admitted guest amongst martyrs, confessors, anchorites, and apostles!

The floor is now covered with smooth and trimly-kept turf, so that nearly the original level of the whole structure is still preserved. On various portions of this green sward lie ornamented fragments of the old roof, with remains of cornices, and columns, and sepulchral stones, and mutilated figures of monks and heroes, whose ashes mingle with the earth underneath. Here the architect may pause over the scattered remains of many beautiful capitals, rich in their carved foliage, and over beautiful mouldings, with quarterfoils, rosettes, and finely proportioned ogees. Here in particular lies the broken 'effigies' of a man in coat of mail, with his shield on his left arm. Some think this to represent Richard Strongbow, Earl of Pembroke; but, according to Leland, he was buried in Gloucester.

Reverently gathered around the feet of the pillar are fragments of the screen here, and the rood-loft there, and here an elaborately sculptured key-stone fallen from the departed roof. There, too, we see a crosier, finely chiselled upon a broken slab, and here a fragment of fretwork and a piece of running tracery. Wherever feet can find their way, remnants of former riches and architectural beauty are visible.

Now we are near the curious cloisters, let us inspect them,

and the sacristy, the chapter-house, the dormitory, and particularly the refectory, with its ancient lectern in the wall for the convenience of the monastic 'reader' at the time of meals.

Returning to the church, we ascend and walk round the walls, and pass along the clere-story, and even gain an improved and more imposing view of parts of the ruins from our somewhat dangerous height. Descending again, as we re-tread the turfy floor, we discover the so-called image of the head of the abbot, formerly gilded, and evidently belonging to a carefully chiselled, full-length effigy. This bas-relief, when closely examined, appears to be that of a figure lying upon bars, and no abbot; but rather reminds us of the passage in the *Golden Legend* relating to the life of St. Laurence:—'Bring hither a bed of iron, that Laurence, *contumax*, may lie thereon.' This bed became the gridiron, always seen as the accompanying symbol of that saint.

The most romantic and spirit-stirring view of the abbey is by moonlight; and although we prefer the view of Raglan Castle by moonlight, which, in comparing the two, we deem far the most imposing, from the greater intricacy and confusedness of the many-chambered ruins, and the broad massive shadows of the towers and far-spreading trees,—yet, comparing Tintern with itself, we are willing to confess that the witchery of the moonlight view has not been over-rated, even though some visitors have spoken in extravagant terms thereof. Such a scene under the reign of a harvest moon—which it was our good fortune to obtain—is worth any journey to a rightly attuned spectator. Entering again under the great west window, the grand *coup-d'œil* is once more before us, but now half hidden and solemnized in shadows. Partial darkness broods upon the building. No longer, as in the day-scene, sportive sunbeams flicker upon the tiniest mosses that have found a home in clefts and cornices; no longer do the day-beams linger with tender sympathy around the tall shaft of the eastern window, and dye it with slanting bands of gorgeous colours. But if those broader and brighter glories have departed, softer beauties have succeeded, and the gentle yet glorious moon looks down upon the sacred ruin with a sympathy still tenderer than that of the sunbeam. First glancing dimly upon the shrubs and trees on the opposite hills, she directs a full beam through the great window, fastening a pale band upon the upright shafts, and then singles out one patch of the floor-carpeting turf, partly overlaid with fragments of delicate stone-tracery, on which she displays her brightness. On the left, through two arches, she struggles to dart other beams, and momentarily succeeds more and more,

until in a few minutes she will have made good her entrance there also, and have gained secure possession of the abbey church. But we must bid farewell to this enchanting scene.

The Wye has now become a tidal river, gaining in volume, but losing in purity: its discolourment in all the lower part of its course is the only drawback from perfect beauty. Soon after leaving Tintern Abbey, we approach by the road Wyndcliffe, the most celebrated of all the Wye prospects, and, as we have heard it acknowledged, surpassing many a foreign scene of greater fame. Seven or eight hundred feet above the level of the river rises this bold, half fir-clothed cliff. Standing upon one particular spot near its summit, the eye traces the circuitous Wye through some miles of its course between rocky and well-wooded banks. Twelve crags beneath jut out over one bend of the water, and are styled 'the Twelve Apostles.' The whole domain of Piercefield, laid out in views, and glimpses, and promontories of the picturesque, spreads beneath. To the left lie Berkeley Castle and Thornbury church; to the right, in grand succession, the town and castle of Chepstow, the majestic Severn, and the confluence of Wye and Severn, in flowing union. Then, if the day be bright and clear, the Avon and Portishead Point, and even Dundry Tower beyond Bristol, spread out before us; while to the south-west the Holmes, and Penarth Point, near Cardiff, and far away in the north-west the Black Mountains, form varied backgrounds. We can enumerate parts of nine counties, and would gladly spend nine bright hours in viewing and reviewing them.

Descending from the cliff and resuming the road, Piercefield may be visited in the way to Chepstow, and its grounds perambulated; but, though beautiful, the view from the Wyndcliffe includes and eclipses them. Arriving at Chepstow, we find a town uninviting enough, but a castle placed imposingly upon a rocky wall overhanging the river, and presenting a striking object from a bridge over the Wye. Upon the earliest history of this castle we must not speculate, though antiquarians have found much to interest them, and something to justify them in referring it to an early date. The most important portion of its history is in connexion with the period to which we have already adverted in treating of Raglan. Chepstow Castle was garrisoned for the King at the breaking out of the Civil Wars by the Marquis of Worcester. In 1643 a party from Monmouth, headed by Major Throckmorton, took it by surprise; but in a few hours the Major was in his turn surprised, and it was again in the hands of the Royalists. After a blockade of four days in 1645, it was surrendered to Colonel Morgan. Again an event-

ful change took place, and in 1648, Sir Nicholas Kemys and others having corresponded with an officer in the garrison, the castle was surprised for the King once more during the night. In the beginning of the month of May in the same year Oliver Cromwell went into Wales, and we find that on the twenty-fifth day of the month the castle was retaken for the Parliament. Surely never castle changed masters so frequently and rapidly in a similar space of time!

We have found a very characteristic letter, dated June 17th, 1648, written by Cromwell to Major Saunders, of Derbyshire. It is endorsed in the Major's handwriting thus:—‘The L.-Generall's order for taking Sir Trevor Williams and Mr. Morgan, Sheriffs of Monmouthshire (in the hands of Wintrop Mortimer, Esq.)’ In the letter, after a preamble of no interest, Cromwell writes:—

‘I doe hereby authorize you to seize him,’ [Sir Trevor Williams, of Langebie, about two miles from Usk,] ‘as also the High Sheriff of Monmouth, Mr. Morgan, whoe was in the same plot’ [of betraying the castle to the King]. ‘But because Sir Trevor Williams is the more dangerous man by far, I would have you to seize him first, and the other can be easily had. To the end you may not be frustrated, and that you be not deceived, I think fit to give you some character of the man, and some intimation how things stand. He is a man, as I am informed, full of crafts and subtiltye, very bold and resolute, bath a house—Langebie—well stored with arms and very strong; his neighbours about him very malignant, and much for him, whoe are apt to rescue him, if apprehended, much more to discover anything which may prevent it. He is full of jealousy, partly out of guilt, but much more because he doubts some that were in the businesse have discovered him, which indeed they have; and also because he knows that his servant is brought hither, and a minister to be examined here who is able to discover the whole plot. If you should march directly unto that countye and near him, it's odds he either fortifies his house, or gives you the slip; so also if you should go to his house and not find him there, or if you attempt to take him, and misse to effecte itt, or if you make any known enquireye after him, itt will be discovered.

‘Wherefore to the point. You have a fair pretence of going out of Brecknockshire to quarter about Newport and Carleon, which is not above four or five miles from his house. You may send to Colonel Herbert, whose house lyeth in Monmouthshire, whoe will certainly acquaint you with where he is. You are also to send to Captain Nicholas, who is at Chepstowe, to require him to assist you, if hee should get into his house, or stand upon his guard. Pam Jones, who is quartermaster to Colonel Herbert's troope, will be very assisting to you, if you send to him to meet you at your quarters; both by letting you know where he is, and also in all matters of intelligence. If there.

should be need, Captain Burge his troope, now quarterynge in Glamorganshire, shall be directed to receive orders from you. You perceave by all this that we are (it may be) a little too much solicitous in this businesse; it's our fault, and indeed such a temper causeth us often to overacte businesse; wherefore, without more adoe, we leave it to you, and you to the guidance of God therein, and rest yours,

'O. CROMWELL.

'If you seize him, bring him, and let him be brought with a stronge guard to mee. If Captain Nicholas should light on him at Chepstowe, do you strengthen him with a good guard to bring him. If you seize his person, disarm his house, but let not his armes be embezzed. If you need Captain Burge his troope, it quarters between Newport and Cardiffe.'

It would appear, from the Commons' Journal, that Sir Trevor Williams afterwards compounded for his safety, and was permitted to retire to his own house, where he lived in a far inferior dignity and state than before. It is curious to find that Raglan Castle was invested by Glenham and Sir Trevor Williams on behalf of the Parliament; so that he was only playing the hypocrite before that famous mansion, and doubtless would rather have been its defender than its besieger.

The above letter of Cromwell is, we think, one of the most remarkable of those extant, as it shows us how carefully he informed himself of the minutest particulars relating to persons and places in which he was specially interested, thoughtfully considering every contingency, and at once coming to the business in hand and in heart when he was communicating in private. But Chepstow Castle itself is particularly connected with the history of that great man; for when he came into Wales, he committed the siege of this castle to Colonel Ewer, who, having provided two cannons from Gloucester and two more from a ship, on the 25th of May, in the course of a few hours, as the Colonel writes, 'made a hole in the wall so low, that a man might walk into it.' This was in the curtained wall, between what is named Harry Marten's Tower and the next above, and is still discernible by the difference in masonry filling it up. The garrison would have surrendered at once, but the governor hesitated, and soon paid with his life for his obstinacy, when the irritated besiegers rushed in at the breach, took the castle, and put the governor to death. Finally Cromwell himself obtained the castle, as we learn from another curious, but very different, epistle of his, in which he observes,—

'Truly the land to be settled, both what the Parliament gives me and my own, is very little less than three thousand pounds *per annum*, all things considered, if I be rightly informed. And a lawyer

of Lincoln's Inn having searched all the Marquis of Worcester's writings which were taken at Ragland, and sent for by the Parliament; and this gentleman, appointed by the Committee to search the said writings, assures us there is no scruple concerning the title; and so it fell out that this gentleman who searched was my own lawyer, a very godly able man, and my dear friend, which I reckon no small mercy. He is also possessed of the writings for me.'

Having these particulars in our recollection, we approach the ruins of this castle with no small interest. The whole stands in an irregular parallelogram, having for one side the perpendicular cliffs, and on the other side a deep moat, and massive walls flanked with towers. The site occupies nearly three acres of ground, and the structure was divided into four courts. The entrance is at the east end under a Norman arch, guarded by two lofty towers and a massive iron-plated door. In the first court were the domestic offices, a chapel or oratory, and a subterraneous room or dungeon excavated in the rock. In the south-east angle is the large round tower, named Marten's Tower, where that great statesman of the Commonwealth was confined for many years, and is said to have died in the seventy-eighth year of his age. The second court is connected with a garden, and in the third is what is called the chapel, but was more probably the hall of state. It must have been a fine apartment in its ancient grandeur, standing about 130 feet above the river, and being ninety feet in length, while its windows and their arches were in the richest Gothic style. The fourth court communicated by a drawbridge, and may have been an out-work of a later period. The fortification connected with the castle extended round the town, and even at this day there are conspicuous remains of forts and watch-towers.

The different owners of this castle, at various periods, were certainly as widely opposed in politics, condition, and character, as have been the proprietors of any castle in the empire. We have already referred to its rapid changes of ownership during the Civil Wars. It was also once in possession of the Clare family, of whom tradition has affirmed that the heads of it could ride between Chepstow and Newport, a distance of fifteen miles, without infringing upon the estates of any other proprietors, the entire territory being their own. The baronial splendour of the family may be conceived from the fact that Sir Richard Herbert, who was only a younger brother, rode into London attended by five hundred men at arms, with coats of arms upon their sleeves, all furnished and equipped by himself or family. The elder brother of this equestrian hero was the earl, and resided at Raglan Castle; and he in like manner could pass from that

stronghold to Newport, a distance of sixteen miles, without deviating from his own possessions. But pass down and away from all this line of baronial, military, and gentlemanly possessors, to our own times, and mourn over the base uses to which the noblest castle may come. Not many years ago one part was used as a stable, another as a dog-kennel, a third as a malt-house, and a fourth even as a glass-house, which fact we have traced in an old engraving of the building and its adjuncts. Yet within these very walls the famous and witty Harry Marten lingered out a long captivity; and here his very opposite in character and politics—Bishop Jeremy Taylor—suffered temporary imprisonment in 1656, on the charge of being privy to an insurrection of the Royalists.

Very little has been done to keep this interesting ruin in good order. Yet, where celebrated prisoners paced in lonely state, and barons ruled in lordly splendour, and Royalists and Roundheads held alternate sway; there, at this day, are held annual flower shows, and all the giddy, fluttering, vapid folks that can be gathered together by the attractions of flowers and brass bands, throng unheeding, when the very dust might exclaim against their revellings, and some one of the many great men who have here lived, meditated, and died, might rise again for one moment and scatter blossoms, and strutting lads and lasses, and horn-blowers and drummers, and ginger-beer and lemonade sellers, and ticket-takers, and stewards, and prize-gainers, to the winds of heaven or the waters of the Wye!

Here we take leave of the Wye, its magnificent castles and picturesque abbey. We may well end our tour with the river itself. For eight and thirty miles we have followed its sinuous course from Ross to Chepstow. So sinuous has the stream been, that by the road the distance between the two towns just named is only seventeen miles. No other British river, as we believe, affords within the same space so much varied beauty on its banks, so much boldness in its rocky promontories, and so much picturesque and historic interest in adjacent halls, castles, and castellated mansions, and in one of the most reverend abbeys which remain.

It may be as well to add that we could find no really useful Guide-book to this district. Mr. Roscoe's work is quite deficient in original research, and the ordinary notices of Raglan Castle are very meagre. Perhaps this *desideratum* may shortly be supplied in one of Mr. Murray's English Handbooks.

ART. III.—*Memoirs: a Contribution to the History of my own Times.* (*Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire de mon Temps.*)
By M. GUIZOT. Vols. I. and II. Leipzig, Paris, Geneva.
1858 and 1859.

Too many autobiographies of eminent Frenchmen, that have appeared within the last quarter of a century, are characterized by a gross and repulsive egotism. At once sentimental and heartless, the heroes of these stories are self-adoring to a degree that is quite astounding, full of bitterness and insult towards their rivals, and breathing but mere disdain towards the few they called their friends. The Memoirs of Chateaubriand and of Lamartine are the most illustrious and most offensive examples of this class. After such works, it is a relief to meet with a man, great both by his public career and his literary labours, who tells us his remembrances in a style of frank simplicity, without overrating his own importance, and without, on the other hand, falling into those affected suggestive reticences which betray the more refined type of self-complacency. He is really the writer he proposed to be at the outset,—faithful to his friends, just to his adversaries, and not over lenient towards himself.

We are even tempted to complain that M. Guizot's impersonality is excessive. He dwells almost exclusively upon the events in which he has borne a part, or else upon the state of things which served to bring them about; and he hardly allows us to see anything of his personal feelings, his private life and family circle. We are treated as strangers, and not admitted into the sanctuary. He speaks, indeed, with a very natural pride, of Madame Guizot's devoted attention to the sick when Paris was first visited by the cholera; and there is one feeling allusion to the fragility of domestic happiness, suggested by his having himself reckoned upon its continuance all too fondly. But the author's '*confidences*,' or his condescension, go no farther; and it is only by putting together carefully certain laconic indications, few and far between, that one is able to establish even the chronological landmarks essential to the taking a connected view of his external career.

The Memoirs carry us back no farther than 1807, when M. Guizot, as well as we can calculate approximately, was a young man of nineteen; a preceptor, we believe, in the family of the Duc de Broglie. He enjoyed the privilege of admission to the few remaining drawing-rooms at Paris which retained the traditions of a time that had passed away for ever; its taste for

intellectual pleasures, for social sympathy, and for conversation, without any other object than the pleasure of exchanging thought, together with its liberal toleration of diversities of origin, rank, and ideas; those characteristics, in short, which had made Paris the intellectual centre of Europe, to such an extent, that, for the half century preceding the Revolution, not only princes, but private persons of wealth and refinement, in England, Germany, and Italy, used to have their stated and paid correspondents to enable them to keep up with the higher gossip of its drawing-rooms, in politics, in science, and in speculative philanthropy.

The few remaining survivors of the liberal and philosophical aristocracy of the eighteenth century, who used to meet each other at Madame d'Houdetot's, Monsieur Suard's, and the Abbé Morellet's, had not abjured the principles and the aspirations of the generation which had brought about the Revolution, and along with it such great disasters and such cruel disappointment. They remained sincerely liberal, says M. Guizot; but with the reserve of men who had succeeded little and suffered much in their projects of reform. 'They prized the freedom of thought and speech, but did not aspire to power. They detested despotism, and were ever blaming its acts; but without doing anything to restrain or to overthrow it. It was an opposition of enlightened and independent spectators, who had no chance and no wish to become actors.'

It required a kind of courage under the Empire to assume even this harmless attitude of independence. None but those who personally witnessed those evil days can conceive the degree of timidity and restraint that was almost universal; and how, at the least glimpse of a trespass upon the forbidden ground of politics, men's features became cold, and their words official. 'They only who have once lived under the air-pump, know what a charm there is in liberty to breathe.' When France did obtain liberty to breathe, the disinterested talkers of these privileged drawing-rooms were succeeded by more practical men, who went to the opposite extreme of party spirit and party animosity,—that terrible disease of free countries which narrows the horizon of the wisest, makes them see everything in a false light, and is fatal at once to large views and generous feelings.

M. Guizot himself hated the rule of Napoleon with all the energy of a first passion. He felt that the nation was degraded and demoralized, and the very development of its faculties arrested under the despot's sway. It is evident that the system of Napoleon III. must recal to the mind of the veteran liberal that under which he chafed in his youth. But no parallel is

drawn intentionally. There are no allusions slightly veiled ; no words of double application intended to afford the writer or the reader the feminine pleasure of wounding the nephew through the uncle's doublet. The strongest anti-imperialist passages in the book are to be found in the Appendix, in speeches pronounced, or documents composed, when Louis Napoleon was in obscurity. M. Guizot is a foe who will only strike in earnest, and in front ; and it is easy to surmise that he possesses the haughty consciousness that the antagonism of his principles to all forms of despotism is so self-evident as to make any particular application of them superfluous.

The future minister and parliamentary orator became known, as a writer, by his critical notes on Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, and by his contributions to the *Annals of Education*. M. Fontanes, then Master of the University, was so favourably impressed by his talents and character, that he founded, expressly for him, the Professorship of Modern History. It was in December, 1812, that M. Guizot first appeared in the character of lecturer, before an audience more select than numerous.

While Napoleon was wearing out the remnant of his good fortune and his power in the desperate struggle of the spring of 1814, M. Guizot had occasion to travel in the centre and south of France. He was painfully affected by the lassitude of the popular mind, its morally helpless and prostrate state. The nation had become so unused to decide upon its own interests, and work out its own destiny, that it was wholly devoid of political wisdom and settled purpose. It was a people of perplexed spectators, who hardly knew what issue they ought to hope or fear from the terrible game of which they were the stake, now execrating Napoleon as the author of so much suffering, and anon celebrating him as the defender and avenger of their country. As the Emperor himself expressed it, after the flight of Louis XVIII., and his own return from Elba, 'They have *allowed* me to come, just as they allowed him to go away.'

The Restoration saw Guizot, for the first time, a man in office, —the comparatively humble one of secretary to the Minister of the Interior. The return of Napoleon, of course, sent him back to his lectures in the University. Towards the close of the Hundred Days, the young ex-secretary was dispatched to the emigrant court by a committee of constitutional royalists at Paris, to plead with Louis XVIII. personally, in their name, against the reactionary influences by which he was letting himself be surrounded. The summary of the impression made upon him by the monarch is not very complimentary : 'A mind with a fair measure of common sense and independence,

superficial with dignity, politic in conversation, and careful of appearances, thinking and understanding little about the real substance of things, and almost equally incapable of the faults which ruin and the successes which secure the future of royal races.'

Returning to Paris with the court after the battle of Waterloo, Guizot was restored to his post, and was soon afterwards advanced to that of Master of Requests in the Council of State,—a body which may be explained to English readers as a sort of Privy Council, with positive and not merely nominal functions. In June, 1820, MM. Royer Collard, Guizot, and others of their friends, were struck off the list of the Council of State, for having given all the opposition in their power to a new electoral law, intended to make the representative system of France even less popular than it had been. This liberal section of the royalist party, who contended for liberty without revolution and order without despotism, were nicknamed the *Doctrinaires*. The measure which first threw them into formal opposition to the government had been suggested by the panic consequent on various revolutionary plots, and, above all, upon the assassination of the Duc de Berri.

It can be gathered, from various indications, that the loss of his place was a serious matter to M. Guizot, in a pecuniary point of view. He betook himself, for the third time, to his historical pursuits; but the Abbé Frayssinous, now Master of the University, thought that his lectures had a dangerous tendency, and suppressed them in October, 1822. The Martignac ministry allowed him to begin them again after an interval of five years. The lectures of the winters of 1828-9, and 1829-30, afterwards given to the world, became the celebrated works on *The History of Civilization in Europe*, and *The History of Civilization in France*. M. Cousin was, at the same time, Professor of Philosophy, and M. Villemain of Literature: a brilliant trio, of whom France, and the liberal party especially, was justly proud.

While in favour with the early governments of the Restoration, M. Guizot had been sometimes selected as royal commissioner, to plead at the bar of the Chamber of Deputies in favour of measures proposed by government,—a curious and somewhat superfluous office in the organism of the French legislature. He had since published several works on political subjects; and contributed to *The Globe*, and other journals of his party. But he did not become a member of the Chamber until his election for Lisieux in January, 1830. Thus the first session in which he bore a part was the momentous one which issued in irreme-

diable conflict between Charles X. and his people, the violation of the constitution by the monarch, and the Revolution of July.

However little he may be believed, the experienced observer of characters with whose remembrances we have to do, does not hesitate to affirm that Louis Philippe was not an ambitious man. Moderate and prudent, notwithstanding his active mind and lively impressions, that prince had long foreseen the chance that might raise him to the throne; but it was with more anxiety than satisfaction. The feeling predominant in his mind was the determination not to be involved in the consequences which might follow the faults of the elder branch of his house. He wished to be neither conspirator nor victim; and, as he said himself three months before the Revolution, 'Come what will, I will not separate my lot, and that of my children, from the fate of my country.'

Moreover, as King, Louis Philippe was not, according to M. Guizot, the exaggeratedly wary and plotting character, which he has been considered by many. 'In his oral or written demonstrations, he gave, perhaps, a little more room than was necessary to that *acting*, of which there is always more or less between political personages.' (1) He was over-impassionable. His first impulses frequently carried him too far; and one of his greatest faults was the fidgetty nature which made it impossible for him to conceal a very natural and commendable uneasiness about the future prospects of his children.

M. Guizot became Minister of the Interior in the first Cabinet of Louis Philippe; a most laborious office, partly because he was the principal spokesman of the ministry in the Chamber; but chiefly because he had to make the most extensive changes among the vast numbers employed in every department of public service. 'I had to bear the pressure of all the pretensions, hopes, enmities, offers, complaints, and dreams, that drew to my office, by thousands, from all corners of France, solicitors and denouncers, the projectors and the inquisitive, busy-bodies and idlers.' The over-tasked minister soon perceived the evils of the French centralization, and the folly of the French tendency to look to the government for everything. Those countless details which in England, America, and even in Holland, are settled by local authorities, are all referred to a central authority under the administrative system established by Louis XIV. and Napoleon. At this moment a bridge cannot be mended, nor a religious meeting opened, in any corner of France, without permission from a minister in Paris, founded on a formal report, and a pompous list of considerations! It was the misfortune of the eighteen years' experiment of constitutional

monarchy in France, that it found no habits of local self-government among the people; so that it was obliged to work upon discordant principles,—liberty and the representative system on the one hand, centralization on the other; a state of things in which, as M. Guizot says judiciously, the government will either neglect local affairs, or else make them subservient to its own interests; 'and the whole administration, from the hamlet to the palace, become a mean of government in the hands of the political parties that contend for supremacy.' To put the matter in more homely phraseology, the bureaucracy is the saddle on the nation's back; and whoever is skilful enough to leap into the saddle, has the nation at his mercy.

It is no wonder that the Minister of the Interior soon became unpopular. He became noted for his uncompromising resistance to all revolutionary tendencies; and he had incurred the hostility of all those whose pretensions, or vanity, or local animosity, or blind impatience, he had been unable to satisfy. After holding office only about three months, he withdrew from the Cabinet, along with his friends, M. Casimir Perier and the Duc de Broglie. These statesmen had not much confidence in their more radical associates, M. Lafitte, &c. They were aware, too, that it would be easier for the more popular ministers to resist the reigning outcry for the blood of the ministers of Charles X.

From this time forward until 1848, M. Guizot may be considered as the most eminent working statesman of his country. He was oftener in than out of office, sometimes head of the Cabinet, and occupied the post of ambassador to this country at a most important juncture. His policy was distinguished by two leading features,—the determination to maintain the peace of Europe, and the most persevering and vigilant hostility to what he believed to be the anarchical principles of the republican party. As regards the former, the sort of passion for peace which prevailed in Europe for those eighteen years was, as he says, a rare and a grand spectacle. Never did so many events, which might lead to war, occur within so short a time,—the revolution in France itself, and the prolonged agitation that followed it; revolutions on all its frontiers, in Belgium, Switzerland, and Spain; revolutions attempted in Germany, Poland, and Italy, with all the international questions and complications that naturally arose from them; the Ottoman Empire more and more tottering; Asia more and more disputed between Russia and England; France making conquests in Africa; France, England, and the United States in conflict from various causes in the New World; and yet no war grew out of these circumstances which seemed to make it inevitable. The increasing empire of moral ideas went

for something in this result ; the resolution with which Louis Philippe embraced the policy of peace, was also a great point gained ; but M. Guizot evidently considers the self-denial and pacific spirit of the English people to have been the most effectual influence for good.

‘ In England,’ he says, ‘ it was the nation itself that, from 1830 to 1853, insisted energetically upon peace. It was moved to do so by good sense, and by the understanding of its true interests, by its taste for the productive activity of peaceful life, and by its Christian spirit. Among this people Christian beliefs are not simple rules for private life, nor mere satisfactions given to the heart and intellect ; they enter into political life, and bear upon the conduct of public men. It is generally the dissenting communities first of all that rouse themselves to the pursuit of some practical object recommended in their eyes by religious reasons. The movement soon communicates itself to the whole Christian Church of the country, then to civil society, and the government in its turn is obliged to follow.’

Under the influence of this spirit, England bore with the revolution of July and all its consequences, the fall of the kingdom of the Netherlands, the independence of Belgium, the dislocation of the old European coalition against France : we may add, it bore too with aggravated provocation from the United States. M. Guizot confesses his own countrymen did not imitate this pacific spirit. They remained restive and pugnacious under the policy of Louis Philippe and his ministers, sighed for war, and patronized revolution. ‘ France, though she cannot suffer revolutions at home, even when she has allowed them to be made, is still fond of revolutions abroad. The movement caused by her example gives her pleasure, and she fondly thinks that in all her imitators she will find friends.’

As has been already intimated, resistance to the revolutionary spirit in all its forms was the struggle of M. Guizot’s public life. It is true, as he says, that he alternately defended liberty against absolute powers, and order against revolution ; but circumstances rendered his agency in the latter respect by far the more prominent and persevering. He believes monarchy to be the form of government natural to France, the most favourable at once to liberty and to public quiet. The republican *régime*, on the other hand, being inconsistent with the habits and wishes of the classes who are the natural friends of order, is necessarily given over to the dominion of bad passions, and can only find a momentary strength in violence and anarchy. It puts forth at the outset the noblest motives, but it is only in order to cover the march and prepare the triumph of the vilest. We subjoin a few characteristic passages.

'The peculiar taste of the revolutionary spirit, and its capital sin, is a criminal taste for destruction, in order to give itself the proud pleasure of creation. In times possessed by this disease, man considers all that exists under his eyes, persons and things, facts and rights, past and present, as so much inert matter of which he may freely dispose, handling and fashioning it at his will. He imagines that he possesses within him certain perfect ideas, which confer upon him an absolute power over all things, and in the name of which he may, at any price, and at all risks, break up that which exists and remodel it after their image.'

'Formerly, political bodies, or the nation itself, often resisted the encroachments of the monarch, even by arms, without thinking of changing the dynasty or the form of government: insurrection had its limits. But now-a-days, and especially with us, the fate of society at large is at stake at every crisis; all great political struggles become questions of life and death; peoples and parties, in their blind participation, betake them at once to the last extremities; resistance is hurriedly transformed into insurrection, and insurrection into revolution. Every thunder-storm becomes a deluge.'

'The revolutionary spirit of our days admits of no regular and stable system of society or government; it is nothing but universal destruction and continuous anarchy; it is able to excite conspiracies and insurrections; it is able, when it triumphs for a moment, to make conquests which are also but for a moment; it has everywhere, among various populations, adepts, accomplices, and dupes; but it cannot have governments for its allies, since it is itself an impossible ally for any government.'

'The French revolutionists promised that there should be no more wars or conquests, and really meant to be sincere; yet it was their destiny to make the noblest ambition and the worst passions of mankind to break forth at the same time, and they tried to expiate their pride in disappointment and confusion. The Revolution stirred up the most violent and iniquitous external policy that the world had ever known, that of armed propagandism and indefinite conquest, the forcible overthrow of all European societies, to bring out of them republics one day, and a universal monarchy the next.....From 1792 to 1814, the essential character of the relations of France with Europe was war, a war of revolution and conquest, incessant attempts upon the existence of governments and the independence of nations.'

From what precedes it will be seen, that the Empire, in M. Guizot's eyes, is but another form of the Revolution, the same old enemy disciplined, but not reformed. He prophesies that, so long as liberty shall not have completely broken with the revolutionary spirit, and order with absolute power, unhappy France will pass from illusion to illusion, and be tossed about from one crisis to another. Absolute power can for the future be wielded in France by the children of the Revolution only,

because they alone can for a certain lapse of time reassure the masses about their interests, while refusing them liberty. It was this that made the restoration of the house of Bourbon in 1814 so necessary for the country. Its sway is anti-revolutionary by nature, and liberal by necessity; for there is nothing in the origin or in the name sufficiently revolutionary to enable it to dispense with being liberal. Its sway was a guarantee of peace to Europe, as well as of liberty to France, since war was not for the Bourbons either a necessity or a passion; they could reign without having recourse every day to some new exhibition of power, or exciting in some new way the popular imagination.

It is evident M. Guizot means the reader to understand that he does not believe in the stability of the Empire. 'Neither terror nor despotism are durable,' said he, forty years ago; but he has a purpose in repeating the saying now, and his remembrance of such aphorisms has been sharpened by circumstances. If, as we have already said, he avoids mere innuendoes destined only to wound, and all such undignified warfare, he freely makes use of his past utterances, or reflects upon his past career, in such a way as to make his present sentiments very intelligible; as when he says of his forced silence in 1822, 'It is a very difficult, but very necessary, attainment in public life, to know how to resign oneself at certain moments to immobility without giving up success, and to wait without despairing, although without acting.'

Upon the occasion of one of the rare glimpses which we are allowed of scenes of domestic happiness in M. Guizot's family, he says he is not of Dante's opinion, that the remembrance of former happiness embitters present sorrow; on the contrary, heartfelt happiness is a light of which the reflection is prolonged over the space which it has ceased to illumine. We think that the hard and the statesman, though contradicting each other, are both right within the limits of their own experience. The various aspects in which bygone bliss may appear to us, and act upon our present feelings, depend partly upon its nature, and in a great measure too upon the way in which we were deprived of it: the ties, for instance, which have been gently severed by the more immediate hand of God, do not bleed like those that man has ruthlessly or violently rent asunder. M. Guizot's observation, though only partially true, reveals a mind capable of the deepest feeling, as persons of cold exterior often are; but his generally unexpansive character makes him one to be admired and respected, rather than one likely to attract warm sympathy out of the circle of his own family and most intimate friends. He speaks somewhere of Louis Philippe's having been much less familiar and caressing with him than with other

ministers, who did not more really enjoy his confidence; and we can quite understand it.

M. Guizot seems to consider himself of a temperament naturally hopeful: we cannot help thinking he is mistaken; he is rather himself what he asserted of M. Casimir Perier, 'bold, with doubts of success, and almost with sadness.' His whole genius is retrospective rather than prospective, fitted to philosophize upon the past much more than to dwell upon pleasing visions of the future. His very features, and, above all, those thin compressed lips, bespeak him a man whose strength lies in firm and tenacious resistance; and his whole career has been of a kind to confirm the tendency. A Protestant, educated at Geneva, called to pass his life in a Roman Catholic country, and to identify himself with its fortunes; an English character, strayed into France, and chosen to govern unwilling Frenchmen; in youth, an ardent aspirant after freedom under an illimited and jealous despotism; in riper years, a conservative statesman, struggling against prevalent radical tendencies, much maligned, moreover, and misunderstood; in old age, a witness of his country's abasement under the despotism which had been thrown off forty years before, despoiled as it is of its free institutions, and condemned to silence after those years of brilliant discussion, in which he had himself borne so distinguished a part;—these are not circumstances to make a man sanguine. To us he seems like a granite boulder, not to be shaken but by an earthquake; a man rigid, unyielding, austere; accustomed to disappointment, apt to reckon little upon the virtues of others or upon favourable chances, and looking upon the spectacle of human follies, illusions, and arrogance, with a mixture of melancholy and disdain. He is in short the opposite extreme of the character which he has sketched in these words:—

'M. Odilon Barrot belongs to the school of confiding politicians, who, for the accomplishing of the good they desire, reckon upon the spontaneous and enlightened concurrence of the people. A generous school, which has often done good service to mankind by entertaining on its behalf the loftiest hopes; yet at the same time an improvident and a dangerous school, which forgets within what limits and by what restraints mankind must be curbed, in order that its good instincts may get the better of its evil tendencies. Politicians of this school possess neither the mistrustful prudence that is taught by long experience of public life, nor that at once severe and tender intelligence of human nature which Christian convictions bestow; they are neither tried practicians, nor profound moralists; they are liable to break the social machine for want of understanding its springs; and they know man so little as to be unable to love him without flattering his vanity.'

M. Guizot is quite in character when he speaks of the infinitely little amount of truth which is enough to conquer minds of rare talent, and make them accept the most monstrous errors. He confesses in one place, that his antipathy to disorder is such, that conflict with it attracts rather than troubles him; and he even exclaims, with a bitterness which is not his wont, 'I have seen so many weaknesses and such multiplied acts of baseness among men, and I so reckon upon them, that, when they appear, I hardly do them the honour of paying attention to them!'

One cannot but ask if this strong-minded statesman did not distrust the popular element too much, and thereby help to bring about the very catastrophe he feared? The question is one which a wise man will be slow to answer, and its discussion may be postponed until the Memoirs reach the eventful year 1848. One thing is certain, that the electoral system that M. Guizot contented himself with, the giving a vote to those only who paid £12 of direct taxes annually, limited the number of electors in all France to about one hundred and forty thousand, or one person in two hundred and fifty! He justifies it by saying that universal suffrage has always been an instrument of either destruction or deception in France; it has either placed political power in the hands of a chaotic multitude, or else it has really annulled the political rights of the enlightened classes to the sole advantage of absolute power. But the question remains, Was there no medium between universal suffrage and a system from which the popular element was excluded altogether? Sir Bulwer Lytton's famous peroration on the danger of sacrificing the middle classes, in the debate on reform at the close of last March, is so like sundry passages of M. Guizot's book, that we are persuaded it must have been suggested by them.

The perusal of these volumes has made us understand that the republican party in France remained much more powerful from the times of the first Revolution onwards than we had ever apprehended, so that the catastrophe of 1848 becomes more intelligible than it seemed before. Those veteran revolutionists who under the first Empire had been the instruments of absolute power without scruple, took up once more their old ideas and passions, when from 1815 to 1848 they found themselves under a *régime* of liberty: the people remained like the ocean, immovable at bottom, whatever the winds that ruffled its surface. The Republic was avoided very narrowly in 1830. It would certainly have been proclaimed had La Fayette been either an earnest or an ambitious man; but he contented himself with popularity, and with the general recognition that the monarchy of Louis Philippe was established with his consent and under

his patronage. The perpetual conspiracies, and the ever-recurring riots on the most frivolous occasions, which continued throughout the whole period of the representative monarchy, showed that the existing order of things rested upon a volcano. The strength of republicanism in our day is that it promises everything that peoples wish for; its weakness is that it cannot keep its word. It is the government of great hopes, and equal disappointments. 'France would be blind indeed if she allowed the republican party again to dispose of her destiny; but equally blind would be that government which should not understand the importance of this party, and reckon with it seriously, whether to resist or to enlighten it.'

It was at once his excessive conservatism, and his slowness to hope in changes for the better, that led M. Guizot, although a decided Protestant, to assume unhesitatingly not only that France is irrevocably Roman Catholic, but even that her actual policy and *prestige* are associated with the fortunes of Catholicism! All political leaders learn to bear with more or less satisfactory compromises, to content themselves with what they suppose to be the lesser good, or to endure the lesser evil; but it was a deplorable mistake for such a man to resign himself to the permanence of a counterfeit Christianity. One of its results was that great blot upon his government,—the confirmation of the usurpation imposed on Tahiti by Admiral Dupetit-Thouars. The same weakness, not to call it by a worse name, led him to discountenance the advocate of the claims of the French Protestants, Count Agénor de Gasparin, and even to make that generous young nobleman lose his seat for the tenth arrondissement of Paris, by the withdrawal of government support. We fear that experience has not corrected M. Guizot's error in this respect; he is not one who allows himself to be much taught by experience in any matter in which it contradicts his deliberate judgment. The first volume of the *Memoirs* contains a lecture addressed to the ultramontane party on their want of wisdom in declaring war against the principles and institutions which are at the very foundation of modern society; liberty of conscience, publicity, the legal separation of civil and religious life, the lay character of the state, &c. We must say, M. Veuillot and the editors of the *Univers* seem to us to understand much better the real interests of Catholicism; they, at least, have consistency and moral courage enough to recognise the fact, that either Roman Catholicism or modern society must perish.

Taking M. Guizot all in all, his is a rare case of the union in one person of the thinker, the statesman, the orator, the historian, the moralist, and the man of refined literary taste.

We know not where to look for his equal among our own literary statesmen. It certainly was not the first Lord Clarendon. Lord Macaulay is superior to M. Guizot in brilliancy, dramatic power, and picturesque description, and he, too, has excelled in various kinds of literature; but his is a less philosophic mind; and the time he devoted to the political affairs of his country, or the influence he exerted, cannot be mentioned in the same breath with the labours of his great contemporary. Nearly the same remarks may be made of Mr. Gladstone. The part borne by Lord John Russell in the councils of his country has been worthy of the traditions of his house and his own great abilities; but, as a writer, his lordship is a mere amateur, compared to one whose works amount to some thirty volumes, evidencing, all of them, a degree of literary skill, patient research, and comprehensive thought, that would have made him one of the first men of his age, had he done nothing else to merit such a rank.

As a historian, M. Guizot's secret is his power of tracing the great current of ideas in any given period, and seizing the general bearing of those countless details which illustrate the providential education of the human race. When he has to speak of individuals, he dwells upon the moral features rather than the external and superficial originality of the man. He is not of the pictorial school; his style is sculptural, condensing and resuming, rather than painting. He is not generally in the habit of characterizing historical personages formally and at length, when they are introduced into his horizon. His opinion of them must be gathered little by little; and several passages have to be collated in order to possess it completely. Here are thoughts upon the character of Napoleon:—

‘Incomparably active and mighty genius, admirable by his horror of disorder, by his profound instinct of government, and by his energetic and efficacious rapidity in the reconstruction of the social framework. At the same time, genius without measure and without restraint, who would not accept from God or from men any limit to his desires and will, and thereby remained a revolutionist even while combating the revolution: superior in the discernment of the general conditions of society, but understanding only imperfectly—shall I say coarsely?—the moral wants of human nature; and now giving them satisfaction with sublime good sense, now ignoring and offending them with impious pride.’.....

‘By his greater instincts Napoleon was a spiritualist: men of his order have flashing lights and soaring thoughts that bring them within view of the region of higher truths. The spiritualism that began to recover new life in his reign, and to sap the materialism of the last century, attracted his sympathy, and gave him pleasure, in

his good moments. But then a sudden change would come over the spirit of the despot, as he bethought him that the independence of the soul is in proportion to its elevation.'

'No promises, no treaties, no difficulties, no reverses, could give the allies confidence in his future moderation; his character and his history made it impossible to give credit to his professions.'

The reader may be interested in the following analysis of the character and talents of a person very unlike Napoleon:—

'I say nothing that I do not think, but I am not obliged to say all that I think about the men I meet upon my way. I owe nothing to M. de Talleyrand; but when one has seen much of a man of high standing, and been upon friendly terms with him, one owes to oneself the maintenance of a certain reserve in speaking of him. M. de Talleyrand had just displayed in the crisis of the Restoration a hardy and cool sagacity, a great act of preponderance, and he was soon to display at Vienna, in the service of France and the house of Bourbon, the same qualities, with others as rare and as useful. But he was not equally fitted for other scenes. A courtier and a diplomatist, he was no statesman, and was most of all out of his element in a free government: he excelled in treating with isolated individuals, by conversation, and by the skilful use of social relations; but he was wholly wanting in the authority of character, the fertility of mind, the promptitude of resolution, the oratorical power, the sympathetic intelligence of general ideas and public passions, which are the great means of action upon collective bodies of men. Neither had he any taste for the hard and unremitting toil which is another condition of good government. Ambitious and indolent, given to flattery, and yet disdainful, he was consummate in the art of pleasing and serving without servility, ready to lend himself to any thing that would further his fortune, while retaining all the airs ready to resume, when necessary, the reality of independence; unscrupulous in his policy, indifferent as to means, and almost as to ends, provided his personal success were secured; more hardy than profound in his views, cool and self-collected in peril; suited to carry on the negotiations of an absolute government, but unable to bear the open air and broad daylight of liberty.'

Really, if this be *reserve*, the author's outspoken opinion of M. de Talleyrand would be any thing but complimentary; we may suppose it would be something like what is said of the diplomatist's diminutive and ugly likeness, Fouché:—

'I only saw the Duke of Otranto twice, and for short conversations: no man ever gave me more completely the idea of hardy, ironical, cynical indifference, of a coolness remaining imperturbable throughout an immoderate desire of movement and importance, of a fixed determination to do every thing for success, not in any given design, but in the design, and according to the chance, of the moment.'

M. de Chateaubriand is sketched with the hand of a master, and not at all too severely. It was his weakness to be thought a great politician, as well as a great writer; he wanted to rival Milton and Napoleon at the same time. The English fashionable world did not admire him enough, nor long enough, nor for the reasons that he would have chosen; and so he indignantly declared that he would rather be a galley-slave than live in London.

'M. de Chateaubriand passed through the most varied phases of opinion, made trial of every sort of career, aspired to every sort of glory, drank deeply of some, tasted of others; nothing satisfied him. "My capital force," said he himself, "is *ennui*, distaste for every thing, perpetual doubt." Strange disposition for a man devoted to the restoration of religion and of the monarchy! Thus M. de Chateaubriand's life was a contrast and a perpetual combat between his enterprises and his tendencies, his position and his nature. Ambitious, as became the head of a party, and independent as the most unfettered and irresponsible; yearning after all great things, and susceptible, even to suffering, about the smallest; immeasurably careless about the common interests of life, but passionately anxious about the place given to his person and his glory on the stage of the world; and more hurt by the slightest check, than satisfied by the most splendid triumphs. In public life more jealous of success than of power; capable of conceiving, and even of executing, great designs, but incapable of following out with energy and patience a line of firm and self-consistent policy. He had a sympathetic intelligence of the moral impressions of his country and his time, with more ability to meet them and win their favour, than to direct them towards solid and durable satisfactions. A great and noble spirit, who, both in letters and in politics, knew how to touch the highest chords of the human soul, but more suited to strike and charm the imagination than to govern men; ever thirsting for noise and praise to satisfy his pride, for emotion and novelty to escape his *ennui*.

Alas! M. de Chateaubriand, both in his powers and in his feelings, was the personification of his countrymen. We cannot repeat the above life-like description without sighing over that great and generous nation, that remains vain, frivolous, and unhappy, because it does not know the truth that gives peace, and freedom, and a purpose to life.

We might quote from this book many a pithy saying, exhibiting that sagacity and knowledge of human nature which French moralists know so well how to dress in appropriate, pointed, and antithetic phrase. Such are—the observation that malevolent people mistake their spirit of suspicion for sagacity;—the axiom that men belong to their real convictions more than is commonly thought, and more than the actors themselves

think ;—the assertion that great men possess the privilege, too often corrupting and fatal, of inspiring an affection and a devotedness which they do not themselves feel. But our limits compel us to confine ourselves to sundry maxims and lessons of political wisdom ; which we take leave to string together, like so many extracts from a common-place book, without attempting to establish any connexion between them.

‘Of all the kinds of wisdom necessary to a free people, the hardest is the being able to bear what displeases them, in order to preserve the goods they possess, or to acquire what they desire.’

‘When emulation between parties is exchanged for hostility between classes, it is no longer the movement of health, but a principle of dissolution and destruction.’

‘Nations which aspire after freedom run a great danger,—that of making mistakes in matter of tyranny. They give this name too readily to every system that displeases or troubles them, or does not grant them all that they desire.’

‘It is not given to human wisdom to save a people that does not itself contribute to the work.’

‘One cannot build a house with engines of war ; one cannot found a *régime* of liberty with ignorant prejudices and bitter hate.’

‘Forgetfulness and disdain of its past history is a serious disorder and a great cause of weakness to any nation ;.....and a people that falls into this gross error, falls also into depression and anarchy ; for God does not allow the nature of the laws of His works to be thus ignored and outraged with impunity.’

‘There are in this world but two great moral powers, faith and good sense. Woe be to the times in which they are kept asunder ! They are the times in which revolutions come to nothing, and in which governments fall.’

‘The fatuity of makers of conspiracies is immense ; and when the event has answered to their desires, they attribute to themselves what has been the result of causes much more vast and complicated than their machinations.’

‘The jealous passion for independence and for national glory doubles the strength of nations in the day of prosperity, and saves their dignity in that of adversity.’

‘Diplomacy abounds in proceedings and conversations, without any positive value : they are neither to be left unnoticed, nor to be believed ; but the real thought and purpose of the different governments persists beneath them.’

‘When honest men do not know how to understand and to accomplish the designs of Providence, rogues take it upon themselves to do so : under the spur of general necessity, and in the midst of general helplessness, there never are wanting minds corrupt, sagacious, and bold, who make out what is to happen, what may be tried, and make themselves the instruments of a triumph which does not belong to them, but of which they succeed in giving themselves the air and appropriating the fruits.’

'Men are so constituted that chimerical dangers appear to them the worst of all: one can fight with flesh and blood, but in presence of phantoms one gets out of one's wits, whether it be with fear or with anger.'

'In our modern societies, wherever there is full play allowed to our liberty, the struggle between the government and the opposition is too unequal: on the one devolves the whole burthen, and an unlimited responsibility; nothing is let go with them: the others enjoy complete liberty, without responsibility; every thing that comes from them is borne with. At least the French public is so disposed, when it is free.'

'One hears much of the power of material interests; and many people think they show sagacity and good sense, when they say that interest alone makes men act. They are vulgar and superficial observers. History shows how much oppression, iniquity, suffering, misfortune, men can bear without having recourse to conspiracies and insurrections, so long as personal interests only are involved. But if, on the contrary, they believe, or if only certain groups among them are persuaded, that the power that governs them has no right to do so, you may be sure that conspiracies and insurrections will start up, and be renewed with obstinacy. Such empire does the idea of right exert over men.'

'There is a degree of bad government which the nations, be they great or small, enlightened or ignorant, will no longer bear with now-a-days: in the midst of the immoderate and indistinct ambitions which ferment among them, it is to their honour, and it is the surest progress of modern civilization, that they require, at the hands of those who govern them, an amount of justice, of good sense, of enlightenment and care for the common weal, far superior to what was once sufficient for the maintenance of human societies.'

'Duty and devotedness towards one's country have now assumed, in most minds, an empire greater than the ancient one of duty and devotedness towards the royal person.'

'A constitutional throne is not a mere empty arm-chair, which has been fitted with a lock and key, in order that no one may be tempted to sit down in it. It is occupied by a person, intelligent and free, having his own ideas, feelings, and will.'

'It is not the hazard of events, nor the ambition of men, but instinct and public interest, that have called into being, in free countries, great political parties, avowedly and permanently such.'

'The centre, or floating and impartial part of the Chamber, is the habitual moderator between parties;.....but it is harder for it than for them to conquer and retain a majority in a political assembly, because, when the centre is called to govern, it finds before it, not uncertain spectators waiting for its acts before they judge it, but passionate adversaries.'

'If party organization be not strong, and if the men that contract political relations be not resolved never to break them except at the last extremity, and through the most imperious motives, they soon

lead not only to a state of helplessness, but of disorder; and their too easy rupture brings about all sorts of perturbation and difficulty."

We are afraid that this last maxim breathes a little too much the spirit of the old party leader who often had to deplore a want of discipline and strong cohesion among his followers. It may be very inconvenient for a Cabinet to have a large section of its supporters in the shape of independent friends, who approve of its general policy, and defend it as volunteer guerillas; but obey no orders, bear no burdens, share no responsibility. Yet no one is more ready than M. Guizot himself to recognise the necessity of moral and intellectual independence. We suspect that his sentiments, if thoroughly analysed, would come to this: that political men should be very docile towards their leaders, but very independent of popular wishes and clamours. Be that as it may, we recommend the passage to the consideration of whichever of our own political parties it may most concern. We will also recommend, for the private perusal and meditation of 'the most energetic of British statesmen,' the following lessons on the necessity of possessing some fixed principles of policy:—

'Parties never give in their adhesion seriously, except on two conditions,—certain principles and brilliant talents. They want to be both sure and proud of their chiefs.'

'Nothing is more legitimate than to combat a policy which one believes pernicious; provided always that one has determined upon a policy essentially different, and that one feels in a position to put it in practice.'

'When the ideas and passions of a people have been stirred up, good sense, moderation, and ability, are not long sufficient to govern them. And the day is not slow in coming round in which, whether to do good, or to hinder evil, convictions and a will, precise, lofty, and strong, become indispensable to the heads of government.'

The second volume of the *Memoirs* must have been written before the present war became imminent; yet they both contain much that bears upon the subject; the allusion, for instance, already mentioned, to the necessity imposed upon the Napoleon dynasty of dazzling the popular imagination; the reference to war as a diversion from disquietude at home, which is always dearly paid for, even when it succeeds; above all, the explanation of the motives which led to the French occupation of Ancona in February, 1832. 'We cannot consent to the Austrian occupation of Romagna, unless it be of short duration,' wrote M. Casimir Perier to Talleyrand, then French Ambassador at Vienna. 'What the Austrian government wishes,' said M. Gui-

not, in the French Chamber, 'is, that Italy should belong to it as far as influence goes; and this is what France cannot allow. Each must assume its own position. Austria has taken up hers; we take up ours, and shall continue to do so. We will maintain the independence of the Italian states, the development of Italian liberties. We will not suffer Italy to fall altogether under Austrian preponderance; but we will avoid all general collision.' There can be no doubt that, since the explosion of 1848 broke the charm of the long peace, any nations that found themselves at variance have been more ready to go to extremities; and it is equally certain, that the origin and traditions of the Empire make it much more disposed to draw the sword than the liberal Monarchy can have been. Yet it ought not to be forgotten that the war in Italy is as yet but the pursuit, with more vigour, of the policy inaugurated by Louis Philippe and his peace ministers. We are constrained to believe that the putting so large an Italian population, against its will, under the Austrian yoke, was a radical mistake. Austria, in order to maintain her position, was obliged both to govern with severity, and to pursue a policy of encroachment and aggrandizement throughout the Peninsula; and this brings her necessarily into collision with France. It remains to be seen whether Napoleon III. will content himself with the success which probably awaits him in Italy. A close alliance between France and Russia, for aggressive purposes, is the great present danger for the world. England does well to be prepared; but, to show Austrian sympathies so long as the war is confined to Italy, is unworthy of a liberal people, and is the surest way to throw France into the arms of Russia.

The history and the institutions of England have attracted a large share of M. Guizot's attention. No other continental writer has done so much to throw light upon both. This was natural. Our institutions are those he would wish to see established in France upon a sure foundation. Indeed, the oft-repeated accusation of Anglomania was one of the means used to make him unpopular in his own country. He asserts, on the other hand, that he did not seriously study our constitution, and our revolutions, until his forced leisure of 1822. He envies our liberties in every sphere, civil and religious, intellectual and political; while unhappy France has only retained intellectual liberty. This, he says, cannot supply the place of all the rest; 'but it prepares their way, and, in the mean time, it saves the honour of the people that has not known how to conquer or to keep them.'

With a mixture of strong English sympathies, and yet un-

feigned patriotism, M. Guizot is the man, of all others, suited to appreciate the excellencies of the two countries. He takes pleasure in tracing out the way in which their destinies have been commingled, and a great reciprocal influence exerted. He claims, for the French mind, an unfailing fondness for intellectual greatness,—the only superiority which it still delights to honour,—and a generous equity disposing it to sympathize with everything that is just and true, when advocated with earnestness. But he deplors the contrast presented by French society, when one passes from the sphere of social relations to that of political rights and questions. In the former, all is harmony and ease; and the various classes are in close contact, without any invidious distinctions. But when the positive interests of life are brought into view, and the repartition of the rights, honours, advantages, and burthens of the social state is to be made, then the most opposite pretensions and susceptibilities raise their heads. It is the reign of strife, and of the obstinate mutual jealousy of classes.

These *Memoirs* are now accessible to the English reader; but the translation is issued at a very unpopular price, as usual with Mr. Bentley's editions of the author's writings. We presume that this is the result of the international copyright law, and is only to be questioned on the ground of policy. Of the merits of the English version we are unable to speak; for, writing at a distance, the original was more easily attainable, and we have rendered for ourselves the passages adduced in this review. We cannot flatter ourselves that we have succeeded in reproducing the felicity and point of the original. Nothing is more characteristic than the style of M. Guizot. It assures the reader at once that although largely practised in affairs, the bent and tenor of the author's mind is towards speculative studies, social and historical; but, most of all, it is distinguished by a force and beauty of expression which singularly contrast with a certain weak and vague philosophy, and give the air of an ambitious failure to the whole.

- ART. IV.—1. *The Germania of Tacitus, with Ethnological Dissertations and Notes.* By R. G. LATHAM, M.D., F.R.S., &c. London. 1851.
2. *The Saxons in England. A History of the English Commonwealth till the Period of the Norman Conquest.* By JOHN KEMBLE, M.A., &c., &c. Two Vols. London. 1849.
3. *Popular Tales from the Norse. With an Introductory Essay.* By GEORGE WEBBE DASENT, D.C.L. Edinburgh. 1859.

It is not an easy task to realize that state of things, in which the mere elements of the institutions under which we live were floating loosely, or just beginning to combine. But the attempt to do so will be attended with profit, if not with complete success. The present character and relations of England naturally give the deepest interest to the scenes and circumstances of her childhood. In an effort to call up these, we may be assisted, perhaps, by the sympathy of race, and will accept the guidance of Tacitus and Pliny. We go back in thought to the first century of the Christian era; and then, passing over the North Sea, let us stem the flood of old Rhenus, till we come to the point where he is joined by the serpentine Mosella; and here, leaving our skiff, let us land, and, turning toward the north-east, strike boldly into the depths of the Hyrcanian Forest. Now, we are surrounded by trees which seem to be as old as the world. The interwoven boughs shut out the light of heaven. Here and there, the mingling roots rise from the earth, and form arches beneath which a troop of horsemen might pass. On a line of very large and beautiful oaks may be seen, sketched on the bark, some curious figures of birds and beasts with Runic characters. At this point we must halt a little. This is the outer limit of the sacred mark which surrounds the settlement of some organized community. Before we proceed, there must be a loud shout, or a blast on our horn, as a token of peace; otherwise, we may be struck down, and left to wither in the wood. It is not safe to slink through without notice. This is declared to be the sacred abode of the gods. We may meet, they say, with monsters and dragons; wood-spirits may bewilder and decoy us to death. The fire-drake may come out of his fen. Grindal the man-eater may catch us; or old Nicor may come after us from the side of the forest-lake. If we do not respect the holiness of this place, we are accursed; but if it be honoured, we shall be received in peace. Now, let us pass on. The vast height of the wood, the dark secrecy of the spot, the mysterious unbroken gloom, awaken a sense of some present divinity; and

we are not mistaken, for there is the broken armour of some vanquished Roman, hung up by the victors as an offering to their triumphant god. But now, the light gleams on our path, and we come at length into more open ground, a kind of marshy pasture: this may be called the Folk-land, where the people have right of common; and here are herds of sheep, cattle, and swine. A little further, and, on turning a hill, there is a scene of cultivation, and some domestic comfort. All around, within the ring-fence of forest and marsh, are scattered huts and cottages made of log or rough timber, and whitened with chalk or clay. About and between the little dwellings there are patches of corn promising a harvest, or plots of arable land on which labourers are at work. There are some women occupied in housewifery, dressed in blue linen; their short-sleeved dresses leaving their well turned arms and necks uncovered, and their ruddy or auburn hair decently twisted up to a knot. At a little distance, on a mound, whose venerable central tree and sacred stones mark off the spot from the other parts of the town, is a large gathering of men, for the most part dressed in skins, either tightly fitted or clasped at the neck, and falling loosely over the person, variegated with dyed spots, and ornamented with strips of fur. Every man is armed with sword, spear, or axe; and every left arm has on it a dark round shield: and now, a clash of weapons signifies their approval of what is proposed by a speaker, who seems to hold the office of chief or king, and who is supported by persons whose appearance is that of priests. The men, generally, are large-bodied and well formed, with firm look and stern blue eyes, except here and there a brilliant hazel. A family likeness appears to pervade the whole; and the entire scene gives an impression of compactness, order, domestic chastity, and comfort; a little advance in the cultivation of peace, with most watchful readiness for war. But where are we? and who are these? This is a German Mark, with its organized tribe, assembled with their priests and Graff in solemn council; and these warlike agriculturists and herdmen, gathered in the midst of their homes, are our Teutonic forefathers; one of the many families of that race from which we derive our distinctive character and our dearest rights.

But let a hundred years pass away, and then we suppose ourselves to be standing on some more northern point, from which we command the eastern coast of the Cimbrian Chersonesus, now known as Jutland. Within the variegated bays which look towards the Baltic, there are many scattered villages of low-roofed huts; and some of the wooded hills are crowned with the fastnesses of northern chiefs. On some spots groups of figures

may be observed in rude armour closely fitted to the body, each furnished with a long sword, or axe, or heavy mace. Down some of the valleys which wind to the sea, a few horsemen appear, dashing over brake and stream; each small-headed glossy bay animal expressing, through his full dark eyes and large slit nostrils, his sympathy with his fearless rider. But let us cross the peninsula, and survey the marshes and sandy shores which are washed by the Northern Sea; and there we find many lonely or clustered homes, occupying portions of cultivated marsh, or little green patches amidst the sandy plains, or standing between the salt-pools which dot the low-lands. These habitations are peopled by a kind of amphibious race, the primitive marines of Europe. Armed like their brethren on the shores of the Baltic, they are prepared to assist them in invading the fields and forests of Thuringia; while they can leap into their airy ships, and dart from the mouth of the Elbe, or from the creeks of the islands which stand off the sandy shoals of the coast, fearlessly brave the storm, and laugh at the breeze as it plays with their flaxen locks, or whistles beneath the nose-peak of their tight little helmets. The scene before us is the true 'Old England;' and the people who seem to be at home both in 'the battle and the breeze,' are our ancestors, the Jutes of Jutland, the Angles of England, and the Saxons of Sleswic Holstein. They made themselves known in the fifth century as the gay masters of the Britannic seas. Hides sewn together, and stretched on a frame of light wood or wicker-work, formed their homes on the sea. Every man could be rower or captain, just as the case demanded. They became expert under mutual instruction; and were ready for any call, either as leaders or privates, seamen or soldiers: ever on the alert, they were a match for the most vigilant and courageous; and whether they attempted a surprise, or tracked the fugitive, or retreated before superior force, their designs were sooner or later fulfilled. Danger was despised. Shipwreck became a mere inconvenience. They appeared to be as familiar with hidden rocks and shoals as they were with the open billows. Their confidence gathered with a storm; and they gloried in the tempest, because it afforded an opportunity of unexpected descent on the shores which they had marked for invasion. They formed the family type of those who in after years manned the 'wooden walls of old England.' Like their relatives, the Northmen of a somewhat later day, they were 'sea-kings.' Their passion for a maritime life was peculiar to their race; and the early settlement of such families on this Island had much to do with the formation of that nautical taste and disposition which now make up so distinctive a part of English character. The Saxon who managed

his *ceol* during the fifth century, was at once the hardy parent and rough model of the English tar. And when we watch the movements of those compact military households, which in the third century were the terror of Gaul, and a match for the legions of Rome; who, though small in number, swept back the tide of Scotch and Pictish invasion in Britain; who to-day would measure out their allotments of land, and to-morrow hew their way with sharp axes and long swords into further scenes of conquest; who, by turns, cultivated their Marks, and drove back Kelts on the one side, and Danes on the other, until they had fixed themselves as the lords of English soil;—we have before us the early models and ancestry of the troops who in more modern times have become most remarkable for steady push and passive courage.

To inquire for the original seat of this race, or to attempt to track their footsteps or their line of emigration, formerly involved a speedy passage into the region of mere conjecture, where, groping like one who can only 'see men as trees walking,' we were content at last to take the hand of such guides as Herodotus or Strabo. They beguiled us with stories about what Greek authors had said of the Scythians; or of what the older geographers revealed of the lands beyond the Euxine, the Danube, and Adriatic Sea, where the *Hyperboreans*, *Sauromatae*, and *Arimaspians* were found; or with tales about the *Massagete* and *Sacæ* beyond the Caspian, or the *Germanii* in Persia, where we brought ourselves to believe we came upon the primitive home of the *Sakai-Suna*, or the sons of the *Sakai*, in the rich district of Sakasina. And yet even then, perhaps, our faith was scarcely proof against Higden's curious etymology: 'Men of that cowntree,' he says, 'ben more lyghter and stronger on the sea than other scommers and theeves of the sea, and pursue theyr enemyes full harde both by water and by londe, and ben called Saxones of *Saxum*, that is, a stone, for they ben as harde as stones, and uneasy to fare with!' When, at a later day, the literature of the East was partially opened by the great leaders in Oriental research, we thought our ancestors were found among the *Sakas*, who, with the *Yavanas*, *Pahlavas*, *Chinas*, and others, are placed by the Laws of Menu among the races of the *Cshatryas*, or soldier-class, which, 'by their omission of holy rites, and by seeing no Brahmins, have gradually sunk among men to the lowest of the four classes.' Nor have we been unwilling to think that the name *Sakas* might have some reference to their sacred origin and early wandering from the family seat; as the celebrated Gótama Budha was called *Sakya* because of his purity and mendicant life; while his disciples were soon

known as the sons of *Sakya*. Thanks, however, to the master spirits whose magic power has drawn forth the long-veiled mysteries of human language, a more certain clue is now afforded us to the earlier relations and wanderings of our forefathers. Where history fails, philology comes to our aid, and teaches us to read with comparative ease the records of our early kindred, and the tales of our fathers' dispersion. Under her guidance we trace the Anglo-Saxon, with the other branches of the Germanic family, to the Sanscrit and Zend, the direct father of the modern Persian. The Persic, more than any other of the Asiatic tongues, seems to be closely allied to the Teutonic group; indeed, it appears to form the base of their etymology. If the radical words of the Persic be estimated at 12,000, not less, perhaps, than 4,000 of these are to be found, with more or less of change, in the Germanic dialects; while a striking conformity prevails as to inflection. The languages of modern Europe may at the same time owe something to ancient Armenia; and the presence of Hebrew roots might indicate an old connexion between the western emigrants and those whom Assyrian power once transplanted from Samaria to 'the rivers of Gozan and the cities of the Medes.' 'The close relation of the German language with the Persian,' as Schlegel remarks, 'distinctly indicates the point at which that branch separated from its parent stem; and the numerous radical words common both to the Teutonic and Turkish languages may afford indications of the migratory path which the former people pursued, and which is proved by other and historical evidence to have followed the direction of the river Gihon or Araxes, along the shore of the Caspian Sea, bearing constantly towards the north-west.' A few scattered remains of their speech still linger on their line of movement,—in the Crimea, the Caucasus, and the neighbourhood of the Caspian; and 'the mixed construction of the dialects now used in those districts marks them as links filling up the space which intervenes between the Indian and Persian on the one hand, and the Germanic families on the other.'

Where then was the real starting-point, the great source of this emigration? The double alliance of our western languages with the Persian and the Sanscrit might incline us to hesitate between Persia and Hindostan; were it not that by very ancient Brahminical laws migration from India was forbidden, and that the continent was subdued at an early period by a superior race who came down into it from the north-west. Persia, therefore, seems to be nearest to the cradle of nations. The Plain of Iran was the home from whence the first pilgrim-multitudes moved off, some to the west, and some to the east. But when each

later 'wandering of the nations' began, or in what order they followed, who can say? What kindled up their desire for change, or what impulses hastened their steps, there is no certain voice to tell us. The languages of Europe, however, like tidal wave-marks on the soil, show that the successive floods of human life came with the greatest rapidity and force over the north-west. Into this great basin Kelts, Greeks, Romans, Teutons, and Sclavonians came rolling on, bearing the precious materials for future civilization and moral power. There were ages of repeated shifting. Changes passed over the state and position of tribes. For many generations they would move hither and thither under the pressure of various circumstances. Names came up and vanished. States were formed and swept away. Wars, and seditions, and conquests would mark the years of discipline, during which the western tribes were learning to become the rulers of history, the patterns of healthy social action, the teachers of science and practical philosophy, and the commercial and religious harmonizers of the world. In the mean time, the emigrants who had taken an eastern turn from the common starting-point, crossed the old Eastern Caucasus, and, rushing through the passes of Afghanistan, and over the rivers of the Punjab, seized upon the fruitful plains of India.

Never were the character and destiny of these two kindred branches of early emigration sketched in a single page with more vigour and beauty than by Mr. Dasent, in the Introduction to his translations from the Norse:—

'The western wanderers,' he says, 'though by nature tough and enduring, have not been obstinate and self-willed; they have been distinguished from all other nations, and particularly from their elder brothers whom they left behind, by their common sense, by their power of adapting themselves to all circumstances, and by making the best of their position; above all, they have been teachable, ready to receive impressions from without, and, when received, to develope them. Their lot is that of the younger brother, who, like the younger brother whom we meet so often in these *Popular Tales*, went out into the world with nothing but his good heart and God's blessing to guide him; and now has come to all honour and fortune, and to be a king ruling over the world. He went out and *did*. Let us see now what became of the elder brother, who stayed at home some time after his brother went out, and then only made a short journey. Having driven out the few aboriginal inhabitants of India with little effort, and following the course of the great rivers, the southern Aryans gradually established themselves all over the peninsula; and then, in calm possession of a world of their own, undisturbed by conquest from without, and accepting with apathy any change of dynasty among their rulers, ignorant of the past and careless of the future,

they sat down once for all and *thought*—thought not of what they had to do here, that stern lesson of every-day life from which neither men nor nations can escape if they are to live with their fellows, but how they could abstract themselves entirely from their present existence, and immerse themselves wholly in dreamy speculations on the future. Whatever they may have been during their short migration and subsequent settlement, it is certain that they appear in the *Vidas*—perhaps the earliest collection which the world possesses—as a nation of philosophers.....In this passive, abstract, unprogressive state, they have remained ever since. Stiffened into castes, and tongue-tied and hand-tied by absurd rites and ceremonies, they were heard of in dim legends by Herodotus; they were seen by Alexander when that bold spirit pushed his phalanx beyond the limits of the known world; they trafficked with imperial Rome and the later Empire; they were again almost lost sight of, and became fabulous in the Middle Age; they were re-discovered by the Portuguese; they have been alternately peaceful subjects and desperate rebels to us English; but they have been still the same immovable and unprogressive philosophers, though akin to Europe all the while; and though the Highlander, who drives his bayonet through the heart of a high-caste Sepoy mutineer, little knows that his pale features and sandy hair, and that dusk face with its raven locks, both came from a common ancestor away in Central Asia, many centuries ago.

Next to their language, the mythology of nations affords the most interesting and instructive evidence of original kindred. Language, perhaps, opens the most impressive views of that swelling energy of thought, that fresh activity, quick discernment, and rich contrivance and invention, which would distinguish a race while yet entire in its first home, and ere the early springs of thought or action have been weakened or spent; but mythology gives us a curious insight into the silent efforts of scattered and wandering branches of the great household to retain some remnants at least of that primeval faith which had hallowed the home of their fathers. Nor can we pick up the fragmentary relics which we find at the extreme limits of human migration, and compare them, without finding pleasure in making them fit to each other as parts of the same original creed. The visions of Teutonic heathendom are comparatively dim; but their floating forms, when carefully watched, are seen to melt into shapes of Eastern fashion, and to claim an affinity with the more elaborate imagery with which Oriental wanderers adorned and concealed the first principles of revealed truth. Much of the mythology held sacred by the German tribes who peopled this island, must be sought for now in popular tales and legends; those things that were so dear to our childhood, but which, now-a-days, we think ourselves too far advanced in man-

hood to love and cherish. Let it not be thought, however, that our old nursery tales are mere fooleries to charm or awe the infantile thinker. Many of them have a meaning which the philosopher should gladly record; and beneath the surface of what has been all but banished from our juvenile literature as unworthy of an enlightened age, there is a science which may help us to 'look to the hole of the pit from which we were digged,' or to examine our family connexion with far-off populations, until the true old feeling of kindred becomes warm enough to aid us in the exercise of Christian love and duty. Who, even among the oldest of us, but must recal with pleasure the glowing delight with which his young soul used to revel amidst the magic scenes of our old-fashioned nursery tales or the legends of our native place? The charm and power of these are still unrivalled. Perhaps, this indicates an analogy between our individual youth and the first age of a people. The one has sympathy with the other; and therefore the mythic creations of young, fresh, and sensitive races afford distinctive enjoyment to the new-born but deep instincts of the boy. But our attention is now drawn to our native myths and stories as they show the marks and tokens of the fatherland, or parent stock, of the tribes who brought them through all the wanderings of their national childhood as a portion of their inheritance, and have now left them to be encased and studied by a maturer age. We are indebted to Mr. Dasent for enlarged means of identifying the legends of Teutonic heathendom with those of the prolific East from which the earliest versions sprang. By making us familiar with the Norse tales, which are still on the lips of those who represent the northern kindred of our Saxon progenitors, he has augmented our store of material, and, indeed, has confirmed us in the belief that the groundwork of the old popular narratives both of Europe and Asia is one and the same; that they were all learnt in the same nursery, and used to be told there long, long before time had so changed the children's speech, that the story with which all would be familiar came to be rehearsed by one in a dialect which none of the others could understand. To quote from the translator's beautiful pages,—

'The tales form in fact another link in the class of evidence of a common origin between the East and West; and even the obstinate adherents of the old classical theory, according to which all resemblances were set down to sheer copying from Greek or Latin patterns, are now forced to confess, not only that there was no such wholesale copying at all, but that, in many cases, the despised vernacular tongues have preserved the various traditions far more faithfully than

the writers of Greece and Rome.....There can be no doubt, with regard to the question of the origin of these tales, that they were common, in germ at least, to the Aryan tribes before their migration. We find traces of them in the traditions of the eastern Aryans, and we find them developed in a hundred forms and shapes in every one of the nations into which the western Aryans have shaped themselves in the course of ages. We are led, therefore, irresistibly to the conclusion that these traditions are as much a portion of the common inheritance of our ancestors, as their language unquestionably is; and that they form, along with that language, a double chain of evidence which proves their Eastern origin. If we are to seek for a simile or an analogy, as to the relative position of these tales and traditions, and to the mutual resemblances which exist between them, as the several branches of our race have developed them from the common stock, we may find it in something which will come home to every reader as he looks round the domestic hearth, if he should be so happy as to have one. They are like, as sisters of one house are like. They have what would be called a strong family likeness; but besides this likeness, which they owe to father or mother, as the case may be, they have each their peculiarities of form, and eyes, and face, and, still more, their differences of intellect and mind. This may be dark, that fair; this may have grey eyes, that black; this may be open and graceful, that reserved and close; this you may love, that you can take no interest in. One may be bashful, another winning, a third worth knowing, and yet hard to know. They are so like and so unlike. At first it may be, as an old English writer beautifully expresses it, "their father hath writ them as his own little story;" but as they grow up, they throw off the copy, educate themselves for good or ill, and finally assume new forms of feeling and feature under an original development of their own.'

We scarcely know which to admire most, the pure bright naturalness of Mr. Dasent's translation, or the fresh English style of his thoughtful and suggestive Introduction. We have had many a refreshing laugh over the Norse tales; and, in spite of attempts at philosophy, have felt ourselves young again, as the fairy dreams of boyhood came around us, peopled with so many dear and familiar features. Thanks to the author who has courage to cheer the few who are sometimes parched and weary amidst cotton-dust, hot steam, and what not.

Nor will the lover of our native tongue fail to be grateful to one who has successfully shown that deep philosophical thought and the results of critical research may be expressed in clear, chaste, and graceful English. The instructive chapters on Saxon heathendom, in Mr. Kemble's volumes, furnish additional evidence as to the original identity of Eastern and Western myths. We can trace the influence of climate and other circumstances in the varied shaping of the traditions; and here

and there we may detect the coarse and disagreeable images which the gross and fanatical zeal of missionary monks forced into combination with the earlier legends; yet we cannot wander amidst the ruins of the Anglo-Saxon Pantheon, especially when it is seen in the light of old Norse theology, without recognising the kith and kin, not only of those forms which once peopled the sacred abodes of Greece and Rome, but also of the dreamy groups which still float in the glowing atmosphere of Hindostan. The shadows vary a little as we shift our point of sight; but in every aspect they dimly reveal some remaining element of a great primeval faith. Other proofs of the family relation between East and West are continuously suggested by Mr. Kemble's pages. And as Saxon institutions are brought up before us, restored by his magic touch, from amidst the crumbling memorials of pre-Norman times, or as the interpretation of some ancient law is made to throw light upon the social condition of the early Teuton settlers in England, our thoughts are ever and anon carried to the East, and memory produces some answering clause in the Institutes of Menu, or some Indian customs which remain unchanged through all changes, and yet stand like fossils in the rock to indicate the family relations of a former age. It might be supposed, for instance, that when the Teutons entered on the soil, and each family or tribe drew around its settlement the sacred 'mark,' and fixed the hallowed signs, the 'stone,' or 'mound,' or remarkable tree, either ash, beech, thorn, lime, or 'marked oak,' they still felt the influence of the old Eastern precept concerning 'the large public trees,' and piously obeyed the command recorded by Menu: 'When boundaries first are established, let strong trees be planted in them, *vatas, pippalas, pilásas, sálas*, or *tálas*, or such trees as abound in milk..... Or mounds of earth should be raised, or large pieces of stone..... By such marks the judge may ascertain the limits.' The Saxon regulations as to folc-land and pasture, as well as the custom respecting margins of property or space for eaves, might remind us, too, of sentences in the same Oriental code, providing that 'on all sides of a village, or small town, a space be left for pasture, a breadth either of four hundred cubits, or three casts of a large stick; and three times that space around a city or considerable town.' An intelligent reader of *The Saxons in England* will think perhaps of Sir C. T. Metcalf's description of village communities in India, and of Mountstuart Elphinstone's sketch of their growth and constitution, while he refreshes himself with pictures from the real life of early German settlers in this island. Nor could we fail to observe how curiously Mr. Kemble's enume-

ration of the seven classes of slaves among the Saxons answers to a legal statement in Menu. The class of serfs, says the English writer, was composed of 'serfs by the fortunes of war, by marriage, by settlement, by voluntary surrender, by crime, by superior legal power, and by illegal power or injustice.' The eastern authority affirms: 'There are servants of seven sorts; one made captive under a standard or in battle, one maintained on consideration of service; one born of a female slave in the house; one sold, or given, or inherited from ancestors; and one enslaved by way of punishment on his inability to pay a large fine.'

The emigrant families, who had gone off right and left, were long divided. At length, however, the descendants of the younger branch found their way around to the land where the elder brethren of the dispersion had settled. There was a meeting, and a feud, terrible for a time, as family feuds too often are; but now, a lady from the royal line of the Western Islanders holds her sceptre over the scene of strife, and illustrates the beautiful title of the Anglo-Saxon woman, *Freothowebbe*, 'the weaver of peace.' We are led to recur again for a moment to the mythology of the East, which may throw some light upon the first movements of the German race towards the north-west, when they started, as we suppose, from a point somewhere on the borders of Persia. A veneration for the north, a deep impression of its glory, seems to have prevailed among eastern minds. This was not a mere circumstance, but a favourite idea or cherished feeling. It is constantly showing itself in their poetical creations, and appears to be interwoven, in many cases, into their sacred literature. We might be inclined to infer, that the first movements of the German families in that direction resulted, not so much from the impulse of necessity, as from the influence of the traditions and doctrines which they fostered and revered as divine. On this subject, however, we can only speculate at present. Whatever the motive under which their migration began, they appear to have passed out of Asia into Europe over the Kimmerian Bosphorus, north of the Black Sea, about six hundred and eighty years before Christ. Herodotus records their attack on the Kimmerians about that period. In the old historian's own time, just four hundred and fifty years before the Christian era, they were on the Danube, and were moving towards the south. Tacitus speaks of their victorious arms against the Romans one hundred and thirteen years before Christ. Sixty-three years later, in Cæsar's time, they were known as Germans, and had established themselves so far to the west as to oblige the Gaulish tribes to withdraw from the eastern

banks of the Rhine. The Saxons were as far west as the Elbe in the days of Ptolemy; and a little more than one hundred years from that time, they united with the Franks against the Romans; while in the fifth century they were peopling the region of the Elbe in connexion with the Angles and Jutes. It would seem that for some years before Cæsar's descent on Britain, an active intercourse had been kept up between the western districts of Gaul and our southern and eastern shores. The first landing of the Roman invader was, perhaps, the result of his discovery, that his Gallic foes sometimes recruited their strength by the aid of their British kinsmen and allies; while the plan of his hostile visit was probably formed on the information gathered on the coast from those who were commercially related to the markets of Britain. When Roman power was established on both sides of the Channel, the ancient bonds would be renewed, and there would be a growing familiarity of communication. During the Augustan age, the exports from this island must have been respectable in variety and value. In Nero's time, London, though not a colony, was noted as a commercial station; and was, perhaps, the chief attraction to the merchants of Gaul. While this friendly relation was maintained across the Channel, it may be supposed that, as the German tribes advanced along the valleys of the Elbe, the Weser, and the Rhine, some of them would find their way to the British shores. Indeed, Cæsar's allusion to emigration from the Continent, Ptolemy's notice of the Chauci as having reached Ireland, and the tradition of the Welsh Triads as to the Coritavi who came to Britain from a Teutonic marshland, all go to render the supposition more probable. It is well known that the Roman Emperors recruited their legions from among Germanic tribes; and they may have seen that their safer policy would be to billet their Teutonic ranks on the fertile valleys of this island rather than on the other side of the water. Marcus Antoninus drafted crowds of Germans to Britain. When Constantine was elected to the imperial dignity, his supporters included Erocus, an Alemannic King, who had accompanied his father from Germany. And still later, there was an auxiliary force of Germans serving with the legions in this country. In addition to this, there is the remarkable fact, that among the Roman officers here, there was the 'count or lord of the Saxon shore.' His jurisdiction extended from a point near the present Portsmouth to Wells in Norfolk; and under him were various civil and military establishments fixed along that range of coast. Now as the term 'Saxon shore' was applied to that district on the Continent which was occupied by the Saxon confederacy, we may take it in much the

same sense with respect to this island. It would refer then to that part on which Saxons had settled. The facts thus enumerated go to show that long previous to the fifth century there had been some admixture of Germans in the population of this country. It is certain, however, that about the middle of the fifth century a considerable movement took place among the tribes that peopled the western coasts of Germany and the islands of the Baltic. Whether they were disturbed by the inroads of restless neighbours from behind, or agitated by the difficulties of increasing population, or moved by a rising spirit of adventure, it is not easy to decide; but a great emigration began, and Angles, Saxons, and Jutes, crossed the sea in search of new settlements. Britain at that time was fertile and defenceless; rich with the fruits of a long peace; but abandoned by the Romans, and ill prepared for self-defence. Nothing could be more inviting to the swarms of hardy adventurers who now pressed toward her shores; and, disorganized, enervated, and so far disarmed as to be incapable of a very spirited or stubborn resistance, her soil was soon occupied by those who made up the successive expeditions which legend has associated with such names as Hengist, Horsa, Ella, Ossa, and Cerdic. The new comers were not likely to find land vacant for their occupation among the Saxons who had previously settled on the coast; but they might secure the co-operation of their kindred in driving the British from the interior fields. There would be many skirmishes; and sometimes victory might be dearly bought on the side of the Teutons; but they steadily advanced from east to west, and from south to north, until the unfortunate people who had called the land their own, were driven to the barren extremities of the country, or reduced to the necessity of mingling with the fierce strangers in any capacity which the conquerors might demand.

We can never approach that period of our history which now opens on us without plaintive feeling. We have been bereaved. One who has given us a deeper insight into the principles and institutions of Saxon life than any of his fellows, has fallen in the midst of his work, and left us in grief, once more to prove how strangely our joy in real gains sometimes melts into sorrow over blasted hopes. The volumes which Mr. Kemble lived to publish form one of the richest boons which ever called forth the gratitude of those who wish to understand the history of a great people; and therefore our disappointment and mournfulness are the deeper at the fact, that his pen had scarcely inscribed the promise of further light upon the laws, commerce, science, literature, and homes of

Saxon England, ere it was dropped for ever; leaving none to use it as he could, or to save us from realizing the truth of the saying, 'Hope deferred maketh the heart sick.' Mr. Kemble, in his first book, opens the principles on which Teutonic settlements were formed in England. In attempting this, his difficulties were great; but it is instructive to see how an unflinching and patient spirit overcame them one after another. Where contemporary records had but little to say of the emigrants' early fortunes, and where there were but few means of tracing the development of their original plans, the writer gathers up facts from the history of their kindred, collects such fragments of old institutions as still bear the mark of a primitive age, and have not entirely lost their distinctive influence; and, examining these in connexion with the natural movements of social life in every time and place, he brings up, by a truly philosophical process, the real elements of that system which rose on the ruins of Romanized Britain. In the second book, these principles are seen unfolding themselves through the historic period, of which we have a sufficiency of written memorial. Here we may watch the slow growth of the kingly power, and measure the gradual accumulation of royal rights. The formation of the English Court and household is well drawn. The original county authorities and courts are called up. The old foundations of our popular government are cleared out for our inspection. A chapter on 'The Towns' affords some most interesting details, and most beautiful sketches of truly restored life. The hostile claims of religious parties who have kept up strife over the history of Christian Saxondom are calmly and admirably balanced; while those who feel an interest in modern poor-laws may find much that is curious and suggestive in the provisions for an overplus population, in those days when legislation was in its youthful vigour and simplicity. We rose from the perusal of these chapters confirmed in the impression that the change from the Saxon to the Norman style of social life was gradual and slow. 'Few things in history,' says our author, 'when carefully investigated, do really prove to have been done in a hurry. Sudden revolutions are much less common than we are apt to suppose, and fewer links than we imagine are wanting in the great chain of causes and effects. Could we place ourselves above the exaggerations of partisans, who hold it a point of honour to prove certain events to be indiscriminately right or indiscriminately wrong, we should probably find that the course of human affairs had been one steady and gradual progression; the reputation of individual men would perhaps be shorn of part of its lustre; and though we should lose some of the satisfaction

of hero-worship, we might more readily admit the constant action of a superintending Providence, operating without caprice through very common and every-day channels.' Mr. Kemble seems to have been singularly qualified for the work on which he had entered in his two volumes. The structure of his mind, the range of his studies, and, not least, his habitual mode of using his material, all combine to inspire his readers with confidence; and while we follow him in his researches, we get to feel ourselves under safe guidance, and learn to repose in the certainty as well as beauty of the results. His predecessor in this department of literature, Sir Francis Palgrave, who still continues to regale us with his utterances on Norman history, fails, we think, to inspire so deep a trust. He is perhaps more brilliant than Kemble, but not so accurate. Had we no other means of judging, we might be powerfully swayed by the voice of such an authority as Hallam, who, though, according to common phrase, dead, will live as long as our language lives, as the confidential companion of all who love truthful history. The venerable historian, for instance, sometimes detected Sir Francis shifting his opinions between his first and second volume; and quietly remarks, 'I cannot assent; the second thoughts of my learned friend I like less than the first.' Indeed, the mode of composition which Hallam's friend adopts, on his own showing, would scarcely bespeak our entire confidence, as it tends to make an author's pages racy and pleasant at the occasional sacrifice of exactness. At every stage of the work, the *History of Normandy and England*, it appears, 'has been spoken; that is to say, written down by dictation, and transcribed from dictation. The author therefore appears somewhat in the character of a lecturer who prints his lectures as they have been repeated under his direction. He trusts he shall obtain the indulgence granted to those whose position he assumes.' For our own part, we cannot make the historian any such allowance.*

Mr. Kemble's accuracy reminds us of Hallam, with whom he generally agrees. Like him, he appears to 'write on oath.' He excels, however, in the art of restoring old forms, and has

* It is hardly fair that this learned and esteemed author should weave up into the text of his recent volumes such references to his *Rise and Progress of the English Commonwealth* as make the reader feel that some acquaintance with that work is very important, if not necessary, to a full understanding of the subject before him; while it is well known that the pages referred to have been long out of print, and that a single copy can scarcely be found. Now surely if a writer, and especially such a writer, thinks and tells his readers that the full benefit of his later works cannot be enjoyed without some knowledge of his earlier productions, he ought either to run the risk of repeating himself for the public good, or afford proper means of reference by keeping an edition of his advertised books in the market.

the greater power to aid us in realizing the true life of early times. The writer on *The Middle Ages* deals with his material in a way which makes us think of a scientific geologist who identifies the bones of an extinct race, and refits them so as to demonstrate their distinctive character and class; but our younger author was more like Miller, who could clothe the dry bones and make them live, and call up before us the very scenes of that world which the strange generation peopled. We could have wished that Mr. Kemble's wide acquaintance and close familiarity with Latin authorities had exerted less influence on his style, which, to our taste, sometimes departs too far from that pure and transparent standard which his own Anglo-Saxon people would call classic. This is seen particularly when he indulges his philosophical bent. If he attempts to sketch Saxon homesteads or market-towns, he always succeeds; for he becomes more Saxon in his speech, and there is a freshness and a clear beauty about his pictures which the truly English soul must always relish. We are sure, therefore, that his pen need not have run at any time into a style which, though supposed by some to be best adapted for expressing fine shades of meaning, most frequently leaves the reader in doubt as to what the writer means. Our author's deepest reasoning and reflections might have found expression in a style quite akin to the genius of the Anglo-Saxon tongue. One who writes on the Saxons in a Saxon style is always in good taste, and pays the highest compliment to his theme. It is true that the Saxon is not the only element of the English language; Keltic, Roman, Norse, and Romaunce, are woven here and there into the rich but substantial fabric; and in this we glory as much as our favourite Camden; indeed, we will adopt his strain: 'Whereas our tongue is mixed, it is no disgrace. The Italian is pleasant, but without sinewes, as a still fleeting water. The French delicate, but even nice as a woman, scarce daring to open her lippes, for fear of marring her countenance. The Spanish majesticall, but fulsome, running too much on the o, and terrible like the Divell in a play. The Dutch manlike, but withall very harsh, as one ready at every word to picke a quarrell. Now we, in borrowing from them, give the strength of consonants to the Italian; the full sound of words to the French; the variety of terminations to the Spanish; and the mollifying of more vowels to the Dutch; and so, like bees, we gather the honey of their good properties, and leave the dregs to themselves. And thus when substantialnesse combineth with delightfulnessse, fulnesse with finesse, seemlinessse with portlinessse, and currentnesse with staydnesse, how can the language which consisteth of all these sound other

than full of all sweetness?' The Englishman may well be proud of his language; which, while it opens such literary riches to the world, ever reminds him of his family connexion with those from whose speech it derives its greatest strength. We are inclined to be jealous of the lordship of Greek and Latin. Can it be possible to forget that the Anglo-Saxon is the immediate and most plentiful source of all that gives distinctive power to our national expression? Five-eighths of our words are from that origin. To that our English owes its force, not only as to the number of words which it furnishes, but also as to the character and importance of those words, and their influence on grammatical forms. Here we find words to mark most of the objects of sense; those which make up our table talk and way-side chat; all which express our brightest and most lively thoughts, our dearest relations, our deepest and most tender feelings. Our language of business in the shop, the market, the street, the farm, and in every-day life; our proverbs, our favourite jokes; indeed, everything in our tongue which fastens most certainly on the mind and most surely touches the heart, we owe to the Anglo-Saxon. With the help of other languages we may form a brilliant style; but it is often like the sun-beam of winter, when compared with the equally sparkling, but warm, summer-light beauty of our native speech. Englishmen never fairly speak their own language without proving themselves akin to those emigrants who took possession of Britain in the fifth century of the Christian era.

These emigrants settled on the ground which they seized on certain fixed principles, which had been acted upon by their race from the earliest known period of their history. Two points were never lost sight of,—possession of land, and distinction of rank. These mutually influenced each other; and respect was had to them in all private and public arrangements. In the division of land, it seems to have been provided, that each knot of householders forming a community should hold a certain portion of land; each freeman fixing his homestead on his individual lot, which he cultivated on fixed understood conditions. As armed bands they had taken possession, and as such they divided the spoil. They had been enrolled on the field as families,—one secret of their resistless force,—and as families they continued to occupy the soil. Each kindred was drawn up under an officer, whom they followed in war, and under whom they settled within their allotments. The partition of land would be peaceably effected by the joint authority of the leaders; and all parties would agree to enter quietly on the duties and rights of their new property. We never try to realize the transactions of that

time without finding ourselves carried off in thought to the scenes of Joshua's administration in Canaan. Not that the Teutonic tribes crossed the Channel, as the Israelites did the bed of Jordan, in an unbroken, overwhelming mass; but rather in distinct detachments at various intervals, moving in various directions over the country, under many commanders, meeting with fortunes as different perhaps as their dialects, customs, and bye-laws. Here, they would be clearing the forest; there, entering on fields made ready for their plough; now stretching along the valley immediately beneath the water-shed; and now covering the rich soil of the plains which had been rescued from the surrounding marsh. By and by, the armed colonists fall into the habits, and sustain the character, of quiet farmers; and the whole country is covered with communities, in principle distinct from one another, but each holding its members together by the closest ties. Then England was agricultural rather than commercial; and her population was in no case strongly centralized. There was a gradual change in the character of the people. They had enough to hush their restlessness. Their limits for the present seemed sufficiently wide. The habits and feelings which had swayed them as adventurers of desperate fortunes, began to lose their power; and, apparently content with the conquest they had made, they set themselves to the peaceful task of keeping each man his own little fenced spot, where he might rear his children and make himself a name. Each kindred, or association of families, settled in its own *Marc*, a term which has a deep interest for the student of our social history. The term might be applied to the political body composed of the freemen who were associated within a given space; or to the continuous signs which distinguished the limits of their territory; or to the territory itself, as marked out or defined. Here then is the plot on which a greater or lesser number of freemen and their households fix their homesteads for purposes of cultivation, and for the sake of mutual profit and protection. It comprised both arable and pasture, in proportion to the number of settlers; and as they had no affection for 'the tents of Shem,' and were above the gipsy-like habits of the Scythian, their *Marc* would soon have its houses, villages, and, in some cases, its fortress or castle. Its frontier was protected by a sacred forest or marsh. A large portion would be *Folc-land*, where all had the right of common; while the arable was subdivided into individual estates, known as *Híds* or *Alods*. The possession of land entered so deeply into the constitution of Anglo-Saxon society, that the revolutions of centuries have failed to destroy entirely the traces of early allodial division. Until a very recent period, our

ancestral history was written on the face of the country, our fields were chronicles. That which formed the distinctive beauty of English landscape was the standing and faithful record of early Teutonic proprietary. But alas, alike for beauty and memorial! in many districts, hedge-row and copse are fast melting before the influence of model farming and capital; and we are losing our familiar clue to that state of things which prevailed in the palmy days of pure Anglo-Saxon life. Old land-marks are broken down. Little portions are gathered up into great estates; agricultural interests are centralized around fewer points; and masses are brought into more entire dependence on the representatives of money-power.

Some nooks yet remain, however, in which we may move amidst untouched relics of a former social condition. It is a fact as interesting as it is curious, that in the Orkneys, where the old Norse customs have had so little interruption, and where the kindred of the old Saxons is still represented, there is much that would help us to realize the days when England was parcelled out in hids of thirty acres or thereabouts, cultivated each by the family of its freeman or *ceorl*. 'The permanency of the population,' says the late Hugh Miller, 'is mightily in favour of old use and wont, as the land is almost entirely divided amongst a class of men called *Pickie* or petty *Lairds*, each ploughing his own fields, and reaping his own crops, much in the same manner as their great-grandfathers did in the days of Earl Patrick; and such is the respect which they entertain for their hereditary beliefs, that many of them are said still to cast a lingering look, not unmixed with reverence, on certain spots held sacred by their Scandinavian ancestors.' In many parts of England, nothing is left to show what once was, but the local names which, though meaningless to many who now swarm on the soil, are recognised by the aid of early charters and deeds as the patronymics which distinguished ancient *marcs*. Nor would it be difficult, in some neighbourhoods, to pace the bounds not only of *marcs*, but of individual *alods*, where the settled habitations of our forefathers are still marked as *-háms*, *-táns*, *-worthigs*, and *-stedes*; while *-den*, *-holt*, *-wood*, *-hurst*, and *-fáld*, show us the site of the forest where the swine fed, or the out-lying pastures where the cattle ran. A study of such old land-marks must always be interesting to Englishmen, while their national welfare is so dependent on the soil. It is possible for those who live within great centres of modern activity, to forget that the trade and commerce which have been so marvellously developed in later times, form only one feature of the nation's greatness. Our social and political structure owes more even now to the possession and cultivation of

land, in which the larger part of our population has the deepest interest, and in the encouragement or depression of which our continued existence as a prosperous people is deeply involved. Indeed, should any circumstances melt away the sympathy between town and country, or any political changes result in the subordination of landed interests to those of mere manufacturing districts or commercial classes, as if these were the only sources of political power, England would soon lose all that has rendered her distinctive; and however notorious she might become for some things, her true old national glory would be lost. So says history, our divinely sanctioned teacher.

But let us pass from the landed interests to the social ranks of Saxon times. It is not our intention to enter into the complications peculiar to the later days of the period; complications arising under the difficulties of growing population, or springing up beneath the widening power of the crown, or resulting partly, perhaps, from the influence of the Church. We keep to the original division of Saxon freemen into *earl* and *ceorl*, 'gentle and simple.' The chief, or king, with whose accumulating rights we become familiar in the course of Saxon history, was one of the people, but the first in rank, at the top of the social scale. As one of the people, he was called *Theóden* from *Theód*, 'the people;' as of highest birth, his name was *Cyning*, from *Cyn*, 'race;' he was the representative, the impersonation, the embodiment of the race. As the commander of the *Dryht*, or household troops, he was known as *Dryhten*; and as head of the first household in the realm, he was emphatically *Hláford*, 'bread dispenser;' his Queen being *seo Hlafdige*, 'the lady.' The next class below was that of the *earl*, the noble, who, in addition to his own privileges, enjoyed every right of freemen in the fullest degree, as he belonged to the highest order. Then came the main body of the state, the class of *ceorls*. Nothing more strikingly marks the relative position of these classes than the relative amount of their *wergyld*, or life-price, on which the peaceful settlement of feud was based. A sum, to be paid in money or in kind, was fixed on the life of every freeman. The amounts differed in the several kingdoms, and changed, probably, with the variations in the value of life and property; but generally they stood in the relation of fifty, twelve, and six. 'As it is obvious,' remarks Mr. Kemble, 'that the simple *wergyld* of the freeman is the original unit in the computation, we have a strong argument, were any needed, that that class formed the real basis and original foundation of all Teutonic society.' Around the *ceorl*, then, very deep interest gathers; and we confess to a strong liking to one who had so much to do with our strength and life as a people.

Perhaps no man ever had more just notions of what is truly distinctive in English character than Oliver Goldsmith. A studied historical accuracy will be found under the graceful charms of his style more frequently than at first might be supposed. His are not fancy portraits, but family likenesses; not daubs, but breathing, speaking, acting, really companionable pictures. Nor were his scenes and sketches random creations of his own imagination; they were taken from nature, so that they are true to ancient as well as modern life. His forms are typical; they seem made to show those ancestral features which are mysteriously reproduced in the family line from age to age; and are, for the most part, so correctly drawn, as to be verified by the antiquarian critic at a glance. His Farmer Flamborough, for instance, is the type of a class which, in his time, represented the *ceorlsche* rank of freemen in young Saxondom. 'The place of our retreat,' says the amiable old vicar, 'was a little neighbourhood consisting of farmers, who tilled their own grounds. As they had almost all the conveniences of life within themselves, they seldom visited towns or cities in search of superfluity. Remote from the polite, they still retained the primeval simplicity of manners; and frugal by habit, they scarcely knew that temperance was a virtue. They wrought with cheerfulness on days of labour; but observed festivals as intervals of idleness and pleasure. They kept up the Christmas Carol, sent true-love knots on Valentine morning, ate pancakes on Shrovetide, showed their wit on the first of April, and religiously cracked nuts on Michaelmas Eve.' The foundation of this interesting class was formed in England in the fifth century; and was made up of elements brought from the forests and marshes of Germany. The exemplar of our Flamboroughs was the *ceorl*. Not the rude, surly, ill-bred niggard, who passes with us under the name of 'churl;' although some, as Kemble complains, have unfairly lowered the *ceorlsche* standard until it has been all but churlish. In doing this, however, they have been unconsciously influenced, it may be, by the altered signification of the word. We hope they have not pleaded inspired authority, and doggedly maintained their own doctrine at the expense of their forefathers' honour, by repeating to themselves: 'The vile person shall no more be called liberal, nor the churl said to be bountiful.' Whatever the *ceorl* was not, he was the freeman; man, erect, free, open, and generous. *Frigman*, *Frihals*, 'free-neck,' the hand of a master has never bent his neck. He was a *wæpened*-man. He carried arms as the signs of his freedom. Long hair was the ornamental token of his rank, as he walked over his estate of between thirty and forty acres; or performed his domestic and

civil duties; or exercised his right by voting in the *Marc-mót*, or assembly of his fellow markmen. He had originally a voice in the election of his chief; could share in the celebration of public religious rights, and take a part in passing or executing laws. Pledged to obey the law, he was free under its protection. At home he was a kind of patriarch; the lord and parent of his free alod. Around his dwelling were the cots of his poor dependents. They work in his fields, with his aid, and under his oversight. Beneath his countenance they nestle; and out of his store they are fed, and clothed, and paid. 'On the upland and in the forests they tend his sheep, oxen, or swine; look after the horses; or within the circuit of his homestead produce such simple manufactures as the necessities of the household require. The spinner and weaver, the glover and shoemaker, the carpenter and smith, are all parts of his family. The butter and cheese, bread and bacon, are prepared at home. The beer is brewed and the honey collected by the household;' and those who helped to store their master's larder, took their proper share in the daily consumption. We have often thought we could realize this social condition while wandering among the unpretending homesteads of that border-land where Devon joins the north-east of Cornwall; and where the utmost settlements of the West Saxons are still to be found marked as *-worthys*, with the family name prefixed. How often has it been our joy to share the hospitality of the *ceorl*, when his table has been surrounded by his entire household,—wife, children, and dependents! There had been but little change in the style of cookery since the days of Egbert. The honey still supplied the luscious mead, the northern wine. For a time we thought there must have been an improvement in brewing, as they had learnt to make distinctions in the quality of ales; a mild ale being the ordinary drink, while the extra glass, on grand occasions, was filled with something brighter; but an extract from a deed dated 852, given by Mr. Kemble, reveals the curious fact, that malt liquors are distinguished in Devon now just as they were in the days of Ethelwolf. 'Twenty hides of land at Sempringham were leased by Peterborough to Wulfred for two lives,' on a rent charge in kind to the abbot. Among other things there were to be 'fifteen mittan of bright ale, and fifteen of mild ale.' Another of the all but unchanged features of *ceorlische* life has at times amused us. 'I am come to look at the clock, mistress,' said a labourer, as he entered the farm-house where we sat by the open hearth: the man belonged to the homestead; but he proceeded to dissect the clock. While thus employed, he said to the good wife, 'How is the cow to-day? The physic I gave her did her

good, I reckon?' and then, almost in the same breath, he told us that he had just now drawn a tooth for one of the girls. Not till then had we observed that he was mending the clock with an old pair of surgical forceps. This may serve to indicate, at all events, that there are circumstances under which society may retain its primitive manners for generations, and remain many centuries without a step toward a division of labour. And after all, we should scarcely like to be left without some social nook, where the necessities of daily life press people's strength and skill into their own service, and constrain them to help themselves. Genius, perhaps, is more widely diffused in such society than where scientific division of labour leaves the mass in growing conformity to the machines which they drive, or by which they are driven.

Nothing more clearly shows the former importance of the ceorl's social position than the remarkable institutions called *Gylds*, or *Tithings*, and *Hundreds*. The name of 'England's darling,' Alfred, has been associated with this system; but it is of much earlier origin. 'The object of the *gylds* or *tithings* was, that each man should be a pledge or surety as well to his fellow-man as to the state for the maintenance of the public peace; that he should enjoy protection for life, honour, and property himself, and be compelled to respect the life, honour, and property of others; that he should have a fixed and settled dwelling where he could be found when required, where the public dues could be levied, and the public services be demanded of him; lastly, that if guilty of actions that compromised the public weal, or touched upon the rights and well-being of others, there might be persons especially appointed to bring him to justice; and, if injured by others, supporters to pursue his claim and exact compensation for his wrong. All these points seem to have been very well secured by the establishment of the *tithings*, to whom the community looked as responsible for the conduct of every individual comprised within them; and, coupled with the family obligations, which still remained in force in particular cases, they amply answered the purpose of a mutual guarantee between all classes of men. It stands to reason that this system applied only to the really free. It was the form of the original compact between the independent members of an independent community. And it is evident that better means could hardly have been devised in a state of society where population was not very widely dispersed, and where property hardly existed, save in land and almost equally unmanageable cattle. The summary jurisdiction of our police magistrates, our recognizances, and bail, and binding over to keep the peace, are developments rendered necessary by our altered circumstances; but they are neverthe-

less institutions of the same nature as those on which our forefathers relied. The establishment of our County Courts, in which justice goes forth from man to man, and without original writ from the crown, is another step toward the ancient principle of our jurisprudence in the old Hundred.' These gylds were composed chiefly of ceorls, so that, simple as were the manners of that class, though their mode of life was in some sense rude, they were truly the 'free and independent electors' of the *marc* and *scír*, the real 'yeomanry,' the 'freemen' of old England. And, if we are to judge from the impression which, as a class, they have left on the political, social, and domestic character of the nation, they must have been marked by strong sense, courage, generosity, honest purpose, moral dignity and power, as well as pure family feeling, such as we fear are very far from being the virtues of those whom some modern constitution-mongers would introduce as specimens of English 'freemen.' The 'freemen' or 'electors' of some theorists seem to be a variety as indefinable as the races of Isaac Taylor's spiritual world. 'The analogies of the visible world,' says that philosopher, when trying to account for the noises in the elder Wesley's rectory at Epworth, 'favour the supposition, that there are around us, not cognizable by our senses, orders or species of all grades, and some, perhaps, not more intelligent than apes or than pigs. That these species have no liberty, ordinarily, to infringe upon the world is manifest; nevertheless, chances or mischances may, in long cycles of time, throw some over their boundary, and give them an hour's leave to disport themselves among things palpable.' Verily, the 'chances or mischances' of political life may, in some reforming cycle of our history, 'throw over their boundary' some strange and uncouth ceorls to 'disport themselves among things palpable.' Seriously, however, we fear for some classes of our population, that the true qualifications of freemen, such as our fathers were, will have to be learnt under the hard discipline of a second feudalism, whose symbols are capital and mill, instead of castle and sword.

The first principles of Teutonic life were worked out with most consistency and freedom during the first hundred years after the settlement of the German tribes in this Island. During that time, the two classes of freemen, earl and ceorl, preserved their integrity most entire; the ceorl rising by industry and prosperous seasons to the rank of a gentleman more frequently than he sank into the condition of a *théow* or slave through crime, misfortune, or caprice. The introduction of Christianity marks the period of growing power on the part of the crown.

Perhaps, the influence of the Church favoured that growth. As royalty enlarged its claims and widened the range of its power, many social changes began, which issued in submission to the feudal form of government. The changes were comparatively slow. Freedom, however, was held tenaciously by the *ceorlsche* class, and, indeed, lingered among them in attenuated form until its faint life was trodden out by the Norman and his companions. The conscientious Hallam sums the evidence, which he had fairly examined, and pronounces as to our favourite *ceorls*, that, at the worst, 'there were *ceorls* with land of their own, and *ceorls* without land of their own; *ceorls* who might commend themselves to what lord they pleased, and *ceorls* who could not quit the land on which they lived, owing various services to the lord of the manor, but always freemen, and capable of becoming gentlemen.' The process of social change at this period of our country's history is not obscure. The principle of allotment on which the freemen originally settled was scarcely capable of withstanding the pressure of a rapidly increasing population. Households were at first planted, each on its own estate; but as the families increased, a surplus population had to be provided for; the younger branches of each house must find room and means of existence. This became increasingly difficult, and the weight of the difficulty necessitated great alterations in the relative condition of classes. From the beginning each *marc* had its earl, who might be considered in some cases as a petty king or chief. When several *marcs* became united, they formed a *gá* or *scír*; each of these had, by and by, its *ealdorman*, and his deputy, the *scír gerefa*, or sheriff. Several *scírs* would form a kingdom, having its *cyning* or king. In all these, however, law was supreme; and each class was governed on fixed principles, such as belonged to a free people. At length, an institution which Tacitus mentions as peculiar to the race during its earlier history, became largely developed. This was the *comitatus*. A king, or, in some cases, even an earl, might surround himself with armed and noble retainers, whom he would attract by his liberality or his civil or military fame. These he fed at his own table, and lodged under his own roof. They performed certain duties in his household, and, in fact, were sworn to his service, in peace and in war, and were his companions and defenders to the death. Deeply interesting cases are recorded, in which they have faithfully sacrificed themselves rather than survive their prince; and, in one instance, at least, we know of a *comes* who rushed between his king and the assassin, and saved his patron's life by the loss of his own. The Saxon name for a member of this body was *gesith*, from *sith*, a 'journey,' literally

denoting one who accompanies another. His function and position, however, led to another title, that of *thégn* or thane, strictly, a 'servant or minister,' and 'noble only when the service of royalty had shed a light upon dependence and imperfect freedom.' From the relation between the prince and the *gesíth* is derived the title of the former, *hláford*, 'lord, bread-giver.' The *gesíth* had nothing, therefore, but by gift or charity from his lord. The notion of freedom in his case was lost; it was replaced by the doubtful motive of honour or of station. At length, perchance, he would get possession of land, the gift of the king, parcelled out probably from the fole-land or common, over which the prince began to exercise the right of might. Still the *gesíth* was not free. His land could not be held like the original alod of the free *ceorl*. In course of time it became more honourable to be the unfree chattel of a prince than the poor free cultivator of the soil. It was the ambition of a young man to be a *comes*. Here, then, a refuge was open for those who could find no settlement on the land in any other way. And as this noble body-guard increased, and became powerful, forming, in fact, the nucleus of a standing army, their favour was naturally courted even by the free *marc*-men. Many entire *marcs* would even place themselves under their armed protection, and yield to their influence, and allow them to assume a kind of leadership, which in its relation to the liberties of the protected party was, perhaps, analogous to the silent sway of a modern nobleman, who is known to keep a look out upon the registration of electors. Thus in return for freedom the *gesíth* secured a certain maintenance, the chance of royal favour, a brilliant kind of life and adventure, with all its train of pillage, feasts, triumphs, and court life. The use of common land led to their fixed possession of it; and as royal favour concentrated upon them, they formed the groundwork of the royal household of modern days. The old hereditary noble as well as the landed freeman sank in the scale of honour, and the *gesíth* rose with the claims and power of his royal chief. Those offices which had already passed from the election of freemen to the gift of the crown were now conferred upon him, and ealdorman, duke, geref, judge, and even bishops were at length selected from the ranks of the *comitatus*. Finally, the nobles by birth themselves were drawn into the ever-widening whirlpool. From time to time the freemen, feeling that the old landmarks of their order were disappearing, and finding it increasingly difficult, even amidst ceaseless toil, to gather up the necessary supplies, yielded sullenly to the yoke which they could no longer avoid, and commended themselves, as they said, to the protection of a lord;

until, a complete change having come over public opinion, and social relations having consequently shifted, a new order of things was brought about; so that the honours and security of service became more highly esteemed and earnestly sought than a needy and unsafe freedom. The alods, the possession of which was once the glory of *ceorlsche* life, were at last surrendered to be taken back as *bóc-land*, or perhaps even as *læn-land*, lands held 'on chief,' or on condition of some service under a lordship whose shadow offered safety, and whose wealth promised to make life more easy. 'Towards the closing period of the Anglo-Saxon polity,' says Mr. Kemble, 'I should imagine, that nearly every acre of land in England had become *bóc-land*; and that as, in consequence of this, there was no more room for the expansion of a free population, the condition of the freemen became depressed, while the estates of the lords increased in number and extent. In this way the *ceorls* or free cultivators gradually vanished, yielding to the ever growing force of the noble class, accepting a dependent position upon their *bóc-land*, and standing to right in their courts, instead of their own old county *gemótas*; while the lords themselves ran riot, dealt with their once free neighbours at their own discretion, and filled the land with civil dissension, which not even the terrors of foreign invasion could still. Nothing can be more clear than that the universal breaking up of society in the time of Ethelred had its source in the ruin of the old free organization of the country. The successes of Swegen and Cnut, and even of William the Norman, had much deeper causes than the mere gain or loss of one or more battles. A nation never falls till "the citadel of its moral being" has been betrayed and become untenable. Northern invasions will not account for the state of brigandage which Ethelred and his witan deplore in so many of their laws. The ruin of the free cultivators and the overgrowth of the lords are much more likely causes. At the same time it is even conceivable that, but for the invasions of the ninth and tenth centuries, the result might have come more suddenly. The sword and the torch, plague, pestilence, and famine, are very effectual checks to the growth of population, and sufficient for a long time to adjust the balance between the land and those it has to feed.'

It may be supposed that, as the process of centralization went on, and landed property was gathered up into large estates under the powerful few, the *ceorlsche* privileges of the old *marc-mót* would dwindle, and soon leave nothing but a name. The action of the *scír-mót*, however, continued up to a later period. In the reign of Æthelstán, among other cases, the *gemót* in Kent met to receive a report of law enacted by the King and his

witan; and to express their approval, and give a pledge of obedience, on the great principle of Teutonic legislation; that laws are enacted by the King, and put in force with the consent of the people. The meeting replied to the King: 'Dearest! thy bishops of Kent and all the thanes of Kentshire, earls and ceorls, return thanks to thee, dearest lord, for what thou hast been pleased to ordain respecting our peace, and to inquire and consult concerning our advantage, since great was the need thereof for us all, both rich and poor. And this we have taken in hand with all the diligence we could, by the aid of those witan whom thou didst send unto us.' A century after this, the practice was kept up; for Cnut writes to the gemót in Kent: 'Cnut, the King, sends friendly greeting to Archbishop Lyfing, Bishop Godwine, Abbot Ælfmær, Æthelwine the sheriff, Æthelric, and all my thanes, both earls and ceorls.'

It is in the Witena Gemót, the great council of the nation, that we find the most important check on the growing influence of the crown; and though it was not strictly an elected body, it may be viewed as the ground-work of a Parliament, and as taking a deep share in the formation of our more perfectly balanced constitution. In the absence of a strict definition of this council, and from the occasional introduction of the queen, lady abbesses, priests, deacons, and even the commonalty, it may be inferred that while its leading members came by royal summons, it had been gradually shaping itself into this more compact form, in which it represented the earlier folc-mót. It is easily conceived that the claims of home would have increasing power over the scattered population of freemen, and incline them to remain among the stuff, and attend to their business, rather than incur the labour and expense of frequent journeys to the gathering-place of the people. The task of minding politics would be restricted to those who had more leisure, means, and inclination for such pursuits. And though they were thus quietly helping to damage the position of their class, they were wiser, after all, than those who violate the obligations of domestic life, while they fiercely clamour for political power, which they have neither wisdom nor virtue enough to wield for good. The dignitaries of the Church, the ealdorman, geréfa, and the thanes, seem to have composed the Witena Gemót. The people, however, who were in the neighbourhood, perhaps collected in arms during the sitting, were allowed to attend, if they thought it worth while, and even to express themselves in shouts. A charter of Æthelstán's records a meeting at Abingdon, where a grant was made to the abbey; and when the bishops and abbots present solemnly excommunicated any one who should disturb the grant, the people cried, 'So be it! so be it! Amen!'

The powers of the witan were large. In general, they had a voice in consultation; a right to consider any public act which could be authorized by the King. They deliberated upon new laws; held joint authority with the King in enacting them; could form alliances, make treaties of peace, and settle their terms; might elect a King, and depose a Sovereign, if his government was not conducted for the good of the people. The King and witan conjointly appointed bishops, levied taxes for the public service, and raised land and sea forces when called for. The witan could regulate Church affairs, appoint fasts and festivals, and decide upon the levy and expenditure of ecclesiastical revenue. They had the power to recommend, agree to, and guarantee grants of land, and might permit the conversion of folc-land into bót-land, or otherwise. The lands of offenders and intestates could be declared by them to be forfeit to the crown; while they might act generally as a supreme court of justice both in civil and criminal causes. It is interesting to be able to trace the business order of this remarkable body. The Witena, on a royal summons, joined the King at one of his villas at Christmas or Easter; when ceremony, business, and festive pleasure divided their time. When special business required their attendance, notice was given by royal message appointing the time and place of meeting. The session was always begun with Divine service, and a formal profession of attachment to the Catholic faith. The King then laid his proposals before them, and, after discussion, they were accepted, modified, or laid aside. The reeves attended sometimes, perhaps, with other commissioned officers, carried the chapters into the several counties, and took a *wed* or pledge from the assembled freemen, that they would abide by the law. The possession and exercise of rights like these must at times have given the Witena great advantage over the prince; while they could not fail to hasten that accumulation of aristocratic power, beneath which the people lost much of their social vigour, and by whose disproportionate weight one joint of the constitution after another was made to give way. Still the life of the Saxon people, though 'cast down,' was 'not destroyed.' The national character must have had wondrous elasticity. Like a master mind it bore up under fearful pressure, and, in spite of circumstances, left its undying impress on our political forms, our laws, our language, and our national taste. And that the social breadth and liberty of old Saxondom did not rest on wrong principles, is evident from the fact, that the leading features of its institutions have outlived all intervening changes, and now form the living characteristics of every thing which we love as distinctively English.

The physical character of the race was remarkable. It prepared them for a noble career. Their broad hips and chest, thick-boned well-shaped limbs, strong heels and ankles, with large feet bearing up a tall muscular form, and a singularly well-balanced temperament, marked them as fit for ceaseless activity and long endurance. Though children of the East, they were soon acclimated in the forests and marshes of Germany; live under the Italian sun; learn to be at home on the sands and around the salt pools and lakes of Jutland. Then they live on the ocean as if the sea had given them birth; and indeed seem to defy alike the tropics and the poles. Their mental type is equally distinct. The English Teuton has accurate, rather than quick, perception; comparative slowness, but depth and penetration of mind. His wit may not be brilliant, but he is acute. He values independence more than equality of condition or rank. He is clean, cautious, provident, and reserved; hospitable, though not sociable on a large scale; conservative in his bent; has a distinguished respect for woman; is sincere and placable, and has a spirit of enterprise and daring. The fine balance of their character strikes us as especially worthy of notice in the Anglo-Saxons. The versatility of their genius is perhaps equal to that of any other race; but, unlike some others, they unite with it a large amount of native common sense. They can turn their hand to anything, but somehow always find a solid reason for their variations. The rash and impassioned Kelt will bring his wit into play at the expense of the Teuton, or condemn him as too grave and phlegmatic; but he only seems to be so to those whose warmth is not tempered, as in his case, with an awkward modesty. He has warmth, but it is so regulated as to render him notorious for steady determination and great passive courage. There is enough of nationality to render his loyalty proverbial; and yet there is a liberality so unsuspecting, that those who do not understand him have laughed at his simplicity, or ridiculed his credulity. His manliness is like his favourite oak; but there is enough of the gentle to make him tenderly alive to the weakness which craves his protection.

But it is their family virtue and domestic habits which ever recommend the Teuton tribes to our hearts. 'The German house was a holy thing; the bond of marriage a sacred and symbolic engagement. Woman was holy even above man. In the depths of their forests the stern warriors had assigned to her a station which nothing but that deep feeling could have rendered possible. This was the sacred sex, believed to be in nearer communion with divinity than man.' And during the palmy days of the Saxon dynasty in this island, the lady was fond of indicating her dignity by her personal appearance. Her graceful form

was rendered more elegant by her violet-coloured under-vest of fine linen, and her scarlet tunic with full skirts and wide sleeves and hood, both striped or faced with silk. Her hair curled over her open forehead. Gold crescents adorned her neck; jewels sparkled on her fingers and arms; while red leather formed the decoration of her feet. Perhaps Saxon ladies became too partial to rich and gaudy colours, and might sometimes try to improve their complexion by the use of stibium. Woman, however, as an individual, was thought to be a being of a higher nature, though her chosen and dearest sphere was the private circle of her family, in which, as a member of the state, she was represented by her husband, upon whom nature had placed the happy burden of her support, and the joyful duty of acting as her guardian. She was the acknowledged bond of social life. While she was honoured, children were taught obedience, and the family was thus kept in affectionate and enlightened obedience to the state. Saxon society, then, was made up of families maintaining their sacred rites, and living in neighbourly union. Each freeman, the husband of a free woman who shared his toils, soothed his cares, and managed his house, became the founder of a family, and sent out through the spreading branches of his lineage the virtuous influence of domestic chastity and order. The Roman State, burdened in its last days with the vicious fruit of a false civilization, had lost the power of recovering itself, because it had ceased to cherish the idea of family or pure domestic life. There was an end of sound morality, both in private and public. The world, Britain not excepted, had become the home of complicated vice, and was ripe for the judgments which, under a just and merciful Providence, were at once to punish iniquity and renovate the scene. The influx of the German tribes infused new life into the corrupt system. The strangers brought with them the principle of man's dignity as a member of the family; and, with their deepest feelings enlisted on behalf of this principle, they were prepared to become the founders of permanent Christian states, and were themselves the wonder of the philosophers and theologians of Rome, Africa, and Greece; examples, indeed, held up to the degenerate races whom they had subdued. Among those who were so distinguished by domestic principles and feelings, we might expect to find that generosity which, in the more full development of Teutonic character, and under the sacred influence of Christianity, became a remarkable characteristic of the race. Most of the pictures of bloody extermination and unmixed cruelty which we find in the traditional literature of conquered nations were, perhaps, overdrawn. So it is, pro-

bably, with the sketches left by those whose ancestors suffered from the inroads of the Teutons on British soil. But, after all, the mass of the people at the time of the invasion, accustomed to Roman domination or the tyranny of native princes, were not likely to suffer much by a change of masters. True, they had, in many cases, to come down to the grade of serfdom; but, considering all the circumstances, their condition was comparatively fair and easy, and would be rendered hard in those instances only where unsuccessful efforts were made to regain their lost advantage. Some of the earliest laws show that Britons might enter the privileged class; old charters give dignified places to names which must have been Keltic; and the personal appearance of our peasantry, in many parts of England, still indicates a quiet intermingling of the conquered and the ruling race. In some cases, no doubt, the conquerors would appear to be hard enough; but they were not without kind dispositions. Their institutions bear marks of benevolence; and now that those institutions have ripened into maturity, England shows an example of generosity and kind-heartedness, which, if equalled, has never been surpassed by any people, ancient or modern. The character of the race has answered to its name, Teutonic; the derivation of which points at generous and active life; and such life may be traced in the civil, domestic, literary, and religious history of Germany; while it is found in every scene which England has peopled during her eventful career. 'That which ought most to recommend the race,' says Montesquieu, 'is, that they afforded the great resource to the liberty of Europe; that is, to all the liberty that is among men. Jornandes, the Goth, calls the north of Europe "the forge of mankind;" I should rather call it the forge of those instruments which broke the fetters manufactured in the south. It was there those valiant nations were bred, who left their native climes to destroy tyrants and liberate slaves; and to teach men, that, nature having made them equal, no reason could be assigned for their becoming dependent but their mutual happiness.' In short, wherever these tribes appeared, liberty prevailed. They thought and acted for themselves. They were free, and loved the language of freedom. And England, above all countries, has reason to be grateful to her ancestors; while she feels proud that she is now free to enjoy and to do all the good to which Christian benevolence prompts her soul. England is one of the most favoured homes of the now widely spread family of Teutons; and we live to see the future destinies of our lineage sketched upon the widest and noblest continents of the earth.

- ART. V.—1. *The English Language*. By R. G. LATHAM, M.D. Walton and Maberly.
2. *A Grammar of the English Language, together with an Exposition of the Analysis of Sentences*. By J. D. MORELL, M.A., one of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools. Edinburgh: Constable and Co.
3. *An English Grammar, including the Principles of Grammatical Analysis*. By C. P. MASON, B.A. Walton and Maberly.
4. *The Elements of the English Language*. By ERNEST ADAMS. Bell and Daldy.
5. *A Grammar of the Anglo-Saxon Tongue*. By ERASMUS RASK. Translated from the Danish by B. THORPE. Copenhagen. 1830.
6. *An English School Grammar; with very copious Exercises*. By ALEXANDER ALLEN, Ph.D., and J. CORNWELL, Ph.D. Simpkin and Marshall.
7. *Elements of English Grammar*. By F. G. FLEAY, M.A., Vice-Principal of the Diocesan Training College, Oxon. London: Stanford.

'WORDS,' said the philosopher of Malmesbury, 'are the counters of wise men, but the money of fools.' There are those, however, who would reverse this *dictum*. It is not the wise man certainly who thinks that words are the representatives of value only, but have no worth or preciousness in themselves; and we believe that in the history of an age, as in that of every thoughtful man, increase of knowledge and experience only brings with it a deeper sense of their value and significance. There is a perennial interest in all inquiries which are concerned with the history and principles of language. What are these utterances of ours, and how do they fashion themselves? Do they form the garment only of the spiritual body, or are they a part of its organization, and an element in its life? Are they representations only of the images and conceptions which the mind has formed, or have they themselves had any share in the formation of those images and conceptions? Is the Divine gift of speech included as an essential part of the gift of reason, or is it only the complement and appendage to it? What are the laws which give language its validity and its marvellous power over the human soul? How far are we masters of our words, and how far are we their slaves? While history passes, and carries away the record of many questions, once full of interest, now solved and forgotten for ever; such questions as these still come surging up, in one form or other, to the surface of modern

thought, and still demand solution as much as in the old time before us. An inexhaustible mystery still belongs to human speech. Down deep in the nature of every man are feelings, and hopes, and wishes, and fears, and 'thoughts that wander through eternity;' yet these are shapeless and bodiless things, utterly incommunicable to others, and even incomprehensible to their own possessors, until they become objectively represented in the form of words. The process by which these mere sounds and combinations of letters convey the inward thoughts of one human being into the mind of another, is not the less awful and mysterious because it is familiar. It betokened a sympathy worthy of special commemoration in the loving record of a noble friendship, when—

'Thought leaped up to wed with thought,
Ere thought could shape itself to speech.'

There is but one relationship in life in which this speechless intercourse is even partially and occasionally realized; and then only when delicate insight is united to the profoundest moral sympathy and the tenderest love. But, for all other intercourse, human nature is fain to fall back upon the expedient of communicating by symbols more or less inadequate, and is dependent for its knowledge on the clearness with which it can interpret and the skill with which it uses them.

It would seem needless here to vindicate on *a priori* grounds the importance of verbal study as an element in education, were it not for the fact, that the principles on which its claims are founded have been long taken for granted, are seldom called in question, and so have suffered much of the neglect which, as Mr. Mill assures us, often befalls universally admitted truths. Could we contemplate the phenomena of human speech with fresh eyes, we should perceive that the study of its fundamental laws may be made to serve many purposes, besides those which are most obvious and practical. Regarded as an element in moral discipline, for example, it possesses eminent value. For one of the highest requisites in the moral life of man is veracity; a wholeness and unity of character; a perfect and faithful conformity between thoughts, words, and acts. George Herbert has condensed this thought into a characteristic sentence:—

'Let thine heart be true to God,
Thy mouth to it, thine actions to them both;'

and, indeed, there can be few nobler aims in education than to secure the triple harmony thus described. The perfect correspondence between objective realities and subjective conceptions,

constitutes substantial truth. The accordance of inward convictions with habitual practice constitutes truthfulness of character; while to bend all thought, will, and action, into conformity with the Divine mind, is the highest aspiration of a devout and truthful man. But that language should be a faithful, intelligible, and unmistakeable representation of the ideas for which it stands, is a condition indispensable to the attainment of any form of truth whatever. And this is a condition which is best secured by insisting on the minute and accurate study of words, their meanings, functions, and mutual relations. A training which gives the learner, at the outset of life, a sense of the sacredness which lies in words, and which makes him hesitate to use them carelessly, must always play an important part in moral discipline; for it cannot fail to strengthen the love of truth, and to facilitate its attainment.

Few subjects present a wider or more interesting field for speculation than the history and growth of a nation's speech. There are principles of grammar lying at its root; but these principles are concealed from view. They control its formation and growth; but at first they are unexamined, and, indeed, imperceptible. In the early and unconscious stage of a language, it is seen to be the spontaneous outgrowth of the national character, and to represent, with unerring exactness, the primitive wants and notions of the people, the kind of objects which surrounded them, and the life they lived. In Chaucer, for instance, are revealed the rough, healthy instincts of a community conscious of power, but unconscious of the sources from which it sprung, using a speech which they had not learned to analyse, but which, nevertheless, perfectly embodied their character, and vividly illustrated the nature of their life. A second period succeeds, in which the capabilities of the language are further developed. It no longer contents itself with the representation of things as they actually exist, but seeks to grasp thoughts beyond the range of ordinary experience. It ceases to describe men, and aspires to the knowledge of *man*; it breathes forth fancies, and utters poetry. It gives birth to a Homer, a Shakspeare, or a Dante, whose reach of thought is wider, and by whom language is made more comprehensive. 'In this second era,' Archdeacon Hare has said, 'there are other sympathies, and deeper harmonies and discords, than those which belong to ordinary life; and for this its new creation, language, endeavours to devise fitting symbols in words. This is the age of genial power in poetry, and of a luxurious richness in language' But it marks a still further advance in the development of human speech when it comes to be used as an instrument of reason and

reflection; when it seeks to express abstract conceptions, and regards attributes and actions as separate entities and objects of thought. In this third stage, its structure becomes more compact; connective and other words indicative of relations between ideas become of more importance; the native vocabulary proves to be inadequate, and many words are borrowed from an earlier tongue.* Yet what is thus gained in scientific precision, is apt to be lost in vividness, conciseness, and force; and, to the uneducated, the language of literature will appear at this period forced, pedantic, and artificial. In our own history this is especially true. From the time of Sir Thomas More to that of Clarendon, there was a constant endeavour to bend our Saxon speech to the genius of the language supposed to be superior. The words were English; but the arrangement was Latin. Notwithstanding an occasional and somewhat capricious use of coarse, home-born idioms, the style of English, during the period we have named, was overlaid with ornaments borrowed from an earlier cultivation. That a reaction in favour of the vernacular speech should follow such a period, is not only antecedently probable, but is in accordance with the actual facts. Dryden and Pascal were almost simultaneously endeavouring to banish learned phraseology, in their respective countries, and to show the sufficiency of the ordinary language of educated men for all the purposes of literature. When a nation has passed through all these phases of its literary history, it becomes more conscious of its own resources: it learns to be proud of them, and seeks to measure them. If it possesses a rich and abundant literature, it finds its vocabulary sufficient; it therefore ceases to acquire new stores; it betakes itself to criticism, to philology, and to the making of dictionaries. Not that there is necessarily any limit even then to its further development. Latin degenerated, it is true, after it had reached this stage; but the countrymen of Tennyson, of Ruskin, and of Macaulay, have a right to hope that their own language will not only survive the era of criticism, but also put forth new energies, and achieve mightier conquests.

As a question of purely historical interest, therefore, the examination of the successive phases through which a language has passed, is a study of no ordinary value. Every invasion or foreign conquest has left its traces in the vocabulary, and has more or less affected its structure. Peace, too, has had 'her victories no less renowned than war;' for every period of repose has fostered some new art or science, or form of thought, and

* See *Guesses at Truth. Second Series.*

thus demanded new words and idioms. That portion of the history of a nation's life which may be traced in the successive changes of its language, is by no means the least significant or instructive, although it is not superficially legible, and, in the order of time, is often the last portion which is read.

But the history of speech is still more curious, because it embodies a record of psychological facts. The development of every derived word from a primitive root is precisely analogous to the development of a rudimentary conception in a human mind. The inflection and history of the word form a key to the growth of the conception. The laws of thought are reflected as in a glass in the laws of language: the genesis of ideas in the mind is traceable in the structure of a word, or the analysis of a sentence. We cannot propose to ourselves a question in the science of grammar which does not touch some deeper question in the science of mind, underlying and giving significance to the mere verbal inquiry. The questions, for example, 'How many parts of speech are there?' and, 'In what order should they be arranged?' are only equivalent to the more important inquiries,—'What are the elementary conceptions which the mind forms?' 'What are essential, and what non-essential? and in what order are they developed?' We cannot distinguish a common from a proper name without being invited to consider the process of mental generalization; nor examine the structure of an abstract term without learning something of the act of mind by which qualities may be detached from objects, and thought of as if they possessed a real existence. Every process of thought, from the humblest act of comparison between natural objects, to the loftiest flight of imagination, results in the birth of a new form of language. The simple formation of a concept results in the making of a term. An act of judgment or comparison embodies itself in a sentence. Every modification of an assertion requires a corresponding modality in expression. The perception of each new logical relation calls into existence its appropriate connective or expletive particle. And hence it is not too much to say, that the scientific study of language must ever afford an important clue to the knowledge of mental laws. Grammar, in a certain sense, *is* psychology, and words, in their structure, their combinations, and their arrangement, furnish the truest index to the discovery of the laws of thinking, and the conditions of our knowledge. It is not by accident that the progress of true grammar has been coincident with the development of mental science; that Hobbes, Condillac, the Port-Royalists, Locke, Harris, and Mill, have been distinguished not only in metaphysical speculation, but as inquirers into the science of words; and that it is mainly by the

researches of German scholars, by Thiersch, Buttmann, and Matthiæ, that the grammar of the Greek language has of late been systematized and elucidated.

The obvious practical inference from the fact, that the study of grammar as a science brings with it so much incidental knowledge, and is so suggestive of valuable thought, is, that it is entitled to a high place in every comprehensive scheme of education. It is not, however, as a key to the knowledge of facts merely that it possesses the greatest value. It is far more important as an instrument of mental culture and discipline. For, if we regard words merely as the representatives of thought, it is of the last importance that those who use them should have been taught to examine their meaning, and attach precise meanings to them. If truth be, as it has been defined, the accordance of the representation with the thing represented, it behoves the thinker to acquire the habit of comparing his words constantly with his thoughts, and with the realities which both profess to represent. Indefiniteness and haziness in the use of speech are the source of much indistinctness of thought, and of untold errors and confusions of opinion. The natural remedy for these evils is that minute attention to the powers and significations of words which is involved in grammatical study. To one who has received no training of this kind, precision and exactness of thought are almost unattainable.

But words are something more than representations of ideas; they form the mechanism by which thought is carried on; and, in fact, by which it becomes possible. That a system of determinate symbols is an indispensable condition of all thought is a thesis which we are not concerned here to maintain, although many eminent authorities might be quoted in its favour.* It

* 'Language is evidently, and by the admission of all philosophers, one of the principal instruments or helps of thought; and any imperfection in the instrument, or in the mode of employing it, is confessedly liable, still more than in almost any other art, to confuse and impede the process, and destroy all ground of confidence in the result.'—*J. S. Mill, Logic*, i., 1.

'That language is an instrument of human reason, and not merely a medium for the expression of thought, is a truth generally admitted.....It is the business of science to investigate laws; and, whether we regard signs as the representatives of things and of their relations, or as the representatives of the conceptions and operations of the human intellect, in studying the laws of signs we are in effect studying the manifested laws of reason. Although, in investigating the law of signs, *à posteriori*, the immediate subject of examination is language, with the rules which govern its use, while, in making the internal processes of thought the direct object of inquiry, we appeal in a more immediate way to our personal consciousness,—it will be found that in both cases the results obtained are formally equivalent. Nor could we easily conceive that the unnumbered tongues and dialects of the earth should have preserved, through a long succession of ages, so much that is common and universal, were we not assured of the existence of some deep foundation of their agreement in the laws of the mind itself.'—*Boole's Investigation of the Laws of Thought*, ii., 1.

suffices here to say that language is essential to steady, continuous, accurate, or communicable thought. To extend a man's vocabulary is to increase the number and range of his conceptions, by giving him a *catalogue raisonné* of those which other men have formed. But it is to do much more than this. Until he acquires sufficient command over language, his own conceptions are indistinct, shadowy, and purposeless: he is unable to use them, to group them together, or to make them the rudiments of new thoughts. Every act of mind implies and requires the means of registering its result, before it can be rendered available in any new operation. Increased command over language, and discrimination in its use, are practically equivalent to an extension in the area of a man's knowledge, and to his improvement as a reflecting and reasoning being.

It is for this reason that a man's words represent more faithfully his character and life than any other indication he can give. It is a trite thing to say that by *λόγος* is primarily meant mere vocal utterance; and secondly the reason, the thinking power, the whole mental energy which is in a man. But the truth embodied in this common-place is one of abiding value. The real physiognomy of a man lies in his speech more than in his countenance. There is no test at once so compendious and so safe of a man's character, as the words he uses. By his choice of these is revealed his power of mental and moral discernment; by his command over them, the range of his thoughts, his intellectual flexibility and promptitude; by the structure of his sentences, the orderliness of his mind; by his pronunciation, his refinement and breeding; by his tones, the amount of self-restraint and moral force which lies in him. The speech is the life, not only its true representative and outcome, but also, by a strange reciprocal action, the instrument of its formation, and the material of its development.

There is, we may confidently hope, no danger that these elementary truths will ever cease to be recognised in English education, or that the study of language will ever become neglected or despised among us. Yet we are constantly subject to influences which tend in this direction. Modern science, with its material triumphs and its locomotive vigour, is daily filling up a larger segment of the circle of our knowledge, and making greater claims upon our attention. In the midst of a society which mainly respects the growth and diffusion of 'useful knowledge,' the claims of a study which is chiefly, if not solely, valuable as an instrument of subjective development, are constantly liable to be overlooked. We associate the thought of national progress too exclusively with mechanical discoveries,

and with an increase in the sum of human knowledge. Yet it must ever remain true, that all real national progress must be based on individual progress. The collective advance of society, if it means anything, and is not a misleading and rhetorical common-place, must be brought about by the increase of worth and thoughtfulness on the part of the several units which compose that society. It can never be promoted more effectually than by a branch of study which possesses the characteristics we have described. Inward strength and clearness, analytical skill and general mastery over thought, can never be otherwise than helpful in the growth of the individual, and must therefore be of the highest value to the community. That the study of language is mainly valuable as a means of subjective development, is in fact its chief recommendation. That it seems to contribute little to the advantage of society collectively, and nothing to the world's material resources, is a special reason why we should be on our guard against all temptations to undervalue it, or to overlook its importance.

There can be little doubt that the value of verbal studies, regarded in this light, was fully recognised by the Greeks. No one can study the Dialogues of Plato without discovering how eminent a position that philosopher and the master whom he venerated assigned to verbal criticism and definition. Many of Socrates' dialogues, both in Plato and Xenophon, are largely taken up with discussions as to the meaning of words. The honour accorded to Hermes, the praise universally given to oratory, not merely in the later days of Athenian disputation, but in the Homeric ages, serve to indicate that *ῥήματα πτερόεντα* were felt to embody a real power in Greece, and a power which men sought to wield efficiently. However sophists and philosophers might differ in aim and in the method of their teaching, they all concurred in placing logic, grammar, and rhetoric at the basis of all liberal education, and in seeking rather to strengthen the discerning and constructive powers of the mind than to impart mere information. Yet it is worth remembering that the instrument thus employed for mental discipline was a vernacular tongue, the history of which was scarcely discussed, and the relations of which to other tongues was absolutely unknown. Philology as a science was not cultivated. Etymology, requiring as it does patient and comprehensive induction, was not suited to the genius of the Greek mind, even had the materials for it been accessible; and no sense of the value of foreign languages as a means of communicating with neighbouring nations seems to have existed. Intellectual culture was the only thing contemplated in the Greek schools by the study of

language, and the end was attained by the laborious examination of the rules and *formule* of one language, and without any discovery of the principles of philology generally. We do not except the well-known chapters on the choice and use of words in the *Rhetoric* and *Poetic* of Aristotle; which, although full of valuable hints as to style and expression generally, are only concerned with language as a vehicle for the communication of thought, rather than as being itself a subject worthy of investigation *per se*.

We are scarcely entitled to draw any positive inferences from the scant allusions to grammatical studies which occur in Latin writers; but it is well known that the Greek language was the fashionable study and the prime element in the liberal education of the Roman youth in the Augustan age. Long before this, however, Roman writers had received their best inspiration from those of Greece; and the taste for verbal speculation and dissection which is so well illustrated in the philosophical writings of Cicero, was evidently a tradition in the schools of Athens, which lingered long, and did much to mould the intellectual character of the Empire. Grammar was laboriously taught to Horace by the '*plagosus Orbilius*,' and probably to other Roman youths by pedagogues of a similar stamp. It acquired new value as a key to Greek literature and culture, but it gathered no added importance as an object of separate inquiry. The great Latin writers after Seneca, such as Tacitus and Quintilian, did not, it is true, cease to be philosophers, but they were no longer pure and formal philosophers. And hence the application of philosophy to practical life assumed in their eyes more importance than speculative inquiries which seemed to lead to no visible result. Amid all the changes which followed the disruption of the Roman Empire, it is remarkable to notice that wherever learning was cultivated at all, the knowledge of verbal niceties continued in high esteem. St. Augustine complains bitterly that in the days of his youth offences against the laws of grammar were visited more severely than offences against the laws of God. The very name of the Nominalist and Realist controversy, and the most cursory view of the history of Abelard, Occam, Duns Scotus, and Peter Lombard, recal to us a time when word-splitting was considered the great business of scholarship. The last of these great schoolmen, better known as the '*Master of the Sentences*,' is, perhaps, the most remarkable for the subtle and refined distinctions on which he insisted, and for the degree in which his works illustrate the tendency of the age. In this period, Mr. Maurice says, the '*Universities* were almost exclusively word-laboratories;' and there can be

little doubt that the rhetoricians and sophists of this period valued mere verbal quibbling to an extent which had been unknown among those of earlier times. Throughout Mediæval Europe language was minutely studied as a help to clearness of speech, and as a safeguard for theological and philosophical precision; but comparative philology continued unknown; while the heaps of *scholia* and commentary which were laboriously accumulated upon the most popular writers certainly added little to the attractions of scholarship, and less to its germinating and progressive power.

The revival of learning may be regarded in some respects as a reaction from the excessive deference to mere *formal* truth, and as a movement of the mind of Europe towards the investigation of actual realities instead of the mere relations between words. Thus it happened that the increased love of Greek learning and literature, while it widened the range and deepened the character especially of English scholarship, did not reproduce the enthusiastic ardour for verbal discipline which had characterized the older civilizations. The eminent writers even of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, who vindicated the study of the ancient languages, mainly confine their defence of that study to the practical advantage of acquaintance with the classic authors. Milton, in his elaborate but impracticable scheme of study, includes not only the best known classic writers, but Cato, Varro, Columella, Vitruvius, Mela, Celsus, Aratus, Nicander, Theophrastus, Oppian, and Dionysius. He proposed to teach agriculture and physics through the medium of Latin and Greek writers, and in fact exhibits, throughout the whole of his famous tractate, a preference for ancient authors, not only as instruments of culture, but as *sources of information*. We cannot doubt that his own genius and taste led him to set up a standard of knowledge utterly unattainable, except to a few, and concealed from him the true and abiding difficulties of elementary education.* John Locke, who, in his thoughtful and elaborate book on this subject, may be said to be

* Yet what can be wiser in aim or worthier in motive than Milton's theory as shown in the following extract?—'But here the main skill and ground work will be to tender them such lectures and explanations upon every opportunity as may lead and draw them in willing obedience, inflamed with the study of learning and the admiration of virtue, stirred up with high hopes of living to be brave men and worthy patriots, dear to God and famous to all ages; that they may despise and scorn all their childish and ill-taught qualities, to delight in manly and liberal exercises, which he who hath the art and proper eloquence to catch them with—what with mild and effectual persuasions, and what with the intimation of some fear, if need be, but chiefly by his own example—might, in a short space, gain them to an incredible diligence and courage, infusing into their own breasts such an ingenuous and noble ardour as would not fail to make many of them renowned and matchless men.'

the worthiest representative which his age produced of advanced views on education, and whose works, though now almost forgotten, anticipate many improvements which it has been reserved for Lancaster, Pestalozzi, Pillans, and Arnold, to carry into execution, has described at great length his reasons for giving grammatical study a high place in his ideal school. But his reasons are limited to considerations arising out of the value of the languages themselves as means of communication. Latin and French he would teach by conversation; he would 'trouble the child with no grammar at all, but have Latin, as English is, *talked* into him without the perplexity of rules. He learns English without master, rule, or grammar; and so might he Latin too, as Tully did, if he had somebody always to talk to him in this language.' He goes on to discuss the practical utility of Latin, which he holds to be indispensable to gentlemen, because of the necessity of reading many books in that language, but wholly unnecessary to persons engaged in trade. He especially deprecates what he calls 'puzzling children by asking such questions as, "Which is the nominative case?" or demanding what *aufero* signifies, to lead them to the knowledge of what *abstulere* signifies, &c. In sciences, where their reason is to be exercised, I will not deny,' he adds, 'that difficulties may be proposed on purpose to excite inquiry, and accustom the mind to employ its own strength and sagacity in reasoning; but in learning of languages there is least occasion for posing of children. For languages being to be learned by rote, custom, and memory, are then spoken in the greatest perfection when all rules of grammar are utterly forgotten.....I know not why any one should waste his time and beat his head about the Latin Grammar who does not intend to be a critic or make speeches and write dispatches in it.'

There is here no perception of any disciplinal end to be served by the study of grammar. The practical business-like end—ability to speak, write, and read the language—is plainly all that Locke contemplates. It is manifest that on these principles the philosopher, had he lived in our own day, and perhaps even Milton himself, would have discarded the study of Latin altogether. The practical utility of that language as a key to valuable acquirements, and as a medium of communication between learned men, has been steadily diminishing during the last two centuries; and Locke's reasons for teaching it would be repudiated, in part, at least, by every enlightened teacher of modern times. We cannot doubt, therefore, that the Greek and Latin languages retain their rank in the curriculum of modern education on other than mere practical grounds.

In all our higher schools and colleges, the critical and grammatical study of the two ancient languages is regarded as the best means of mental discipline and of general culture. The principles which we have laid down as applicable to the systematic investigation of language generally, find their recognition in this country in the form of an almost exclusive preference for Latin and Greek. Notwithstanding the occasional protest of a Rousseau or a Sydney Smith, and the modern attempts to make other studies the objects of academic distinction; it remains true that those languages have continued to monopolize to themselves the name of scholarship, and that ignorance of them, however it may be compensated by the possession of other knowledge, is considered to indicate imperfect education and inferior social position.

It is impossible to discuss the true merits of such a question, without fairly admitting that the flower of our English youth are educated on this hypothesis; that our literature is mainly the work of men who have received classical education; that men are naturally grateful to a system by which their own intellectual nurture has been effected, and so are blinded to its defects; that few men like to confess ignorance of that which is generally regarded as an essential part of a gentleman's education; and that, in fact, the social status of a man in this country is partly dependent upon his knowledge and opinions on this point. All these circumstances combine to discourage the utterance of a perfectly impartial decision on the subject, and render it especially difficult to look at the question with fresh eyes. If the current opinion as to the paramount importance of what is generally called classical learning be unsound, it is certain that the peculiar nature of the subject, the prejudices of education, and the *esprit du corps* which must ever exist among those who have had a liberal training, and who feel themselves socially elevated above the multitude, must have a tendency to perpetuate the error, and to give it an artificial and mischievous vitality.

We believe that these circumstances, however, only render it the more incumbent upon us to examine the claims usually made for the Latin and Greek languages, and to ask whether those claims are tenable. It is, perhaps, better frankly to avow our own conviction, that the systematic study of our vernacular tongue has been unduly depreciated, and that much of the time now given to the classics would be much better devoted to English. But in fairness it seems necessary that we should set clearly before us the main arguments on which our present practice is based. Those arguments have been so frequently

and fully stated in the writings of Professor Pillans, Dr. Whewell, and others, that it will be easy to present them in a condensed form. Latin and Greek are preferred as instruments of mental discipline and æsthetic culture to modern languages on the grounds,—

1. That, on account of their more perfect organization, both as to inflexion and structure, they form better types of language, and are better fitted to exemplify the primary laws of human speech.

2. That the single fact that they are *dead*, and therefore unchangeable in their forms, gives them greater philological value by preserving them from deterioration, from vulgarism, and from modern, ephemeral, and accidental associations.

3. That the literature to which these languages introduce us is itself of the highest value, affording unrivalled materials for cultivating taste, and for suggesting thought; and that it is only by learning the languages that access can be attained to the mind of antiquity, and that the treasures of its poetry, philosophy, and eloquence, can be appropriated.

4. That even for the true comprehension of our own tongue, it is necessary to study the ancient languages; partly because so large a number of English words is derived from them, partly because our own literature is so saturated with classical allusions and modes of thought, but principally because any modern language is best studied through the medium of an ancient one, and can only be thoroughly understood by a comparison of its forms with those of a more perfect type.

5. That it is desirable to preserve the ancient literature from neglect and oblivion, and it is therefore necessary to encourage those traditions which preserve among us the sense of its value, and which enable us to retain an organized body of scholars qualified to hand down that literature to posterity.

Various as these reasons have been at different times, we believe that they constitute the fundamental principles which, whether explicit or implied, are at the root of the estimation in which Greek and Latin are held among us. There is also, it must be owned, a sufficient element of truth in them to render the fallacy of the general conclusion especially difficult to detect. Admit the necessity for mental training by means of language, and the rest of the argument is supposed to follow necessarily; the classic tongues are held to be universally indispensable, and all the youth of our middle and upper classes, whatever may be their intended destination, are to be compelled to go through the same course of drilling in the Latin grammar, and in the construction of Greek iambs, and to employ

seven or eight of the best years of their lives in acquiring those accomplishments. We, on the contrary, think it possible to admit the premises, and yet to demur to the conclusion; we are convinced that discipline in the right use of the vehicle of language is of great and essential importance, but we are just as strongly convinced that in a large number of cases this discipline might be more profitably obtained from other sources than from the study of the Greek and Roman classics.

If the Latin and Greek grammars were taught philosophically in our grammar schools, there would perhaps be some ground for confining all verbal studies to those languages; but it is notorious that grammar is generally taught simply as a collection of empirical rules. The Eton Latin Grammar, which is, we believe, the handiwork of Camden, and dates as far back as 1595, is still a popular book, and furnishes a good example of the hard unintelligent way in which grammar is often taught, even by those who defend its study on the ground of its value in mental training. The science of grammar labours under the disadvantage of an unscientific terminology which has descended from the writings of early scholiasts to our own time, and which seriously mystifies the student and impedes his progress. Such words as Active, Neuter, Relative, and Preposition, are all used in grammar in a purely technical sense, which differs from their obvious meanings. Attempts have been made at times to simplify the rules of grammar, and to give it a nomenclature more likely to render its fundamental principles intelligible; but the conservative instincts of teachers, and the traditions of the great classical schools, have proved too strong; and to this hour we believe that many classical teachers consider it a valuable part of the discipline afforded by grammar that its difficulties are multiplied and unexplained at the outset, that it demands a severe exercise of memory and a total suspension of judgment during all its elementary stages, and that the phraseology employed throughout the whole study appears arbitrary, unintelligible, and unattractive. Far from increasing the control a student has over language generally, and encouraging a voluntary pursuit of verbal investigation, we believe that the classic grammars, as generally taught, produce disgust in the learner, and conceal from him the true use of the science of words. Wordsworth was certainly not insensible to the value of verbal discipline, yet he declares that classical studies, as they were pursued in his youth, both at school and at the university, were not only not helpful but positively a hindrance to its

attainment. To how many persons does the record of his experience sound like an echo of their own ! 'I was,' he says,

' Misled in estimating words, not only
By common inexperience of youth,
But by the trade in classic niceties,
The dangerous craft of culling term and phrase
From languages that want the living voice
To carry meaning to the natural heart,
To tell us what is passion, what is truth,
What reason, what simplicity, what sense.'

Prelude, book vi.

Nothing but dry, soulless, empirical teaching could leave an impression like this upon a mind constituted like Wordsworth's. Perhaps it will be urged that his tastes specially unfitted him to enjoy classic learning, or to avail himself of it ; but, in this respect, he surely represented a very large majority of those who are subjected to such training. The truth is, that the whole theory of 'classical instruction' rests on the hypothesis, that it is pursued far enough to become an instrument of culture. To those who will, hereafter, have leisure to receive a complete university education, all the preliminary discipline in grammar and versification is indispensable. The superstructure and general character of thought which an accurate scholar obtains, require such a foundation ; but to those who will never rear any edifice of scholarship at all, the foundation is of no value. Up to a certain point, the study of the ancient languages is felt by most to be a wearisome task-work ; after that point has been once reached, the student begins to *feel* the language, to think in it, to catch its genius and spirit, to become partaker of the mind of Rome or Athens, and to enjoy communion with it. He who has reached this point is richly rewarded for his toil ; and, in his case, we cheerfully grant that all the advantages contemplated in classic study are fully realized. But we doubt if one in fifty of those who, under our present methods, are studying Latin and Greek, ever advances so far. To the rest, who struggle painfully through a Grammar and *Delectus* ; who, after just contriving to hammer a little meaning out of Cæsar, Ovid, and Xenophon, are absorbed into commercial or professional life ; their classical schooling is a mere piece of pedantry, a burden which they soon shake off, and which is ever after associated in their minds with remembrances of wasted time, and with feelings of vexation, if not of disgust. To how many thousand Englishmen in the middle and upper ranks of life are the reminiscences of *τύπτω*, of aorists and pluperfect tenses, of

the *Gradus*, the Latin verses, and the whole paraphernalia of gerund-grinding, simply repulsive !

The reason for this deserves a little investigation. A certain portion of every systematic study must needs be technical and empirical ; but at a given stage the subject acquires a new character, and demands the independent energies of the student. This is the point at which acquirement passes into culture ; the mind ceases to be receptive merely, but becomes generative and active. Then, and not till then, knowledge is assimilated, becomes a part of the mental life of the possessor, begins to reproduce itself in new forms, to colour his thoughts, to fashion his speech, to influence his manners. Now the particular era at which this is possible differs much, according to the nature of the subject taught. In some, and especially in the humbler and simpler departments of education, it occurs early, in mathematics later, in classical study later still. But unless progress be made up to this point, no study is worth pursuing at all. Every thing taught should have either a practical or a disciplinal end ; and just as reading, writing, and arithmetic are worth nothing, unless they be carried far enough to serve some useful purpose in life, and to become instruments in the hand of one who can employ them for himself ; so the higher subjects of education, which are designed to cultivate the judgment and the taste, are utterly valueless if they fall short of the limit at which routine ends and culture begins. We believe, however, that this is the case with the immense majority of those who, in our own country at least, learn the rudiments of the Greek and Latin languages. They never go beyond the rudiments. They do not advance far enough to obtain any intellectual equivalent for their labour. Before their classical studies have had time to react upon their tastes, or to affect their style either of thinking or expression, those studies are finally abandoned ; and the acquirement has been a barren and worthless one, simply because it has been acquirement merely, and has never become anything more.

We do not dispute the necessity of keeping up a reverence for the ancient literature, and of encouraging a body of students to devote their time to the task of perpetuating and illustrating it. It is impossible to estimate the loss we should sustain if the link which binds us to the ancient world were severed, or if it should become the fashion among us to think slightly of the intellectual treasures which we inherit from the past. But let us confine the task of digging for those treasures to those who can reasonably hope to appropriate them. There will always be a large class, and we trust a constantly increasing one, of

students able to pursue classical studies beyond the point we have described ;—men destined for literary pursuits, or for the higher professions, or otherwise willing

‘*Curvo dignoscere rectum,
Atque inter silvas Academi querere verum,*’

and fitted, by habit and circumstances, to avail themselves of the advantages which such discipline can afford. But this class will always be a limited one ; and it is as cruel as it is impolitic to give to ninety-nine children a training unsuited to their actual wants, in order to secure that the hundredth one shall be duly qualified to take his part in recruiting this exclusive class.

As to the supposed necessity of learning the principles of language in connexion with a dead and unchangeable tongue, rather than with a living and fluctuating one, we cannot do better than quote the words of an able writer in the *Westminster Review*, who says :—

‘It is a mere truism to affirm that the classic tongues are now, that is, henceforward, unchangeable, while the modern tongues are liable to future change ; but changes which have not yet occurred are clearly no more to us than changes which can never occur. A language, at any given point of its history, is just as much fixed as the classic tongues are now. Our own language, for example, is, to us at this moment, something equally fixed, whether it shall be exactly the same or widely different a century hence. On the other hand, the “classic” tongues, no more than any modern language, are free from the changes which time has wrought in everything human. Is there no change in the Latin tongue perceptible in Tacitus or Juvenal as compared with Ennius or Plautus ? Is the difference much less than that between Chaucer and Cowper ? If there be still a classic standard of good Latinity among scholars, so that they can at once distinguish an archaism or a neologism, is there not a similar standard of good “classic” English, or French, or German, at any point of those nations’ progress,—for example, at this day ?’ *

There can be no doubt of the immense importance of comparison in the study of grammar. The principles of language which underlie the rules of a particular grammar can never be adequately understood from the study of a single language. One great part of the discipline which grammar is meant to give lies in the distinction between those rules which are common and necessary to all human speech, and those which are accidental. But in order to exhibit this distinction, it is sufficient to select any two languages which are not exactly cognate. For

* We are glad to find that this admirable and exhaustive article, ‘Classical Instruction : its Use and Abuse,’ has been reprinted, and is now published in a separate form.

example, a boy will gain as much knowledge of the principles of language by learning French and English together, or French and German, as by studying Latin and Greek. Except that the best grammarians happen to be those whose knowledge of the subject has been derived from the study of the ancient tongues, there is no reason whatever why grammar should be mainly pursued in these days through the medium of those languages. And this one reason, being an accidental one, cannot form a permanent or valid argument in favour of our present practice.

The truth is, that the claims which Latin and Greek make for pre-eminence in education, are traditional and historical; and mainly applicable to an earlier time, far more than to our own. When Latin was the language of the universal Church, as well as the medium of all theological and philosophic controversy, it possessed an unquestioned dignity and importance, which gave it a right to hold a foremost place in education. And when, in still later times, it continued to be not only the key to all the accumulated wisdom of antiquity, but also the common language of educated Europe, its claims were scarcely diminished. But a modern Erasmus or Descartes would not write in Latin. No new Bacon or Newton would promulgate a *Novum Organum* or a *Principia* in that language. Its value as a means of communication among the educated men of Europe is practically extinct. We doubt if another Dr. Johnson, travelling on the Continent, would find it available for colloquial purposes. The few Latin prelections and orations, which the custom of our older universities continues to demand on special occasions, are listened to with an impatience which proves that few of the hearers have acquired the habit of *thinking* in Latin; and except as mere exertitions of memory and exactness, Latin composition, both in prose and verse, has ceased to possess any practical value. We are far from urging these things as reasons for abandoning the study of Latin; but we are sure they are good reasons for reconsidering its claims to hold its present place in education. *Absolutely*, classical study is as valuable a discipline as ever for the human mind; but, *relatively*, it must hold a lower and lower place as the stores of knowledge and the means of mental culture are multiplying in other directions. We are sure that no one, looking with fresh eyes on modern Europe, its wants, and its intellectual resources, would come to the conclusion that the languages of Greece and Rome constituted exclusively, or even mainly, the key to the highest mental acquisitions. And even if it were assumed that the average student of Latin and Greek becomes acquainted with

the literature as well as the grammar of these tongues, and so receives a kind of æsthetic culture, we should hesitate to allow that such culture was not attainable in the languages of Goethe and Schiller, of Dante and Tasso, of Racine and Corneille, or of Shakspeare, Milton, and Wordsworth.

On all these grounds, we believe that for the vast majority of those who in this country are initiated, at great expense of time and labour, into the study of Latin and Greek, the systematic study of the English language and of our vernacular literature would prove a more useful employment of time. In Germany, while Latin and Greek still hold the principal places in the curriculum of the *Gymnasia*, or higher schools, modern languages are substituted in the *real-Schulen*, in which those students are admitted who are not intended for professional, but for commercial, life. In the former places of education, students remain until the age of nineteen; but, in the latter, as the period of training terminates, on an average, at fifteen or sixteen, it is thought better not to lay a foundation on which no superstructure is likely to be reared. Evidences are not wanting that public opinion in our own country is undergoing a change, which will, hereafter, produce an analogous modification * in the current system of education; but we are still much hampered by traditional usage, and far from a true recognition of the real state of the case.

A very serious objection to any attempt to substitute English for Latin as a grammatical discipline has long existed. It has been said, and with great justice, that books on English grammar have been worthless and unphilosophical; filled with arbitrary rules, and utterly unfitted to impart any mental training whatever. So long as Murray, Lennie, and Vyse, were the text-books, the complaint was a just one. These books, and, indeed, all the ordinary manuals on what was called English grammar, appear to have been written in profound ignorance, not only of the scope and meaning of grammar as a science, but also of the special history and structure of English. It would seem that the writers of our school grammars had received more or less of a classical education, had derived their notions of what grammar meant from the study of the classical grammars alone, and had transferred to their own books such of the well known rules of Latin etymology and syntax as appeared to have any counter-

* It is an important and significant fact, that in the examinations recently instituted at Oxford and Cambridge, for students who are not members of the University, English Language and Literature, French, German, Physical Science, and Drawing, are admitted as alternative subjects with Latin and Greek, and that acquaintance with the latter subjects is not indispensable in obtaining the honours of those examinations.

part or relation, however remote, in the English language. But until recently no attempt appears to have been made to investigate the structure and peculiarities of English from a non-classical point of view, or to discuss its relations to the Teutonic tongues generally. This is one of the fundamental errors which have been most common in the treatment of this subject, but it is by no means the only one.

It has been usual to define grammar at the outset, as the 'art of speaking and writing the English language with propriety.' Now, if grammar be an art, its only object is to secure the right choice and arrangement of words according to the existing usage of educated persons. Hence, rules telling the student what to say and what to avoid, constitute the only practical outcome of such teaching, and are in fact often regarded as its ultimate and legitimate purpose. But, in fact, grammar is not an art, but a science; its object is not to lay down empirical rules, but to investigate principles. It is not meant to tell us what to do, but how to think. Spelling, pronunciation, punctuation, and the arrangement of words in a prose sentence, as distinguished from the measure allowable in verse, are matters of custom and accident, based on no principles of logical relation or sequence, and seldom traceable to any laws of thought. It is very desirable to know these things, and, indeed, it is a disgrace to be ignorant of them, but they do not constitute grammar. Moreover, if they are learned at all, it is from habit and practice, from the conversation and usage of the society in which we live, and not from books or rules. The power 'to speak and write the English language with propriety' is the result of having good models before us, and of endeavouring constantly to imitate them. It is a question of tact, of perception, of good breeding and manners: but not one of science. Our speech is regulated by the associations we form, and the company we keep, not by the rules we have learned from books. If the *art* of grammar alone were worth acquiring, scarcely any such rules or definitions would be wanted; for it would be acquired like all other arts by imitation, by watchfulness, and by constant practice. This fundamental error in the definition of the subject affects its whole treatment, and constitutes a cardinal vice of the old-fashioned school grammars.

Again, there is no clear distinction made in the ordinary books between the province of logic and that of grammar properly so called. Grammar is a formal science. It is concerned with the forms of words and the structure of sentences, but it is not concerned with their meanings. The distinction, for example, which is retained in all our popular school-books between a

proper and a *common* noun, is a purely logical one. It descends to us as a relic of the old scholastic distinction between universals and particulars, and connects itself with metaphysical inquiries of undoubted interest. But it has no place whatever in grammar. Except by the accident that the proper name is generally recognised by the size of the initial letter, there is nothing distinguishable in the forms of the two classes of words. The question is not one of etymology; for in the structure of the common and proper nouns there is no uniform difference: nor is it one of syntax; for there is no kind of concord or government which characterizes the one class and not the other. It is purely a logical question, and to place the distinction under the head of grammar is to confuse the learner's perceptions as to the true province of the study, and as to the kind of questions which it undertakes to solve. This one example is only a type of a larger class of distinctions which in a similar manner ought to be discussed from a purely grammatical point of view. Thus the relation in which a person or thing stands to the fundamental assertion made in a sentence is wholly a matter of logic. In distinguishing the subjective from the objective relation, and both from such other relations as the classic grammarians call ablative, dative, or vocative, the mind is concerned with the meanings, not the forms, of words. If any one of these logical relations is indicated by an inflection, as it is in Latin or Greek, the question becomes one of grammar, but not otherwise. Among English nouns, for instance, there is no grammatical distinction of nominative and objective case: there is, indeed, a very real distinction between subject and object, and one to which the student's attention ought to be directed; but the question is one of logical analysis purely, and not one of grammar. So also the distinction of sex is a physical one, and has in itself no title to form part of the science of words. It is only when that distinction is marked by a corresponding distinction in the form of a word that it becomes grammatical, and gives rise to *gender*. Between such words as 'father' and 'mother,' 'brother' and 'sister,' 'uncle' and 'aunt,' there is no etymological relation; and in such cases therefore gender does not exist. The fundamental fault of our grammars is that they seldom or never inquire into the limits of grammatical inflection; that having once pointed out the logical relation of the terms of a proposition, or a physical distinction, such as sex, they assume that the grammatical or formal distinctions of case and gender are co-extensive with the real distinctions themselves, and thus introduce confusion and vagueness into a study which is specially intended to cultivate precision of thought.

It is a still more serious fault that within the legitimate range of grammar itself, so many inconsistencies disfigure the current treatises. Grammar does not really deserve the name of a science unless it teaches a careful distinction between the provinces of etymology and of syntax. Such distinctions of meaning as are represented by the inflection of a word are matters of etymology, and those which are represented by a combination or concord of words are matters of syntax. Thus the idea of past time in an English verb (awake, awoke; hear, heard) is expressed by an etymological change, while that of future time (I shall awake, I will hear) is expressed by a syntactical change. To assign the names 'past' and 'future' tense to these two modifications of meaning, as if the word *tense* stood in both cases for the same thing, is to mystify a student, by confounding things essentially different. 'Ancient languages,' says Bacon, in the *Advancement of Learning*, 'were more full of declensions, cases, conjugations, tenses, and the like; the modern commonly destitute of these, do loosely deliver themselves in many expressions by prepositions and auxiliary verbs.*' It is the proper function of verbal science to distinguish carefully between these two modes of expressing ideas; and in Bacon's time this was thought to be an important part of grammar. One of his contemporaries, Ben Jonson, has left behind him a useful treatise on English grammar, (published in 1640,) which, though it does not constitute his chief claim to a place in our literature, is in many respects a noteworthy book. Throughout this work, the distinction between *accidence* and *syntax* is clearly kept in view. Of *case* Jonson says, that 'the absolute and the genitive are the only accidents of English nouns;' but in pronouns he of course recognises the existence of an objective. Future and perfect tenses are relegated to syntax, the past only being treated under the head 'etymology.' In comparing adjectives, it is said that in words like 'strong, stronger, strongest,' there are three degrees of comparison, but that in the case of other adjectives (*e.g.*, beautiful, more beautiful, most beautiful) there is no inflection, the same notion being expressed 'by a syntax,' and with the help of adverbs. We do not hesitate to say, that in scientific insight, and in the methodical arrangement of rules and principles, the old Grammar of Ben Jonson, though written by one who had derived all his notions of grammar from that of the Latin language, and who was perfectly ignorant

* Bacon adds to this, 'May it not be conjectured that the wits of former times were more subtle and acute than ours are?' We do not concur in his inference, but the importance of showing the essential difference between these two forms of expression appears to us to be unquestionable.

of Anglo-Saxon, contrasts most favourably with Lindley Murray, and most of his successors.

A confusion scarcely less important is visible in the ordinary grammatical text-books between rules of syntax and rules of rhetoric. Syntax is concerned with *concord*, by virtue of which one word agrees with another, and demands a corresponding inflection; with *government*, by which one word influences another, and causes it to assume a particular form; and with rules of *construction* generally. But it is rhetoric which teaches the order in which words can be most effectively arranged, which discusses the effect of a double negative, points out the propriety of placing the emphatic word first in a sentence, or warns us against using adjectives for adverbs. It is here that a mistaken view of the true province of grammar often proves most mischievous. Generally it may be said that all rules of syntax, properly so called, are rules of universal grammar, founded on principles lying near the root of the science of human speech. But the rules which determine the order of the words and the idiomatic usages of a particular tongue, are purely accidental, and are seldom traceable to any principle at all. We do not say that rules of this latter class are useless, but only that they should be carefully distinguished from those of the former. There are in the grammars of all languages some rules which regulate the speech of a people, and some which are themselves regulated by that speech. The former lay down the principles on which all language should be formed; the latter are meant to legalize practices and idioms, which, whether right or wrong theoretically, have become current, and have proved too strong for the grammarians. In English grammars these two classes of rules are indiscriminately mixed, they are all illustrated with the same amount of elaboration and care, exercises are generally given on all of them alike; and no attempt is made to convey to the pupil any sense of the difference between that which is right in itself and that which is right by accident; between the primary laws which control usage, and the secondary laws which usage makes for itself; between grammar and rhetoric; between the principles of a science and the rules of an art.

Almost all grammars commence with an enumeration of the twenty-six letters of the alphabet, and with some unintelligible sentences about diphthongs, triphthongs, and semivowels. Now, since orthography and orthoepy are generally considered to lie outside the area of strict grammar, and since the spelling of English words is seldom determined by rule, but is liable to constant and capricious changes, it is difficult to know what purpose is served by such an enumeration. The truth is, that an

investigation of the *powers* of our letters would serve some very important purposes in grammar. Why, in the case of the two plurals, 'hat, hats,' 'road, roads,' the letter 's,' though the same to the eye, should give two different sounds; (*hatce*, *roadz*;) why, in the past tenses of the verbs 'hope, hoped,' and 'love, loved,' the one should be sounded like *t* and the other like *d*; why *sapor* should become *savor*, and *camera*, *chamber*, in passing from Latin to English; and why we should say *imperfect* and *illogical* rather than *inperfect* and *inlogical*; are questions which deserve investigation in grammar; and which are only to be solved by those who can perceive the true powers of letters, and the phonic relations of the several sounds, as distinguished from the mere forms and names of the characters which represent them. Yet it is rare to find any attempt made in books to give the simple and elementary lesson by which this knowledge could be acquired. On the contrary, such reference as is generally made to the alphabet is wholly misleading and absurd. To the ear, for example, the vowel sound is the same in the three words, *could*, *wood*, and *full*. To the eye there is a difference. Science is, of course, concerned with the sound, not the spelling; yet, although the sound is a simple and indivisible one, grammarians call it a diphthong in the two former cases, and a vowel in the third. In '*duty*' and '*beauty*' the sounds are identical. Why should the sound be called a vowel in the former case and a triphthong in the latter, when it is neither the one nor the other, but a diphthong produced by the combination of *e* with *oo*? If the student be led to discover the true relations of our elementary sounds, and to free himself from the false associations suggested by our anomalous alphabet, the attempt to discuss the question of vowels and consonants is a lawful one; but if the impressions of the eye be confirmed instead of corrected by such teaching, it would be far better to omit it altogether.

Throughout the whole of that part of the English grammar which treats of etymology, constant reference is needed to the forms of Anglo-Saxon grammar: and care should be taken not only to discover what fragments of a more perfect structure yet remain with us, but also to show to what extent the grammar of our mother tongue recognised distinctions which are overlooked in modern English. The philosophical student of language meets with few more interesting and suggestive inquiries, than that which concerns the change of structure experienced by every language in the course of its history. That language, unlike all other products of human thought, is more perfect in its beginning than in its development; that, like Minerva, springing all

armed from the head of Jove, it is equipped in its early stages with a wealth of varied inflections, which is lost as years advance, are facts of great significance; and there can be no true study of grammar unless these facts are duly noted, and the influence of increased communication with other nations and of increased refinement be duly traced. Our own language furnishes an admirable study in this respect. Yet the materials it possesses are often overlooked. We see it in the works of Alfred and of Cædmon, with dative, ablative, and accusative cases, with a far more ample structure of the verb, with adjectives and articles inflected so as to agree with the nouns they qualify, with more strongly marked genders, with a special mode of declining adverbs, and with a grammatical mechanism of a very complete and elaborate kind. We trace it in Layamon and in the *Saxon Chronicle*, and find its vocabulary far less enlarged than might have been expected as the result of the Roman invasion, but its structure gradually losing finish and precision. At each successive step,—at Chaucer, at Spenser, at the translation of the Bible, at Milton and Johnson,—the loss of some significant affix, or the gain of new words from foreign sources, marks the fact that increased power of expressing thought is not incompatible with a decline in grammatical exactness. Ben Jonson, for instance, complained, that in his time the distinctive termination of the plural forms of the verb had gone out of use. He says,—

‘The persons plurall now keep the termination of the first person singular. In former tymes, till about the reign of King Henry VIII., they were wont to be formed by adding *en*, as *we loven*, *you sayen*, *they complainen*; but now, whatever is the cause, it hath now quite grown out of use, and that other so generally prevailed, that I dare not set this afoote againe. Albeit, to tell you my opinion, I am persuaded that the lack hereof, well considered, will be found a great blemish to our tongue. For, seeing tyme and person be as it were the right and left hands of a verbe, what can the maiming bring else but a lameness to the whole body?’

In like manner, the history of many other inflections which have perished, or left but faint traces in our speech, is full of instruction, and deserves to be carefully recorded in our school-books. From a comparison of the two forms, *writan*, and *writanne*, in Anglo-Saxon, with each other and with the modern forms of infinitive, the learner may get as true an insight into the distinction between a simple and gerundial infinitive, and into the logical difference which underlies that distinction, as from a comparison of *scribere* and *ad scribendum* in Latin. The entire system of Anglo-Saxon demonstrative and personal pronouns is as complete as that in Latin, and as well calculated to

convey to the scholar a true notion of the fundamental needs of language in this particular. What Coleridge calls the 'resistance of the inward and metaphysic grammar to the tyranny of formal grammar,' is illustrated as often and as completely in our own mother-tongue as in either of the classic languages. A single instance of this will suffice. In Latin and Greek, as is well known, the form of the accusative differs from that of the nominative in the masculine and feminine genders, but is identical with it in the neuter. On this fact Coleridge has remarked, 'Observe that a neuter noun in Greek has no real nominative case, though it has a formal one, that is to say, the same word with the accusative. The reason is, a *thing* has no subjectivity or nominative case, it exists only as an object in the accusative or oblique case.'* But in the Anglo-Saxon pronouns the same fact is noticeable,—*Ic* (I), *Thu* (thou), *He* (he), *Heo* (she), *Ge* (ye), *Se* (Ille), *Seo* (Illa), *Hwa* (who), have all accusative forms clearly distinguished from the nominative; but *Hit* (it), *Thæt* (that), and *Hwæt* (what), are the same in both cases. Since the same remark applies to the nouns in Anglo-Saxon, it is manifest that a due investigation of the earlier forms of our own speech would furnish matter for inquiries on philosophic grammar, not inferior in suggestiveness and interest to any which arise out of the study of the classics.

It is to the utter neglect of our older grammar that we owe the frequent use of the word 'irregular' by the writers of ordinary school-books. No form is really irregular, if it can be referred to a rule. Whether the rule be a common or a uniform one, it is not of primary importance to inquire; the business of the scientific grammarian is to discover the law, if there be one, and to refer every variation to it. But that this duty has been systematically neglected will be sufficiently apparent, if we select the single instance of 'irregular verbs,' as they are called. In Anglo-Saxon there were two main orders or conjugations of verbs, the one of which formed its imperfect tense by an external addition, and the other by an internal change. We may take 'love' (*Ic lufge*), with its variation 'loved' (*Ic lufode*), as an example of the former or weak conjugation, and 'tread' (*Ic trede*), with its past tense 'trod' (*Ic trad*), as a type of the strong verb. Each of these two classes falls into several subdivisions, and all of them are equally subject to rules. It is the office of English grammar to elucidate and lay out these rules clearly; to observe uniformities and resemblances; to detect the laws which govern them, and to reconcile apparent exceptions. It is

* Coleridge's *Table Talk*, p. 170.

sheer ignorance, or culpable carelessness, to select one of the many variations which an English verb may undergo, and to say, 'This alone is normal: all verbs which conform to this type are regular, and all others are irregular.' Yet this is precisely what is done in the majority of elementary books on the subject. The weak verbs, though in fact not a whit more regular in their formation than others, are erected into a superior class; and all others are dismissed together under the comprehensive, convenient, but slovenly appellation of 'irregular.' Ben Jonson exhibited a far juster perception of the nature of the case when he grouped English verbs into classes or conjugations, of which one consisted of those which formed the past tense in *d*; another of those which underwent a change of vowel; and a third of those which, like '*will, would*,' or '*hear, heard*,' partook of the character both of weak and strong verbs. There can, in fact, be no perfect irregularity when there is any etymological relation whatever between the past and the present, or when it is possible by any law, phonetic, historical, or otherwise, to account for the change. Irregularity actually exists where, as in the case of *go* and *went*, or *earl* and *countess*, the fragments of two defective words are pieced together, and made to do duty each for a modification of the other's meaning; but the epithet 'irregular' should be carefully reserved for such cases, and never used when it would have the effect of concealing from a student any one of those general truths which, after all, it is the main business of science to detect and to expound.

With this view of the true scope and functions of English grammar, it is pleasing to be able to record, that a marked improvement has recently taken place in the character of our text-books on the subject; and that the works whose titles are prefixed to this article are among the most prominent indications of a wholesome reaction against the dry pedantry of Murray, and of a return to truer principles and more valuable practice in this respect. We believe that the publication of Bosworth's *Anglo-Saxon Dictionary and Grammar* was the first effective step towards the right understanding of the history of our own tongue, its relations to the great Teutonic family of languages, and the extent to which its structure once conformed to the rules of a more perfect grammar, and has since departed from them. An English translation of Mallet's *Introduction à l'Histoire de Dannemarc*, containing a translation of the *Edda*, and a very learned and, on the whole, accurate view of the relations of the Scandinavian to the Teutonic languages, had previously done something to interest English scholars in the languages most nearly akin to our own, and to prepare the

way for investigating them. The Anglo-Saxon Grammar by Professor Erasmus Rask, of Copenhagen, was, we believe, first translated into English and published in 1830 by Mr. Thorpe; and since that time much interest has been excited on the subject of our earlier literature by the writings of Dasent and others, and more especially by the publications of the Philological Society, to which an extended reference was made in the pages of this Review in October, 1858.

English scholars owe much to the first of the works we have named at the head of these remarks. Dr. Latham is an accomplished ethnologist, who has paid great attention to the history and peculiarities of the English tongue; and his work has done much to popularize the subject among students who would perhaps have shrunk from the task of commencing the study of Anglo-Saxon, and who were yet thankful to receive in a simpler and attractive form some information respecting it. Yet his work must be regarded rather as a collection of valuable materials for a future systematic treatise on the English language, than as a satisfactory and standard book. The author himself seems not to be clear as to the object at which the work aims. Each new edition has been cast into a new shape, apparently re-written, and certainly much enlarged. It would seem as if every new speculation in which the author indulged respecting the distribution of races, and every new book of logic or metaphysics which he read, suggested to him some important modification of his original plan, and induced him to alter the form of his book. The fifth edition is at least twice the size of the first; is overlaid with ethnological disquisitions; is preceded by one dissertation on the logic of grammar generally, another on the structure of the vocal organs and the nature of elementary sounds, and a third on the 'early German area.' Each of these subjects was treated in a less recondite and, to our mind, more satisfactory manner in the first edition, from which, however, the remarks on logic as applied to grammar were excluded, as they then formed a separate tract. It is not unlikely that some of our readers may be misled by published lists of 'Dr. Latham's Works' on English language. There is a smaller English Grammar, a *Handbook of the English Language*, a *Grammar for Classical Schools*, a *Grammar for Ladies' Schools*, and one called *Logic, in its Application to Language*. But every one is more or less a *réchauffée* of some portion of the larger book on the 'English Language.' Dr. Latham has published one very useful book, but he is constantly trying new 'permutations and combinations' with its contents; so that it is difficult to say what course of instruction he would really advise a

student to pursue. The uncertainty of purpose which marks his books affects their arrangement very injuriously, and interferes with their usefulness. Some of the most difficult questions in the subject are treated first in order, and no attempt appears to be made in his works to graduate the pupil's lessons, or lead him on by a regular course adapted to the development of his understanding and his wants. The absence of exercises and of concise definitions in a rememberable form is another drawback to the general usefulness of his works as teaching manuals. But perhaps the most important error is his habit of hasty generalization from a narrow range of particulars. It would not be difficult to find many statements put forth positively in the earlier editions, but retracted or explained away in the last. We shall content ourselves with one example, in which, however, the error is only partially mitigated in the subsequent editions. Under the head of 'Pronouns,' Dr. Latham discusses a few anomalous and peculiar forms, and among others examines at length the compounds formed of the syllable '*self*.' In the second edition the question is thus treated:—

'*SELF*.—In *myself*, *thyself*, *herself*, *ourselves*, *yourselves*, a substantive, (or with a substantival power,) and preceded by a genitive case. In *himself* and *themselves*, an adjective, (or with an adjectival power,) and preceded by an accusative case. *Itself* is equivocal; since we cannot say whether its elements are *it* and *self*, or *its* and *self*; the *s* having been dropped in utterance. It is very evident that either the form like *himself*, or the form like *thyself*, is exceptionable; in other words, that the use of the word is inconsistent. As this inconsistency is as old as the Anglo-Saxons, the history of the word gives us no elucidation.

'In favour of the forms like *myself*, (*self* being a substantive,) are the following facts:—

'1. The plural word, *selves*, a substantival, and not an adjectival form.
'2. The Middle High German phrases, *min lip*, *din lip*, my body, thy body, equivalent in sense to *myself*, *thyself*.

'3. The circumstance, that if *self* be dealt with as a substantive, such phrases as my own self, his own great self, &c., can be used; whereby the language is a gainer.

"*Vox self*, pluraliter *selves*, quamvis etiam pronomen a quibusdam censeatur, (quoniam ut plurimum per Latinum *ipse* redditur,) est tamen plane nomen substantivum, cui quidem vix aliquod apud Latinos substantivum respondet; proxime tamen accedet vox persona vel *propria persona*, ut *myself*, *thyself*, *our selves*, *your selves*, &c., (*ego ipse*, *tu ipse*, *nos ipsi*, *vos ipsi*, &c.) ad verbum *mea persona*, *tua persona*, &c. Fateor tamen *himself*, *itself*, *themselves*, vulgo dici pro *his-self*, *its-self*, *their-selves*; at (interposito *own*), *his own self*, &c. *ipsius propria persona*, &c." (Wallis, cap. vii.)

'4. The fact that many persons actually say *hissself* and *theirselves*.'

Accordingly, Dr. Latham concludes that 'self' is a noun; and that the forms 'himself' and 'themselves' are abnormal. If we now turn from this conjectural explanation to the actual fact, as it is set forth in Rask's *Anglo-Saxon Grammar*, we find the following:—

'If it be required to determine the reflective signification of any of the three persons more specifically, *sylf* (self, seolf) is added, which is declined like an adjective, both indefinitely, as, *with me sylfne*, ("beside myself,") and definitely, *so sylfa cwellere*, ("the slayer himself,") *Sylf* is usually added to the personal pronoun, in the same person and gender, as, *Io-sylf hit heom*, ("It is I myself,") *Io swerige thurh me-sylfne*, ("I swear by myself,") *fram me-sylfum*, ("of myself,") *We sylfe gehyrdon*, ("We have heard him ourselves,") Likewise, *Thu-sylf*, ("thyself,") *Ge-sylfe*, ("yourself,") nominative, *Eow-sylfe*, ("yourself,") dative, *He-sylf*, ("himself,") nominative, *Hine-selfne*, ("himself,") accusative.) Sometimes, however, the dative of the personal pronoun is prefixed to the nominative of *sylf*, as *Io com me-sylf*, ("I came myself,") *Ælfric*, *Ær thu the-self hit me gerehtest*, ("Before thou thyself didst explain it to me,") In the definite form it has, also, the signification of *the same*, like the German *dasselbe*, as *on tha sylfan tid*, ("at the same time,") *Doth ge hin that sylfe*, ("Do ye the same to them,")'

It is quite evident here that the theory which Dr. Latham rejects is the true one; * and that an examination of the actual history of the termination in question would have sufficed to correct the error. In fact, a fuller and more accurate study of the genius and literature, as well as of the grammar, of Anglo-Saxon, greater care in generalization, a less bald and disjointed style, and a more methodical arrangement of the materials at his command, would have secured for Dr. Latham's work a higher and more enduring place in our literature than it is likely to hold. It has the merit of containing, among other things, a very accurate investigation of the system of articulate sounds, a considerable mass of facts respecting the history of our inflections, and a clear and just analysis of English metres. It is, moreover, the first modern book pervaded by a clear discernment of the several provinces of etymology, syntax, and logic. But we regard it only as the precursor of some future and better text-book, in which the study of our vernacular language will be treated as a science, and in which the record of

* This may be further verified by reference to Hiekes (Gr. A. S.): 'They say, *Io-sylf*, ego ipse, *min sylfes*, mei ipsius, *me-sylfne*, me ipsum, *Petrus sylf*, Petrus ipse, &c. And to Tyrwhitt's *Essay on the Language of Chaucer*: 'In the age of Chaucer, *self*, like other adjectives, was become undeclined. He joins it with substantives in the sense of *ipse*, as the Saxons did, e.g., *In that selve grove*, in illo ipso nemore; *Thy selve neighbour*, ipse tuus vicinus. The metaphysical substantive, *self*, of which our more modern philosophers and poets have made so much use, was unknown, I believe, in the time of Chaucer.'

curious and isolated facts about the subject will be made duly subservient to the exhibition of its fundamental principles.

The work of Mr. Ernest Adams is, in our opinion, more satisfactory as an introduction to English philology. It is manifestly founded on Latham, but it is more methodical; its illustrations are more numerous, and many of them are very happily chosen. The author has investigated the subject for himself; and has a scholarly acquaintance with kindred languages, and with our own literature. Yet the value of this book is seriously diminished by several inaccuracies and inconsistencies. Of the former, we may mention his exposition of 'Case,' (page 40,) which is neither consistent with the theory, that all logical relations are 'cases,' nor with the theory that only such relations are 'cases' as are indicated by inflection; and his statement that 'all adjectives were originally nouns or pronouns.' We are aware that this latter assertion has on its side the somewhat doubtful authority of Horne Tooke; but it is, nevertheless, very wide of the truth. It is undoubtedly true that in the phrases, '*annulus aureus*,' '*a wooden box*,' '*a sunny day*,' '*a fearful story*,' the adjectives are derived respectively from the nouns '*aurum*,' '*wood*,' '*sun*,' and '*fear*.' Such adjectives are types of large classes, and must not be overlooked by the grammarian. The name, 'noun-adjective,' if applied in such cases, would indicate an important fact in the genesis of such words. But in the phrases, '*mens sana*,' or '*wide ocean*,' or '*pure English*,' the adjectives cannot be traced to any nouns whatever. The nouns *sanitas*, *width*, and *purity*, or *pureness*, are later in chronological development than the adjectives, and it cannot be doubted that they are also subsequent in order of thought. When from the notion of a thing the thought of a quality is generated, the adjective thus formed is a noun-adjective; but when the quality is first recognised by the mind as an attribute of an object, and subsequently abstracted and conceived as having a separate existence, the word is a *pure* adjective, having nouns derived from it, but not itself derived from any. This is only one instance in which the etymological investigation of a word is nearly akin to an inquiry into the origin of our ideas; and in which a careless or hasty generalization about the one leads to a serious misunderstanding of the other.

Mr. Adams's book exhibits also a needless multiplication of tenses. He not only recognises all those modifications of time which are produced by auxiliary verbs as tenses; but goes further, and admits such phrases as, *I am going to write*, as constituting a separate tense. Thus we have Present Intentional, and Present Continuous, &c. Yet the same author does not recognise the existence of a Potential Mood, on the ground, we

presume, that it is not formed by inflection. There is great inconsistency and confusion here. The province of syntax is made to include logical synthesis and analysis, and to extend far beyond the legitimate boundaries of grammar, while some of the rules are either unmeaning or absurd. What end, for instance, can be served by the statement, that 'adjectives are attracted into the same gender, number, and case as the nouns they qualify,' when English adjectives possess neither number, gender, nor case? In fact, the book presupposes a knowledge of other languages, and would, we fear, be unintelligible to those who had not learnt grammar before. The obscurity of some of its definitions, its meagreness of statement in regard to those theories which, like the meaning and use of the *gerund*, are novelties in English grammar, and the entire absence of exercises for the student, are serious defects in this book, and will materially prevent its usefulness.

The grammar published by the late Dr. Allen, in conjunction with Mr. Cornwell, in the year 1841, has reached its twenty-eighth edition; and is, therefore, we presume, a favourite book with teachers. It is marked by several peculiarities which may very reasonably account for its popularity. Its definitions, rules, and main statements, are concise and remarkably clear; its exercises are well varied, and are so arranged, that, as soon as the learner is called upon to receive any truth, he is required to illustrate it in practice, either orally or in writing. It contains an admirable section on the formation and structure of English words, accompanied by lists of Anglo-Saxon, Latin, and Greek roots. It was, we believe, the first grammar published in English, which recognised the distinction between weak, strong, mixed, and contracted verbs, laid down the laws which govern their formation, and confined the term 'irregular' to those verbs which conformed to no fixed rule. It has adopted, also, the best practical compromise on the subject of Tense; for, while recognising in the main the philosophic truth of Harris's division, it has yet declined to admit the Inceptive or Intentional form as a tense, and has left the three main tenses, each with its indefinite, incomplete, and complete variation, to constitute the nine subdivisions of the verb.* Like most other

* Harris says, '*Indefinitely*, we have three Tenses: an Aorist of the Past, an Aorist of the Present, and an Aorist of the Future. Definitely, then, we have three Tenses to mark the *Beginnings* of the three Times, three to denote their *Middles*, and three to denote their *Ends*; in all, NINE.' He then divides them as follows:—

	PRESENT.	PAST.	FUTURE.
Indefinite or Aorist.	I WRITE.	I WROTE.	I shall write.
Inceptive.	I am about to write.	I was about to write.	I shall beabout to write.
Middle, or extended.	I am writing.	I was writing.	I shall be writing.
Complete.	I have written.	I had written.	I shall have written.

grammarians, the authors have brought together, under the head 'Syntax,' a great number of miscellaneous rules and statements respecting language which do not legitimately belong to that subject; and no attempt has been made to mark the distinction between such rules as are essential, and those which are unimportant. In this department of the work, scientific accuracy has been sacrificed to the authors' view of practical usefulness; for the exercises appended to the rules are mainly designed rather to regulate speech and writing than to exhibit principles. It is, however, a small, unpretending, and professedly elementary book, and must be judged rather by what it contains, than by what it does not attempt. Viewed in this light, it is one of the most satisfactory books on the subject which we have seen; and will prove, in the hands of most teachers, an effective guide to the methodical and thorough treatment of the rudiments of language generally.

Mr. J. D. Morell, who is well known as one of the most energetic and clear-sighted of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools, has produced a work which no teacher of grammar will be able to read without great advantage. It aims higher than ordinary school-books, and, in many respects, is a great advance upon its predecessors. Its definitions are generally clear; it contains an abundance of admirably chosen examples; and the distinction between the 'fundamental' and the 'special' laws of syntax is duly recognised. The book, nevertheless, has very grave defects. Its attempt to discuss the phonetic value of our alphabetical characters completely fails. It innovates on the usual terminology of grammar, in many cases, to little purpose, especially when it speaks of a 'factive noun,' or a 'middle voice' in English verbs. Its theory of 'indirect objects' is bewildering and unsound; it retains the use of the word 'irregular,' in the sense in which we have shown it to be open to objection; and it abounds in elaborate and wire-drawn distinctions which belong to logic and not to grammar. To divide Intransitive Verbs into, (1.) Active Intransitive; (2.) Neuter Intransitive; and, (3.) Inceptives; to arrange Adjectives into Qualitative, Quantitative, and Distinguishing; and to subdivide the first of these classes again into three, viz., Sensible, Rational, and Relational; and to treat all the parts of speech with a like elaboration, may be very serviceable as suggesting logical exer-

On this table we will only remark, (1.) That it is an exhaustive representation of the several forms which the idea of time can take in the mind. (2.) That, in an etymological sense, the forms in capitals are the only true tenses. (3.) That the forms in *italics* are expressed by auxiliary verbs. (4.) That the inceptive modifications are expressed by a circumlocution. And, (5.) That, on the whole, the best compromise is that which admits all in the two former classes as tenses within the meaning of grammar, and dismisses the inceptive forms to the province of logical analysis.

cise, but can be of no value as a part of grammar. We have no right to attribute to confusion of thought the constant encroachment of logical distinctions upon the limits of grammar which characterize this work. We cannot doubt that they are intentional, and that, in the author's judgment, he has taken the best course for teaching the elements of grammar and of logical analysis simultaneously; but we regard the course as a mistaken one, and one which is likely to prove alike embarrassing to teachers and to scholars.

In the preface to Mr. C. P. Mason's *Grammar*, the author expresses a general sympathy with the plans and theories of Mr. Morell's work; and declares that his design has been 'to give the learner an accurate system of grammatical definitions and principles, which, though applied in the first instance to English, hold good in the main of the other languages of the same family.' We think that this design has been, on the whole, faithfully and skilfully carried out. The work is superior to Mr. Morell's as a scientific manual, and bears evidences, on every page, of the actual experience of an accomplished teacher, who has been seeking to make the study of English a means of giving unity, coherence and intelligence to the learning of languages generally. As an introduction to comparative grammar, and generally as a manual of the subject for use in those schools in which other languages are studied, Mr. Mason's book appears to us to be at present without a rival. The exhibition of the general theory of tense (in which he follows Harris, and Drs. Allen and Cornwell) by means of a comparative table in English, Latin, French, German, and Greek, and the continual references in foot-notes, and otherwise, to analogous idioms in those languages, give the work considerable value, especially for use in the higher class of schools. The chapter on Composition and Derivation is also one of the fullest and most methodical we have seen. Nevertheless the work is by no means faultless. Its exercises are neither so copious, nor so well chosen, as those in Mr. Morell's book. It is as misleading and unintelligible, in the department of orthography, as the feeblest of its predecessors. The main truths which deserve special attention, and which ought to be committed to memory, are not always compendiously stated, and are not sufficiently distinguished from the somewhat lengthy remarks which constantly occur by way of further elucidation. In not a few cases a further reference to Anglo-Saxon grammar would have explained matters which are unsatisfactorily treated, and would have added much to the scientific claims of the book.* Moreover the author has adopted

* A curious instance of this occurs on page 23. Mr. Mason, in enumerating the second personal pronouns,—'Nominative Plural *You or Ye*, Possessive *Your*, Objective,

the mischievous practice of giving false spelling to be corrected, and sentences in bad English to be re-written by the pupil in an amended form. We had hoped that this absurdity had died out with Lennie and his contemporaries, and were greatly surprised to see it revived in a book otherwise so thoughtful, so practical, and so philosophical, as Mr. Mason's. When will teachers understand that the eye and ear should be furnished with good models of expression only; and that every time a bad example is presented to either, there is a danger of its being remembered and imitated when the correction is forgotten?

Perhaps the very worst specimen of mere book-making on this subject is the little treatise of Mr. Fleay. It is full of typographical errors, and is as badly arranged and as carelessly revised as a book could possibly be. It will startle orthodox teachers to find sentences treated first in order; then the relation of words to sentences; while 'word-building,' as the author calls it, and the investigation of the powers of letters, are reserved to the last. Yet this analytic mode of treatment, this steady procedure from the concrete to the abstract, has its advantages, and will be found by many teachers to be in closer harmony with the actual history of their own knowledge than the plan usually adopted. Mr. Fleay's fault is excessive condensation. His book might possibly be a satisfactory one in his own hands or in that of any other teacher who was able to supplement its instructions by abundant knowledge and varied illustration from other sources. We imagine that it has been written for adult students rather than for beginners, and in its present form it would be wholly worthless as a school-book. But the acquaintance exhibited by the author with the essential principles of language, and the general accuracy of his statements, have impressed us with a belief that a really important contribution to our present stock of grammars, large as it is, may reasonably be expected from Mr. Fleay. The abandonment of some needless refinements, the simplification of the technical language, ampler illustration, and a general expansion and revision of the author's entire plan, would make this work a popular one; while even in its present form it will be welcomed by many of the more thoughtful teachers, as contain-

You or Ye,—adds a note: 'Several grammarians maintain that *ye* is exclusively nominative; but the best writers in the language use *ye* as an objective case.' We suppose that no grammarian has ever maintained that *ye* is always used in the nominative case; but every student of Anglo-Saxon knows that *ge* was Nominative, and *eow* Accusative, in that language; and that the two words were once as carefully distinguished as *we* and *us*,—a fact surely too important to be completely overlooked in the solution of the question.

ing hints and suggestions on the philosophy of the subject, which are often overlooked, and which can be turned to very profitable account.

To three of the authors we have named we are also indebted for attempts to render the systematic study of English composition and analysis an important adjunct to that of grammar. Dr. Cornwell, Mr. Morell, and Mr. Mason, (we believe, in the order of time in which we have placed their names,) have published systems and exercises on Logical Synthesis and Analysis, which only differ from each other in slight and unimportant details. In the case of the two former authors, this has been done by distinct works; but Mr. Mason has incorporated the subject in his *Grammar*, and merely illustrated it by the separate publication of *Cowper's Task*, with special Notes on the Analysis.* We have no space to inquire here into the manner in which this subject should be made ancillary to that of mere formal grammar. The two classes of mental exercise are distinct, yet they are reciprocally helpful; and we believe that it is now the practice of all good teachers to pursue them simultaneously. In the French schools *Analyse Logique* has long held a high place as a part of the general discipline of language; but it was not till a comparatively recent period that it became acclimatized among us. We observe that special attention to this subject is now demanded from the candidates for the new degree of A.A. at Oxford, and in the examinations of the Civil Service Commissioners; and there is little doubt that it will soon form a recognised part of the curriculum even in our humblest schools.

We are now beginning to recognise, for the first time, the claims of our own vernacular tongue upon the attention of teachers, and its capabilities as an instrument of mental discipline. 'What a treat it would be,' said Dr. Arnold, 'to teach Shakspeare to a good class of young Greeks in regenerate Athens; to dwell upon him line by line and word by word, in the way that nothing but a translation lesson ever will enable one to do; and so to get all his pictures and thoughts leisurely into one's mind, till I verily think one would after a time almost give out light in the dark, after having been steeped, as it were, in such an atmosphere of brilliance! And how could this ever be done without having the process of construing as the proper medium through which alone all the beauty can be transmitted? because else we travel too fast, and more than half of it escapes

* The later editions of Mr. Morell's book also combine the subjects of Grammar and Analysis, but at first the two works were distinct.

us.' We are convinced that the next best thing to that which is here desired, is the careful grammatical and logical investigation of passages from our best authors. Shakspeare and Milton can never furnish 'translation lessons' for English boys in the same sense as Homer and Virgil; but they may furnish discipline precisely analogous to it, and scarcely less valuable. In the exercise of paraphrasing, which requires the weighing of every word in detail, and the comprehension of the meaning of each sentence as a whole, before the passage can be reproduced in a modern form, in the examination of all its allusions, the investigation of all archaic forms and forgotten idioms, the analysis of its metrical structure, the detection of the mutual relations of each word and phrase, the student cannot fail to receive the same kind of training as in construing a chorus of Euripides, or an ode of Horace. In the *Biographia Literaria*, Coleridge tells us of Dr. Bowyer, his master at Christ's Hospital,—

'At the same time that we were studying the Greek tragic poets, he made us read Shakspeare and Milton as lessons; and they were the lessons, too, which required most time and trouble to bring up so as to escape his censure. I learned from him that poetry, even that of the loftiest and seemingly that of the wildest odes, had a logic of its own as severe as that of science, and more difficult, because more subtle, more complex, and dependent on more fugitive causes. In the truly great poets, he would say, there is a reason assignable not only for every word, but also for the position of every word.'

Here is, in truth, the great *desideratum* in English education. We ought to inculcate reverence for our national literature, and to give the power of intelligently appreciating its merits. But this can only be done by recognising the fact that our language is worthy of detailed study; by treating it as an object of scientific investigation; and by bringing the learner into constant contact with the works of our best authors. That it is practicable to give to the study of our own language and literature an academic character is becoming daily more evident. That with the help of the best modern books on the subject, it may now be done more easily than ever, we trust, we have sufficiently proved. And we may fitly close this article by an extract from the testimony of one who was especially qualified to speak upon the subject, and whose premature removal from the chair of English Language and Literature at University College to a wider sphere of work at Manchester, disappointed many persons who had hoped much from the devotion of his extensive scholar-

ship and delicate taste to the elucidation of our vernacular tongue:—

‘Why,’ says Professor A. J. Scott, in a published lecture, ‘should the existence of a passage in Spenser, or the structure of his poem, be a fact less valuable than a passage in Lucan, or the structure of the *Pharsalia*? Why should the date of Chaucer’s writing be less worth knowing than that of Ennius’s? If the exercise of memory be somewhat less when our own authors are in question, we have but to require a knowledge more extensive and practical, and that defect is remedied. If the language be more easily understood, we have but to insist that it be better understood. If facts are familiar that illustrate the author up to a certain point, we have only to start from that point, and require the more complete illumination that lies beyond. Instead of saying, “It is easier to understand Shakspeare than Sophocles,”—say, “A more full understanding of Shakspeare than of Sophocles is attainable for an Englishman;” and propose to attain it. And in the case of the English author a more complete and satisfactory knowledge is attainable: the fitness of his word or phrase, and his intention in using it, can be more thoroughly known; the intellectual gratification, and the culture of nicer delicacy of perception, must, when other things are equal, bear a direct proportion to this clearer light. And to what end all this detail? That the pupil may discern the great mind to be throughout earnest and effectual in regard to the end it proposes; perceive that the highest praise of the highest work is to be in all things to the purpose. The young musical composer is reproached by the discovery of a steadfast development in the works of Mozart, or Handel, where each thought is generated by that which went before, and gives birth to its successor; and abjures, as blemishes, whatever is superfluous and incoherent in his own productions, however graceful had it stood apart. The young painter enters into the spirit of a composition of Michael Angelo or Leonardo, and strikes indignantly out of his own work an eye-trap imitation here, a decorative figure there, which contributed nothing to the general aim of the piece. The lesson he has learned is for all thought, for all action, for all life. And the highest intellectual form in which it can be studied is in the highest achievements of literature: the most direct and impressive, in those of our national literature.’

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- ART. VI.—1. *Gedichte von Ferdinand Freiligrath.* Achtzehnte Auflage. Stuttgart und Augsburg. 1857.
 2. *Zwischen den Garben.* 1849.
 3. *Neuere politische und sociale Gedichte.* 1851. &c., &c.

POETRY is not one of the progressive arts. In the course of a single generation, and that one of the earliest in a nation’s

history, it will often attain to a power and excellence which no future efforts may surpass; and the accumulation of one age is so far from proving an assistance and a benefit to the next, that it rather enfeebles its successor, inducing it to place a false reliance upon resources not at its command, and acting as a stimulant to extravagance of effort only to produce poverty and perishableness of result. As a general rule, poetry may be said to be passing through three processes which everlastingly repeat themselves. First is the rough period when intellect and fancy are sufficiently awakened to strive vainly with the obstacles of undeveloped language. Then the era of triumphant genius, which makes all the materials around it flexible to its will, and of its own instinct lights upon the combinations and the laws which insure lasting success. Then follows the age of merely imitative effort, when men strive rather to be something like that which their predecessors had been than to rival them in new fields. Soon people find out the way of producing something which looks so like the originals bequeathed to them, as to pass current for a material combining equal excellence with the advantages of far greater ease and cheapness of manufacture. This goes on until the imitative invention has been run to utter exhaustion, until production becomes so easy that every one can produce; and then the natural effect takes place. The reaction sets in with a sudden stopping and stagnating; and at last new forces break away into a fresh path of their own, and a new era of genius begins, to be imitated, and to pass away, as before.

English poetry has passed through several of these rotations, as Greek and Latin had done, until they rolled away into the past altogether. German poetry has lived long enough to go through one such process of revolution, the closing period of which is our own age. From its rough, struggling youth, it bloomed up to a sudden and splendid maturity in the era of Goethe, Schiller, Wieland, Lessing, and Herder. Poetry then seemed to become an art made invitingly easy. It was difficult, indeed, to achieve in a new direction what any one of these men had done in his own; but fatally easy to produce endless verses which looked and sounded very like Schiller's or Goethe's, and which, considering their greater cheapness of production, might, in the eyes of many, seem quite as good as the original article. Then we have Tieck, Matthiesson, Salis, Lenau, and numbers of others. Passion is not there; but does not sentiment supply its place? Pathos is gone; but maudlinism draws probably more tears, and touches its mark more easily. Deep appreciation of the human heart and manly energy of creative power have passed away; but we have in their stead readier sources

of popular sympathy,—craving, diseased self-examination and hectic egotism. At the present moment this class of poetry may be said to have had its day. German literature has reached the pause,—the quiescent or stagnant era; and, when time enough shall have gone over to allow new forces to gather, we may look for a fresh and healthy issue in a new direction.

Where, however, there is native force of genius at all, literature does not in any era settle down into utter stagnation and inanity. Compared with the glorious days of its first prime, Germany may now, indeed, seem poor of poetic genius. But even in our own days she has had men who possessed rich and far-reaching fancy, if not the very highest range of imagination; men whose strength, if not of the greatest, was at least their own, unborrowed from external stimulant; whose path, if it does not pretend to scale the highest peak, has, at least, not been trodden down by the feet of forerunners. We are not inclined to range Uhland—although the noble old minstrel still lives and looks upon the earth—among this class. Uhland belongs to the greater era which has passed away; and, although not indeed the foremost, or even among the foremost, of that age, his genius yet gave him a distinctive place in it. But of our own age peculiarly, and having no connexion other than our own with the great Weimarian era, there are men who have produced clear, fresh, and sweet streams of song, which deserve, and must have, an unfading memory in literature. One of the most remarkable of these, in every respect, is the poet to whom we desire to call attention in the present paper.

Most of the great men who made Germany a name and a power in literature, had been laid in earth before Ferdinand Freiligrath began to write; although his poetic career commenced at a very early age, and seems to have closed after a very short period of creative activity. He belongs wholly to our own age, and now, in presence at least, to our own country. He is one of the many eminent men whom collision of political opinion with established government has driven from their native land, to be swallowed up in the noise and business of London. Freiligrath was born in 1810, at Detmold in Northern Germany; and is not, therefore, by any means beyond the borders of the poetic years, although, so far as we know, he has not for a long time added anything to his celebrity. He is one of the few men who have combined an active commercial life with high poetic production. The main part of his career has been passed in counting-houses, in Germany, in Amsterdam, and, of late, in our own metropolis. He was a very young man when his poems began to create a stir in Germany; and the

generous recognition and appreciation of eminent literary friends helped to spread his reputation. Chamisso and Schwab, both celebrated in German poetry,—the former, however, best known in England by his legend of *Peter Schlemyl*,—were among the first to point out his rising claims. Chamisso wrote of him, in 1836, as 'inferior to none in peculiarity, originality, strength, and fulness of the poetic element;' and declared him to be one who 'by the sheer force of his poetic genius compelled, unsupported by factitious aid, that attention which he merited.' Unfortunately, perhaps, for the quiet development of his powers, Freiligrath devoted his genius to political objects. The pro-Russian tendencies of the Prussian government, the retrogressive policy which began to manifest itself, the censorship of the press, and some peculiar grievances of which the people of Rhenish Prussia complained; these and other grounds supported Freiligrath in entering upon the path of political contention. He had for some time enjoyed a pension from the Prussian King, who was rather fond of patronizing men of genius; but he flung the gift away, published a volume of political poems which had been some time before secretly printed, became the mark for a prosecution, and had to quit Germany. This was in 1844. For a short time he lived in Belgium and in Switzerland; but, in 1846, found a home in London. In 1848 he returned to Germany, agitated for a while, and fought bravely with dashing political poems; but was imprisoned again, brought to trial, acquitted indeed, but still a mark for such annoyance and threatened persecution, that it was not believed either useful or prudent for him to remain longer in his native country. He, therefore, settled in London, as the manager of a banking-house, and is not likely, we presume, again to leave England. Thus much of a brief outline may convey all that it imports the general reader to know of the career of a man whose life is yet in its prime. We have no intention of writing a detailed biographical notice of one who follows his daily occupations within a few hundred yards of our own publishing office; and only intend to invite our readers to consider the productions, not the personality, of the poet. They who are not acquainted with the former will find themselves well repaid if they follow up the track which we shall suggest to them. Englishmen have so large and varied a current literature of their own, that general readers may be excused if their attention requires to be especially directed to some eminent foreign writers. Moreover, although many of Freiligrath's poems have been translated in stray periodicals, no collection of them has ever appeared in English. In the specimens which we select, we shall use our own version; having no

convenient means of obtaining any other, even where others exist. The poems are of three classes: the miscellaneous, the political poems, and the translations. On the second depended, perhaps, the most important events of the author's life, and a wide part of his present reputation; but we have no doubt that his fame, as a poet, will, when the memory of recent events has faded, entirely rest on the miscellaneous pieces. To this class, then, of the works of Freiligrath we shall almost exclusively apply ourselves.

The miscellaneous poems are contained in a small volume some three hundred pages in extent, less than many a prolific writer will contribute to a magazine in a twelvemonth; yet this little volume contains as many evidences of fresh and luxuriant fancy, of vivid picture-power, of deep and sensitive impressibility by the aspects and the influences of silent, outward nature, and of all that can make a true poet, short of the very highest class alone, as any of the present day, English poet or foreign, can show. No taint of the recent weaknesses of German literature clings to it. Egotism, morbid self-exposure, exhausting subjectiveness, and effeminate bewailings,—these have no place in the manly verse of Freiligrath. On the other hand, no writer we know of is more healthily free from the artistic vice of the popular English ballad of the present day, which makes poetry only a mechanical jingle of versified moral maxims, and holds itself up to be judged by the directness of its practical scraps of wisdom. Freiligrath is thoroughly original; sometimes, it must be owned, even to extravagance, in his peculiar love of nature. He does not, like Wordsworth, delight in the hills and streams of a plain country landscape. He does not, like Thomson, express a prim, well-regulated joy in the fair lawn and the trim grove, the sheep bathing in the stream, and the sly glimpse of an Arcadian nymph preparing to do the like. He does not, like Walter Scott, find pleasure in the grey ruin, and the moonlight streaming upon abbey arch and donjon keep; nor, like Byron, does he love nature only because he can make her his unresisting *confidante*, and fly to her company when out of humour with every other. Freiligrath loves nature the more as her greatness swallows wholly up all thought of his own personality. The grand, the stern, the lonely, even the savage and the awful forms of nature, find the closest and the dearest place in his imagination. We have said 'his imagination,' because we believe the scenes he most delights to sing of do not live in his memory. We believe he has never seen the sun shine in its own tropic regions; and yet these are the regions over which the fancy of the poet most lovingly hovers. The lion-land, the

desert sands, the palm-tree, the jungle, the cane-swamp, the lair of the panther, the Sahara caravan,—these are the objects which animate him to a full enthusiasm. His Oriental passion is the most ardent, the most unfeigned, and the most vivid in its expression, exhibited by any poet or prose writer we know. We cannot believe he only speaks the language of poetic affectation, when he declares at the close of one of his songs,—

‘ I linger on a northern strand,
The North is crafty, cold, and slow ;
I would I sang in the desert sand,
Leaning on my saddle-bow ! ’

It is not, indeed, a supremely difficult task to produce a professedly Eastern poem which shall have a certain imitation of Oriental luxuriance, and keep a close adherence to Oriental metaphor. We have many examples to prove that this can be done by many hands in a style far above the mere bulbul and gazelle rubbish of annuals and small magazines. Goethe's *West-Eastern Divan*, Thomas Moore's *Lalla Rookh*, Rückert's Eastern poems, and many others, are evidences of this skill carried to a very high degree. But no one of these remarkable and celebrated productions, however some of them may excel Freiligrath's poems in other respects, can compare with his in the reality of the feeling, in the verisimilitude, in the genuine spirit and soul of the East, which belong to them. The very air of the desert or the palm-grove seems to be exhaled from some of them. It is difficult to conceive a writer adopting such subjects, singing the glories and the wonders of lands he has never seen, filling his productions with the breath of an atmosphere he has never inhaled, without suspecting him of some assumed poetic eccentricity. But in none of his Eastern or Desert poems can we detect the slightest hint of affectation. Indeed, the few only instances where he seems to us to be declining into this kind of weakness, are, where he attempts something of Northern sentiment and German balladist emotion. Freiligrath writes as if he were a genuine child of the sun. The beams of the East have awakened more music in this western singer than ever they drew from the fabled harp of Memnon. Any other effort at Eastern description in poetry seems cold, pale, and sunless, when placed side by side with some of these glowing verses. Hands browned by tropic rays have laboured at descriptions which are unreal and lack-lustrous compared with some of these poems, whose author never saw a palm-tree on its own soil, or heard the roar of the lion among his own whirling sands. It is not probable that Freiligrath at

present really yearns for a desert-life, and a release from the routine dullness of the North, with all the fervour of a younger day; or that even in that younger day the longing was quite as impassioned as the verse. But the enthusiasm was far too warm and full of force to resemble anything assumed in very wantonness. Poets do not succeed best, notwithstanding Waller's ingenious compliment, in what they do not believe. They succeed best, like all other artists and workers of whatever class, proportionately to their strength, in that on which their belief is strongest, and their feelings are most earnest. Freiligrath's Orientalism is, therefore, not an affectation, but an emotion, an idiosyncrasy. It is not merely in the broad and artistically conventional features of tropic scenery that the peculiarity of his genius finds expression. Minute and picturesque details are seized with a keenness which almost suggests direct observation, and thrown in with such a skill as to give a meaning and an effect far beyond the copy-drawing which an ordinary hand might produce. We see the crocodile peering from the stream to inhale the faint air of coolness which evening brings; we know that the distant crash through the trees tells of the elephant's unwieldy path; we mark where the desert sand has been furrowed by the lion's shaggy tail which has just trailed across it; we observe the burst water-skin, and the fragments of dress left on the brambles by the wayfarers of the caravan. Freiligrath is one of the most essentially picturesque poets who has lived for many years. We do not mean to claim the highest praise for a poet when we style him picturesque. Lessing has settled that question long since. A poet may stand among the very highest of the highest rank, and yet furnish few direct subjects for painters; a painter may be among the greatest of artists, and yet suggest few felicitous inspirations to a poet. But to the merit, such as it is, of being eminently suggestive of direct subjects from which a painter may copy, Freiligrath is entitled beyond any living poet of whom we know. His poems are really all pictures; the Eastern and Desert ballads peculiarly so. No example perhaps can serve much better than the following verses from the poem entitled *Mirage*. The opening, which we omit, gracefully and fancifully shows us the harbour of Venice all decked with flags and sails; and a gondola, in which our own *Othello* and *Desdemona* are seated. Like all true German poets, Freiligrath loves Shakspeare with a fervent love. *Desdemona* begs of her wooer for a description of his own land, from whence the ostrich feather came, which droops over his brow; and the Moor thus begins:—

Behold, the desert's burning sand !
The camping-places greet thee of the tribes from whence my sires
arose :

Lo, in her widow's garb, sun-branded, on thine eyes Sahara glows !

Who last rode through the lion-land ? The print of hoof and claw
is here ;

The caravan of Timbuctoo,—still on the horizon gleams the spear,—
And streaming flags, and through the dust the Emir's purple honour-
dress,

And the camel's head o'ertops the throng of march with solemn
stateliness.

Onward, in closed-up ranks, they ride where blend together sand and
cloud ;

Behold, the distance swallows them already in a sulphurous shroud ;
But thou canst follow easily the track of the departing host,
For gleaming through the sands we find from time to time what
they have lost !

And first, a hideous milestone ! see a dromedary lying dead,
A bald-necked vulture pair have lighted on the fallen creature's head ;
Yon costly turban, in their haste to seize their meal, they little heed,
'T was a young Arab lost it as he galloped on with reckless speed.

And there see fluttering scraps of housings, round the tamarisk's
thorny bough,
Besides a water-skin rent through, all dusty and exhausted now ;
Who's he that spurns the gaping thing with passioned curse and
quivering lid ?

It is the dark-haired Sheik from out the land of Biledulgerid !

He closed the rear, his horse fell down, exhausted, he was left behind ;
She is his favourite wife who gasping round his waist her arms has
twined ;

When late he raised her on his steed, how flashed the eyes of his
adored,

And now he trails her through the waste as from a girdle trails a
sword !

The torrid sand at midnight furrowed by the lion's shaggy tail,
Is swept by the expiring woman's raven tresses as they trail ;
It gathers in her flow of hair ; it scorches up her dewy lips ;
Its flints are reddened by the blood that from her wounded ankles
drips !

Now even the Emir fails, he reels with seething blood and fiery pains ;
His eyeballs glare, and fiercely throb his forehead's azure gleaming
veins ;

He stoops, and with one last hot kiss the Fezzan girl to life recalls,
Then, suddenly, with furious curse upon the unsheltering sand he
falls !

But she looks slowly, wondering up, "Thou sleep'st, my lord, awake,
behold!

The sky which seemed just now of brass is clothed in steel, so pure
and cold!

Where is the Desert's yellow glare?—a pure, bright light my vision
cheers:

It is a glitter like the sea, whose waves are breaking round Algiers!

It gleams and ripples like a stream, it cools me with its freshening
smile,

It sparkles like a mighty mirror,—wake, perhaps it is the Nile!

Yet, no,—we surely travelled south,—it must be, then, the Senegal?

Or O, perchance it *is* the sea, whose surges yonder heave and fall!

No matter,—it is water,—come, see I have cast my cloak away,

Awake, my lord, and let us hasten, and our scorching thirst allay;

A freshening bath, a cooling draught, new life through our poor limbs
will send,

And yonder, where those towers rise, our pilgrimage perhaps will end!

I see the flaunting crimson banners over the grey portals set,

The lances on the ramparts gleaming, lofty dome and minaret;

I see the masts of noble vessels tossing yonder in the bay,

I see the pilgrims thronging to bazaar and caravanseraï!

My loved one, wake! The evening comes, my tongue is parching,
let us haste."

He raised his eyes, and hoarsely groaned, "It is the Mirage of the
waste!

A juggle, worse than the Simoom, the evil demon's mocking prank."

He ceased, the vision disappeared, upon his corse the woman sank!"

Although Freiligrath elaborates the components of scenes and groups, so that a painter might take his pencil, transfer them, one by one, to canvass, and so produce a picture, it will nevertheless be perceived that he does not transgress Lessing's famous law, which assigns space to the painter, and time to the poet, as their respective domains. In other words, he does not describe objects in themselves and their own details; but only some act of motion or event which includes them, and of itself suggests their nature and appearance. Yet the pencil of Lewis is hardly more realizing of the forms of desert life. Fanciful, picturesque, and not without at least a gleam of pathos, is *The Traveller's Vision*:—

'It was midway in the Desert, we were camping on the ground,

And my Bedouins lay sleeping by the unsaddled horses round;

In the distance, towards the Nile, the moonlight fell on mountain
cones,

In the floating sands around us lay dead camels' bleaching bones.

I was sleepless ; of my saddle a rude pillow I had made,
And my knapsack, stuffed with store of drying dates, beneath it laid ;
With my caftan's ample folds I covered me from feet to ears,
Near me lay my naked sabre, with my rifle and my spears.

Heavy silence,—only sometimes crackled up the sinking flame ;
Only sometimes, o'er my head, a wandering vulture croaking came ;
Only sometimes, in his sleep, a courser stamped upon the sand,
Or a dreaming follower groaned, and grasped his weapon in his hand.

Suddenly the earth was shaken ; dun and heavy shade was cast
O'er the moonlight ; desert beasts, in wild affright, came rushing
past ;

The horses plunged and reared ; our guide, to grasp his flag, half
waking, ran,—

His arm sank nerveless, and he faltered, "Sir, the Spectre caravan !"

Yes, they come ! The ghastly drivers, with their camels, first are seen ;
Lolling in their lofty saddles, veil-less, graceful women lean ;
And, beside them, wander maidens bearing pitchers, like Rebecca
At the fountain ; riders follow ; they rush by us, on to Mecca !

More, and more yet ! Who can count them ? Has the line no end-
ing, then ?

Horror ! even the scattered bones rise up, as camels, once again !
The swarthy sand, that, whirling, swept in darkling masses through
the plains,

Is changed to shapes of swarthy men, who lead the camels by the
reins !

'Tis the night when all who in that sandy sea their death have met,
And whose storm-tossed ashes cling, perhaps, around our tongues
even yet ;

Whose withered skulls our horses' hoofs perchance have trampled
down to-day ;

Arise, and form a pilgrim army, at the Holy Shrine to pray !

Ever more ; and now the last have scarcely passed us on the track,
When, behold, the first already come with slackened bridles back ;
From Cape Verde to Babelmandeb's Straits the train has swept along,
Ere my startled horse had time to break away his halter's thong !

Stand, and hold your plunging horses ! Each man by his saddle keep !
Tremble not, as at the lion tremble frightened wandering sheep !
Let them touch you even with their long talaes as they fly,
Call on Allah ! and the spectre-train will pass you harmless by !

Wait until the morning breeze around your turban-feather waves,
Morning wind and morning red will give them to their desert graves ;
All these pilgrims of the night will turn to ashes with the day.
See ! 't is dawning now, my horse encouraged greets it with a neigh !'

The metre of these poems is so characteristic that we have
retained it, although it is not very familiar to English ears.

Not merely the poetic features of eastern and tropic nature delight our somewhat eccentric poet,—not merely the banana and the palm, the oasis, the Bedouin, the whirling sand-pillars, and the spectral pilgrims. He takes a wild joy in the ruder and the fiercer elements sometimes. He finds something worthy of poetic commemoration in the legends of African warfare and its attendant deeds and ceremonial triumphs on the banks of the Congo: he wanders by the kraal of the Hottentot: he listens to the squalls which rave and shriek around the Cape of Storms, and the moaning surges which toss the shivers of the wreck ashore on Madagascar. The roar of the lonely lion echoing across the waste, even to Lake Mareotis and the tombs of the Pharaohs; the funereal rites of the Dschagga King, who lies dead upon his copper shield; the flight of the tortured giraffe across the moonlit desert with the fangs of his enemy in his flesh,—these are the themes which filled the brain of this most singular of poets, in the intervals of business, snatched from counting-house occupation, in prosaic and routine-pursuing Amsterdam. Those who feel curious to read some of the wildest and fiercest specimens of this class, may turn to the *Lion's Ride*, *African Homage*, *By the Congo*, and many others which we need not name. It would be almost superfluous to say that such a fancy as this sometimes runs away with its owner into the wilds of extravagance: sometimes even precipitates him into the abyss of mere horror and hideousness. Early in his poetic career Chamisso warned him of such an imminent danger. But all Freiligrath's poems do not breathe a tropic air; and it must be said that many of his ballads have much of softness and sweetness, many an exquisite touch of vague pathos,—gleams of deep sympathy with the very soul of nature, rare in their visitings to any one, and all unutterable to any but the true poet. Freiligrath loves the sea and its shore almost as much as he loves the East. Probably no man familiar from boyhood, as most Englishmen now are, with the sight and sound of the sea, can appreciate its wonderful and mysterious influence upon him who, reared like Freiligrath in a far inland town, comes in full youth to look upon salt waves, and 'the ribbed sea-sand,' for the first time. He is peculiarly gentle and full of exquisite poetic glimpses, when he sings of the great mystic sea. He is skilful in pathos of a peculiar kind; not deep or passionate, but gleaming in stray flashes, touching because of its unexpected tenderness, and almost always arising out of some effect produced by external nature. No man, indeed, who loves the face of the world, can avoid feeling and submitting to the unspeakable pathos of silent

nature. Living nature is cheering, animating, invigorating,—inanimate nature, gentle, subduing, pathetic. You cannot watch the flying clouds, or the waves upon the beach, and feel wholly joyous; you cannot eye the leap of a trout, or follow a flight of pigeons, and be sad. Freiligrath understands this well. In his poems of the class we are now about to introduce, as in the sequence of human emotions, the interruption of anything living and moving breaks the flow of sad thought, and the mind revives into sympathetic activity. The closing lines of the gentle, delicious, dreamy *Sand Songs* will afford an instance. The reader who has to content himself with our translation, must endeavour to imagine the indefinite charm of expression, the untransferable grace of language and of melody, which even far better qualified translators must fail in their effort to render.

I.

- ' I SING not of the desert-sand
Where savage herds in contest meet;
I mean the grains that on the strand
Are crumbling now beneath my feet.
' For that is but a breathing curse,
The Desert's restless, wandering ghost,
Beneath whose death-shroud man and horse,
Camel and driver, all are lost.
' Cool and fresh the sea-sand lies,
Furrowed and wet with ocean's brine;
A ready table, whither flies
The sea-mew's brood on fish to dine.'

II.

- ' Inward from ocean blows the breeze,
The sands are tossed, the sea-weeds roll:
On fickle, changing sands like these
Wild floating thoughts must fill the soul;
Flying before the wind and flood,
The whirling sands each other chase:
So flies and strays my restless mood,
And holds to no abiding place.'

III.

- ' What a mysterious region this is!
I understand its changes not—
One moment dashing ships to pieces,
The next a peaceful anchoring spot;
The wearied raven it revives,
And parches up the sea-worm's tongue;
The gasping fish of life deprives,
And feeds the sea-mew's hungry young.

The Poems of Freiligrath.

Men too there are would turn away
From such a shore with wearied air,
While I could linger all the day
Building ships and bridges there !'

IV.

' A barren, thinly grass-grown steep
Behind shuts in my landward view :
No matter—gazing on the deep,
My thoughts and glances back are few.
' I only know here rolls the sea,
Tossing its foam-sparks all around,
And hill and wood and plain for me
Are all in yonder ocean drowned !
' This strip of sand, so small and brown,
Seems now the only earthly thing :
I wander lonely up and down
Like an uncrowned and banished King.
' I scarce can comprehend it now
That once through inland woods I strode,
Or lay upon the mountain's brow,
Or over plains of heather rode.
' All rest in ocean : there as well
Repose my hopes, my longing years :
As on the shore the surges swell,
Thus swell upon my lids the tears !'

V.

' Am I not like a flood whose spring
From the far mountain forest gushes,
Through lands and hamlets wandering,
At last to meet the ocean rushes ?
' O that I were ! in manhood's day
Greeting the noble roar of seas,
While in eternal youth still play
Life's springs among the sacred trees !

VI.

' High above me float
Three sea-mews, dull and slow—
I need not lift my eyes,
I know the way they go !
' For on the glowing sands
That in the sunshine lie,
With far outstretching wings
Their darkening shadows fly ;
' And a single feather falls
Downward in their flight,
That I of the ocean sands
And the flying birds may write !'

One of the legends which are common to many nations has given Freiligrath a subject for a poem of singular and delicate beauty. The tale of a city magically sunk under a sea or a lake, has haunted literature since the *Arabian Nights*, and even among the prosaic Hollanders has found a holding-place. No one needs to be reminded of Thomas Moore's exquisite ballad of *Lough Neagh*, and the 'round towers of other days' shining beneath its waves. The following embodiment of the story by the poet whom we are at present illustrating, has a peculiar, gentle, undefined melancholy, enhanced to an indescribable degree by the measure of the original, which ripples slowly like the quiet waves beneath whose crystal the lost city lies enshrined.

- ' I float all alone on the silent tide :
No wavelet breaks ; it is glassy and slow :
On the sands, in its solemn and mystic pride,
Shines the old Sunken City below.
- ' In the olden days of which legends tell,
A King once banished his infant child ;
She strayed far over the hills to dwell
With seven dwarfs in the forest wild.
- ' But a poison, mixed by her mother's hand,
Soon robbed of life the poor little maid ;
And her tiny companions, a faithful band,
In a crystal coffin her body laid.
- ' There in her gleaming snow-white dress,
Crowned with flowers, the maiden lay ;
There in unfading loveliness,
And her mourners gazed on her all the day.
- ' In thy crystal coffin thou liest as well,
A bright-robed corse, O lost Julin ;
And far through the waves' transparent swell
Thy palaces rise in their mystic sheen !
- ' There rise thy towers gloomy and hoar,
Silently telling their mournful tale ;
There are thy walls with their arching door,
And the stained church-windows glimmering pale.
- ' Silent all in its mournful pride,—
No pleasure, no sport, no hurrying feet ;
And shoals of fishes uninjured glide
Through deserted market and soundless street.
- ' With vacant and glassy eyes they stare
In through the windows and open doors ;
On the spell-bound dwellers within they glare,
Asleep and mute on their marble floors !

- ‘ I will sink below,—I will yet renew
 The life, the splendour by spells oppress—
 I will break the death-dream of enchantment through,
 With a single breath from this living breast !
- ‘ The field, the mart shall be filled with men,
 The pillared halls shed their festive gleam ;
 Ye maidens, open your eyes again,
 And tell of your long and pleasant dream !
- ‘ Down below ! No further he rows ;
 Lifeless and slack sink arms and feet—
 Over his head the waters close,
 He descends the Sunken City to greet !
- ‘ He lives in the dwellings of days gone by,
 Lit by the crystal and amber rays ;
 Their olden glories around him lie,
 Above the fisherman chants his lays !’

Some of Freiligrath's ballads have more distinct and living themes. A few are dedicated to a noble subject, which might well have animated the heart of a poet and an earnest lover of liberty. Living in Holland, Freiligrath could not but be aroused to feeling by the memorials around him of the gallant struggle which made the name of Dutchman heroic, despite his national and proverbial apathy, at one period of history. The noble resistance which the Hollanders made to their Spanish oppressors might well have given themes to many minstrels, although poets have not sung as many ballads in its honour as they have dedicated to subjects far less chivalrous and inspiring. Conspicuous among the events of the Dutch rebellion are the deeds of that gallant band, the *Gueux*, whose title, first a nickname conferred in scorn, was soon hailed as a word of honour by friends, and struck as much fear to the hearts of foes as the name of Roundhead in the days of Cromwell in England, or that of *Sans Culotte* in those of Dumouriez in France. Freiligrath has produced three or four picturesque and striking ballads in honour of that brave Beggar band. One is entitled *A Gueux Watch*, and is a spirited picture, purposely somewhat roughened, of a night passed in jovial preparation for a march by a body of the patriots in a hostel near Rotterdam. None of the ballads of Béranger is more vivid in its outlines and colours. We see the rough, bearded rebels sturdily drinking their patriotic toasts, and throwing up their caps at the name of William of Orange, which one of their band roars out in a song ; we hear their chorus echoed by the freezing sentry, who peeps in at the window, with his mantle round his ears to keep off the snow ; we follow them

with eyes and ears, while, like genuine Dutchmen, they argue and harangue about the Cause; we note the growl that follows Alva's hated name; we observe the hostess and her lasses with gold-foil ornaments in their hair, moving as busily as some of Burns's gude-wives among the carousing company. A healthier, manlier ballad it would not be easy to find in any literature. Another of the Gueux ballads, *Lieve Heere*, commemorates, in a few dashing verses, a bold, self-sacrificing piece of Dutch courage (not in the popular sense of that equivocal phrase) performed during the protracted siege by the Spaniards of Ziericksee. Somewhat of a sadder note, and indeed of a ghastlier shade, is found in *The Water Gueux*.

'The North Sea vomits high
A corse upon the sand;
A fisher sees it lie,
And hurries to the strand.

'The blood and brine he presses
From the scarf around the dead;
He opens wide the corslet,
Lifts the beaver off the head;

'The beaver with its feather,
Its crescent and its crest;
The sea-sand clots the motto,
"Rather Turk than Priest!"

'Why open wide the corslet,
And bear him high on land?
No more shall sword or rudder
Touch that knightly hand!

'Twas when he clutched the bulwark,
To board the ship of Spain,
The stroke of a seaman's hatchet
Cleft his wrist in twain.

'He fell—the deep received him,
With its sullen, greeting roar;
Here, with the wrist yet bleeding,
It flings him on the shore!

'High on the coast of Zealand
The gallant corse is tossed;
The hand a fair, sad woman
Finds upon Friesland's coast.

'An anchor, black and rusty,
And wet with ocean spray,
Stands there to mark the distance
The tide swells every day.

- 'She leans on it and watches,
 If upon ocean gleams
 A white sail or a pennon ;
 Like marble Hope she seems.
- 'Lo, where the hand comes floating,
 As if her own to meet ;
 The cold and rigid fingers
 Touch her very feet !
- 'On one white finger gleaming
 A stone of ruby sheen ;
 A falcon and a lion
 Engraved thereon are seen :
 * * * * *
- The dusk of evening gathers,
 I cannot see her face.
- 'I see not if the tear-drops
 Full in her dark eyes stand ;
 But I see that from the shingle,
 She trembling lifts the hand.
- 'The bleeding relic folding
 In her veil, along the slope
 Of the shore, she wanders homeward ;—
 No more like marble Hope !'

We need hardly remind our readers that the motto and the figures on the ring are of historic meaning.

Poems such as these are all the more attractive because they denote an amount of human interest not common, it must be owned, in the works of Freiligrath. He has given as strong proof as any man in our day could reasonably give, that he felt no indifference to the social and political concerns of this world, and of his own country in particular ; but a reader who judged of the poet's character by three-fourths of the contents of this volume, could scarcely conjecture that the author felt the slightest interest in anything which was not sea, shore, forest, or tropic desert. A poet more entirely 'objective' never sang. His own identity is almost invariably kept wholly out of sight,—a rare merit among modern German poets. All his materials are without him ; are, in fact, a painter's materials. Scarcely any one of the passions or life incidents which have given the greater part of modern poetry to the world, has ever afforded him a subject. He has won his celebrity and produced his poems with scarcely any reference—certainly with none which is not brief and passing—to the emotions produced by love, hate, grief, jealousy, hope, despair, parting, or death. Where he has

touched such themes, he has shown that he can give expression to manly and natural feeling in a poet's words. Two simple and touching poems occur at once to us. One is *The German Emigrants*, a quietly pathetic description of the embarkation of some poor exiles, such as in the emigrant season troop the streets of London and Liverpool, from the poet's native land for the backwoods of America. The second, *The Death of the Leader*, describes the burial far out at sea of the venerable guide and patriarch of the emigrants, who conducted them on their raft-journey down the Neckar to the Rhine, and along the Rhine to the seaport where they embarked; and who, upon a dim, grey, dismal day of mist, is laid with tears and prayers in his ocean bed. One or two poems have a peculiar and personal interest. Such is that which is fancifully entitled *Odysseus*, and which is a lament over the fate of the gifted and eminent Count Platen, author of the *Abbassides*, the *Grave in Bucento*, and other well known poems, and who met a lonely and melancholy death by fever in Syracuse. The poem opens with a description of a Greek vessel bearing the name of the wandering hero of the Odyssey upon its prow, which attracts the poet's attention, and sets him musing upon the scenes and seas it has passed. He thus glides into his subject:—

————— 'I can make a herald of this island King,
 Yes, Odysseus, thou my greeting to a dead man's ear shalt bring!
 Where Trinacria's shores are rising brightly from the southern wave,
 There, not far from where the Cyclops dwelt of old, thou'lt find a grave!
 Flowers shed their incense round it—branches ever greenly cover it—
 Thou wilt find it soon, Odysseus, and thy pennants will stream over it!
 There—ye in the rigging hear it, sunburnt cheeks and flashing eyes!
 To that grave my greetings go, for there a German poet lies!
 May he slumber peaceful ever in his tomb among the trees—
 Ye, who caught his song's last breathing, be his guards, Abbassides!
 With the ringing of your sabres, ye, great Abbas' warrior sons,
 Let the shepherds of Theocritos blend their flutes' most soothing tones!
 May he slumber calmly there, to whom that early grave belongs—
 Silent sleeps he in the south—the north is ringing with his songs!
 Could he but know it! Could he hear my mourning tones across the sea!
 O catch them up, and bear them hence, ye flapping sails, to Sicily!
 Let them murmur on the shore—in softened breath their sounds
 repeating—
 The exile to the exile speaks, even to the dead a welcome greeting!
 Swell again, and tell me when, returning with the west wind blowing,
 If as an eternal wreath a laurel on that grave is growing!'

Like all true poets of modern ages, Freiligrath appreciates and loves the language and the poetry of the Bible. His works

teem with allusions to the sacred writings. The *Picture Bible*, the poem composed in the cathedral at Cologne; the quaint, wild verses entitled *Leviathan*; the beautiful, picturesque, and affecting *Nebo*; and many others, evidence the veneration and the love with which the poet clung to the associations of early Scripture training. From the last mentioned poem the following verses are selected:—

- ‘And then to heaven were lifted
 The pious hands of age,
 To beg a speedy ending
 Of their long pilgrimage;
 And scimitars were whetted
 With bold and nervous hand,
 To fight for the green meadows
 Of the promised fatherland;
- ‘The land which seemed to wait them
 Beyond, across the stream,
 A smiling, heavenly garden,
 Where plenty’s blessings teem;
 In fancy oft they saw it,
 Through weary desert-sand;
 And now it lies before them,
 The milk-and-honey land!
- “Canaan,” they shout exulting
 From out their vale of rest;
 By a steep path their leader
 Toils up the mountain’s breast;
 Thick fall upon his shoulders
 His locks of snowy white,
 From Moses’ brow are streaming
 Twin rays of golden light!
- ‘And when he reached the summit,
 By long and slow ascent,
 With eager eyes and trembling
 To gaze below he bent;
 There shone the plains where Plenty
 And Peace are ever shed,
 Which he may gaze on longing,
 Which he shall never tread!
- ‘There lay the sunny meadows,
 Where corn and vines were growing;
 There were the swarming beehives,
 The cattle for the ploughing;
 There silver threads of water
 Through emerald pastures ran,—
 The heritage of Juda,
 From Beersheba to Dan!

"Yes, I have lived to see thee!
 Now death may freely come—
 Lord, shed Thy breath upon me,
 And call Thy servant home!"
 Lo, where the Lord approaches
 On clouds all fringed with light,
 To bear the leader upwards
 From the pilgrim people's sight!
 'To die upon a mountain,
 O what a glorious end!
 When clouds are tinged with purple,
 As morning's rays ascend;
 Beneath, the world's hoarse murmur,
 The forest, field, and stream—
 Above, through opening portals
 The heavenly splendours beam!'

A more ambitious effort is suggested by some fragments of what appears to have been intended for a lengthened poem, and which is the only indication Freiligrath has given of a desire to test his capacity for such an elaborate production. The fragment of which we speak is entitled *The Emigrant Poet*. Freiligrath at one time contemplated settling in the New World; and some of his hopes and plans, under the influence of that resolution, probably gave birth to these verses. Disappointed love or ambition, or both, have driven the hero of this poem from his native Germany; and he buries himself in the yet uncleared forests of Canada. Some of the descriptions of winter, and of the opening of spring, are extremely vivid, and full of beauty and reality,—thus indicating that the picturesque fancy of the author did not chill and congeal when wandering under northern skies, and over northern snows:—

'In such a workshop labour is but light,
 The forest sparkles in the morning's glance;
 The bushes all in diamond crust are bright,
 And every fir-tree gleams a rigid lance:
 'The giant mountain-peaks confront the sky;
 The quiet plains with teeming life are filled;
 Across the river where the snow-drifts lie,
 His little house I see the beaver build:
 'Antlers are stirring in the thickets round;
 To lick the freshening snow the bison stoops;
 The fawn's light tread rings through the frozen ground,
 Above the trees the whirring heath-cock swoops.
 'The bright-eyed lynx comes boldly from his hole;
 Far through the firs the elk's loud hoofs are ringing—
 I hammer at my work, while in my soul
 New songs arise,—but who will hear me singing?'

The poet does kindly homage to some of his brethren :—

- ' At evening up the steepest heights I stray,
Alone, save with my love and with my pain ;
The mighty lakes below me far away,
And there I lift full many a heart-felt strain.
- ' The dear old melodies of other days,
Songs I have sung with friends a hundred times,
Oft in these depths of foreign woods I raise,
Which ne'er before have echoed German rhymes.
- ' The peak I lay on trembled to my voice,
And gave it back in chorus loud and long.
How did the rustling forest boughs rejoice
To hear the notes of Ludwig Uhland's song !
- ' The deer pricked up their antlers on the plains,
As far above them on the height I sang ;
As Kerner's, Schwab's, and Körner's glorious strains,
And Arndt's and Schenkendorff's, in echoes rang !
- ' O sadly to the wanderer came the tone
Of home-songs here ! An Orpheus in the brakes
I stood—with others' music, not my own ;
Around me danced not stones, but forest snakes ! '

The exile hunts the bison, and the elk, and muses like another Jacques over a dying deer. He has loved, and he laments his lost love in verses which have much pathos, and form the nearest approach to sentiment in the whole of the volume. The end is in keeping with the sadness which prevails through the poem. We learn from the watch-fire talk of an Indian band that the poet is dead, and has been laid at his own request where his face may turn eastward, even in death, to the land he loved and was never to see more.

We must bound our *excerpta* within reasonable limits. Many other poems, such as the *Dead in the Sea*, *The Dweller in the Forest*, *The Sword-cutter of Damascus*, and others, tempt us, but their claims must be resisted.

As yet, we have given scarcely anything but praise to the contents of this little volume. Many of them, however, deserve other judgment. The poet has, as we have said already, a strong tendency towards the extravagant and the horrible ; and another inclination, scarcely less repelling to natural and simple taste, towards the fantastic. The graceful fancy displayed in *Amphitrite*, and *The Flowers' Revenge*, degenerates into such poor conceits as that which closes *The Frog-Queen*. The ardent imagination of the Desert poems wantons into the extravagance and hideousness of *Anno*

Domini, and the revolting horror of *Scipio*. In the first of these, the poet indulges his fantasy in describing the final fate of our earth, which, according to him, is to be trailed along at the tail of some avenging comet, through unknown spaces and by nameless planet-fires, as Brunhault, in early French history, was dragged, by order of the second Clotaire, at the heels of a wild horse through the icy waters of the Marne and among the camp-fires of Chalons. In the second, a Negro tempts his South American master with a luxurious description of the exquisite enjoyment to be had by the devouring of human flesh! Both these agreeable subjects Freiligrath dwells upon with an astonishing perseverance, reminding one of the determined purpose with which Swift hunts down some abomination to its very remotest lurking-place. Several instances might be found, less painful indeed than these, in which a poem opening with simple beauty is utterly marred towards the end by some inordinate piece of *bizarre* fancy or paltry conceit. The best thing that could happen for Freiligrath's fame would be to have some half-dozen pieces withdrawn from all future collections of his poems. The world would soon forget them; and the extravagances of an exuberant fancy would no longer mar the products of true feeling, taste, and genius.

It is scarcely necessary to our present purpose to enter upon any consideration of the political ballads upon whose publication so much which was personally important to the poet turned. In all, save earnest feeling, they seem to us far inferior to his miscellaneous poems. Despite Fletcher of Saltoun, and his incessantly quoted maxim, it may be reasonably doubted whether the poet's art is on the whole, at least in modern days, a very valuable political instrument. When Uhland became a member of a German council, Goethe wrote with great truth, 'I fear the politician will absorb the poet. Suabia possesses men in plenty who are well informed, well intentioned, clever, and eloquent enough to be members of a council; but she has only one poet of the stamp of Uhland.' A noble engine to stir up a people to war or to resistance of oppression poetry may be, and has been occasionally, in every age from the days of Tyrtæus to the days of Körner; but it is a very different thing to make it the organ of strictly political opinions, and to produce leading articles in verse. The feeling which impels a poet to devote his genius to forward what he believes a great political cause deserves honour: but it is doubtful whether any such cause has thus been truly served, and it is tolerably certain that poems so produced have rarely secured for themselves a permanent vitality. Some men have been

fashioned by nature for war poets, and some for love poets; but we doubt whether nature ever sent out a born political poet. The fame of Freiligrath at least must depend upon those poems which had no purpose, political or patriotic, to serve. His political ballads, although just those for which he is naturally most admired by large classes of his own countrymen, seem to us among the only productions bearing his name which Time has destined for that wallet wherein he carries scraps for oblivion.

Freiligrath has been a laborious translator from English, French, Italian, and Spanish. Most poets of late years begin as translators, and we believe Freiligrath's earliest publication was his version of Shakspeare's *Venus and Adonis*. He has translated from Byron, Shelley, Coleridge,—encountering even the *Ancient Mariner*, and succeeding, save in one or two passages, with singular accuracy as well as fluency,—Burns, Campbell, Moore, Scott, Charles Lamb, Felicia Hemans, Southey, Tennyson, and others. He has displayed a wonderful facility in rendering gracefully almost the literal meaning of his authors, and a peculiar and enviable skill in mastering and reproducing their precise forms of metre.

This is not a day of great poets. No country in the world probably has any man now living and writing whose lyric fame is destined to go on to all posterity, as that of many in the past era will, spreading and growing broader as it descends deeper down in time. England, France, Germany, Italy, have no world-poet singing now. It would be idle to claim any such place for Ferdinand Freiligrath. The highest honour we can assign to him is to say that, on the whole, we believe him not inferior in many important elements of the poetic to any contemporary; and, in some peculiar characteristics, superior to all. He has a vividness and a realizing power of fancy wholly his own, in which no other living writer we know of can be likened to him. He is probably the most picturesque poet of our age. We have shown that he is not possessed of well controlled and equally sustained power. Side by side with some brilliant, glowing piece of fancy, which makes the reader doubt whether nature had not gifted the poet with a range of imagination far beyond anything he has realized, comes not unfrequently some trifling piece of poor conceit far below mediocrity of thought, or far beyond the uttermost stretch which can be conceded to the fantastic and the *bizarre*. He is not a thinking poet. Whenever he touches, as he very rarely does, upon themes which involve deep sinking into human nature and man's relation to creation, he falls at once into inferiority. Poetic feeling is an instinct with him, scarcely seeming to admit of help or develop-

ment from his intellectual faculties. It sometimes overleaps all restraints of culture, and runs wild upon its own strength, to collapse at last, as undisciplined powers usually must, in exhaustion and feebleness. There are, therefore, not many of these poems whose shafts have been sunk so deeply that their influence promises to be a perennially renewing power. Any readers who cannot be contented with less than the great qualities of genius which most tend to intensify and make eternal the influence of the highest poets will turn away from Freiligrath with disappointment. But they who, with less exacting demand, can derive enjoyment from a very rare combination of high and special poetic qualities, may be delighted and improved by this volume of poems. They who can appreciate a true 'Picture-book without Pictures,' as Hans Christian Andersen entitles one of his works, will find in the productions of Ferdinand Freiligrath a store of beautiful and wonderful groups, scenes, and visions, such as the magic mirror of no other poet of his own day can rival.

ART. VII.—*History of the Old Covenant, from the German of J. H. KURTZ, D.D., Professor of Theology at Dorpat.*
Translated by REV. A. EDERSHEIM, Ph.D. Edinburgh :
Clark. 1859.

THE series of expositions which gives the *Foreign Theological Library* its chief value has been lately enriched by several excellent contributions to the exegesis of the Old Testament. The foundation was laid some years ago by the translation of Hävernicks *Introduction to the Old Testament* generally, and to the *Pentateuch* in particular,—works which we can scarcely scruple to recommend as standing at the very head of this kind of sacred literature. The former is a treatise of extraordinary learning, wonderfully condensed and arranged; with all its disadvantages as a foreign production, and written, as all German criticism must in these days be written, with a controversial and defensive design, it has no rival; and every student of the ancient Scriptures would do well thoroughly to master it. The commentaries of Keil, Bertheau, and Kurtz, have continued the expositions of the historical books; a few more volumes, which might easily be selected for translation, would complete that department of the Old Testament, and form perhaps the best helps to the understanding of the earliest books of the Bible contained in our language.

German Neology has been very industrious, for the last quarter of a century, in its investigation of the old 'Shemitic traditions' which have so marvellously bound themselves up with the history of the world. Having successfully shown the process by which the New Testament was invented out of the Old, it proceeded to show how the Old itself was invented out of the legends of a singular wandering race. When it had traced out the steps of the delusion which converted a half-mythical personage of Judea into a Divine incarnation, and invested him with a garment of doctrines and claims woven clumsily by his apostles out of ancient national traditions, it became necessary to go back to those traditions themselves, and explain how *they* were originated and preserved their marvellous consistency of development through successive ages. The bondage of the West to the East, the despotic tyranny of the unsubstantial Hebrew superstition over European civilization and thought,—Japheth's ignominious dwelling in the tents of Shem, and submitting to a spiritual slavery worse than his brother Ham's,—is the intolerable yoke which they have thrown off themselves, and would help all others to throw off. This is the secret of their destructive criticism; and in pursuing their object they take the sacred archives, and resolve them into their original elements. Beginning at Moses and all the Prophets, they expound to their disenthralled hearers the things concerning Jesus: showing how easily the beautiful but unreal imagination arose in the primitive aspirations of an enthusiastic tribe; how cunningly it was interwoven with a national constitution; how mighty an auxiliary it was to the ambition of lawgivers, and judges, and leaders, and kings; how wonderful a series of poets conspired to give shape and continuance to the vast delusion; how at the critical conjuncture one man arose who made the daring attempt to embody the fantasy of ages in himself; and how, though in his own person he failed and died for his failure, his followers found multitudes foolish and slow-hearted enough to believe in his delusion, and to propagate what has since become the prevalent faith of the world.

Of course, this represents the worst phase of infidel Rationalism. Not all the Rationalists are of this extreme type: in fact *its* representatives and patriarchs are fast dying out. But the same spirit of restlessness under the yoke of Shem infests a large host of biblical critics, who do not desire to throw it off altogether. Many of them accept the fact that Christianity is a development for the world of Judaism for a nation; but they compound for their submission by demanding licence to reconstruct the records of that great development after their own

fashion. And that fashion is endlessly diversified: every man has his theory, his interpretation, his *view*, through the whole gamut of empirical scepticism, of which a denial of *inspiration*, however, is the key-note. Many of them are men of consummate learning, and of perseverance which no labour can damp while life continues its pulsation. Some of them are acknowledged as the highest philological authorities in the sacred language, and all its cognate dialects: their grammars and dictionaries are *as yet* the most popular, notwithstanding the latent infidelity which lurks amid their roots and derivations.

It would take many pages to sum up the theories which have been adopted by those who would save the Bible as a whole, but who think it requires a thorough reconstruction. They are toiling now with prodigious ardour upon their several schemes for reconciling the Bible to Geology, Chronology, and common sense; and every year brings to light some new scholar busy with his own particular 'Bible-work.' We thought that we were pretty well acquainted with the old Rationalist 'supplement hypothesis' and 'crystallization theories' and 'Jehovah-Elohistic fragment-compilers;' but Dr. Kurtz opens up a range of more modern reconstructions, which will require that we begin our studies anew before we can present our summary to the reader. These labourers in the dark are toiling, like the poor Israelites about whom they write, to make bricks without straw. The Babel they build is perpetually crumbling under their hands, before one has time to tell its towers. Meanwhile, it is an unspeakable comfort to know that they provoke the pious emulation of other men, as learned and as furnished with all subsidiary instruments as themselves; and, as far as we can judge, every new contribution to theological exegesis is soon matched, if it is not anticipated, by another equally full of sound research, and written on the right side.

Dr. Kurtz, Theological Professor in Dorpat, is a very voluminous, and at the same time a very careful, writer. What is still better, he is a thoroughly evangelical, right-hearted man, whose reverence for the word of God is as profound as his study of it is exact. These two volumes are the first instalment of what will be his greatest work; but he had prepared for it by several lesser treatises, which have been partially absorbed in this publication. His *Bible and Astronomy* has been very much valued in Germany, as being the best attempt to solve the great questions which science has raised upon the Mosaic account of the Creation. An able abridgment of it is prefixed to the present translation; and it will be read with much

interest, on account of its happy admixture of speculation and good sense, by many who will dissent from a considerable number of its conclusions. It may be mentioned also that he is the author of a succinct *Manual of Church History*, which, as we perceive, is destined to take its English place by the side of Neander and Gieseler.

The present work is avowedly a History of the Old Covenant, that is to say, a history of the dealings of Providence with the Jewish people, as the elect race in which God preserved, and by which He transmitted, the great mystery of redemption to be accomplished in the fulness of time. This is a simple statement of the author's design: to trace the great *Evangelical Preparation*, the preparatory history of the Incarnation, from the time when the Divine purpose narrowed the sphere of its operation to the stock of Abraham. But the elaborate way in which the historian reaches and establishes his particular object is singularly characteristic of the German mind. That mind was never yet known to plunge in *medias res*. The proper starting-point of this work is the covenant of God with Abraham; but that starting-point is itself a goal which we must reach through three hundred pages of preliminary matter. For the introductory history of the pre-Adamite earth,—which was left, according to a theory common in Germany, *without form and void* as the result of the fall of angels,—the author is of course not responsible, as it was not prefixed through any design of his, though, had it been so, it would not have been at all surprising. And, as it respects the Introduction proper, we have no complaint to make against it; on the contrary, it opens up a great deal of very valuable discussion, and is generally of equal importance with the rest of the work.

'The Incarnation of God in Christ, for the salvation of man, constitutes the central point in the history and in the developments of mankind. *The fulness of time*, for which all pre-Christian history was merely meant to *prepare*, commences with this event, and rests upon it. In the preparatory stage, history took a twofold direction. In the first, man's powers, left to their own bent, resulted in the various forms of pre-Christian *Heathenism*. The second, guided and directed by Divine influence, constituted pre-Christian *Judaism*. These two series of developments,—differing not only in the *means*, but also in the *purpose and aim* of their development,—run side by side, until, in the fulness of time, they meet in Christianity, when the peculiar results and fruits of these respective developments are made subservient to its establishment and spread. The separation of these two series, and the point where the distinctive development of each commences, dates from the selection of *one* particular nation. From that time onward every revelation of God clusters around that nation,

in order to prepare it, so that ultimately the climax and the final aim of all revelation, the incarnation of God, might be attained in the midst of that people, and thence a salvation issue, adapted not only to that nation, but also to other nations. The *basis* of this history is a *covenant* into which God entered with *that* nation; and which, amid all the vicissitudes and dangers attending every human development, He preserved and directed till its final aim was attained. This covenant, whose object was a salvation which *was to be accomplished*, is designated the *Old Covenant*, in contradistinction to the *New Covenant* which God made with *all* nations, on the basis of a salvation which, in the fulness of time, *had actually been accomplished*.—Vol. i., p. 1.

Consistently with this general statement, the author gives a rapid but suggestive sketch of sacred history from the creation, as it was preparatory to the vocation of the father of the Israelites. The calling of Abraham was the new beginning of a series of developments of which the incarnation was the fulfilment and end; and thus the history of the Old Covenant, having begun by giving a *particular* aspect to God's general designs, ends by being merged in a general covenant with the whole race in Christ. The covenant with Abraham is regarded as pre-eminently *the* covenant of the Old Testament. Former covenants were merged and for a season, so to speak, lost in this; while the subsequent covenant on Mount Sinai was merely a subordinate appendage. We shall state briefly our author's views on both these points.

The covenant of grace into which God entered with our first father, before Paradise was left, and on the very scene of his fall, determined with the Flood. In the language of our author, 'The economy which had preceded the Deluge had not attained its goal, viz., to exhibit salvation by the seed of the woman.' If this purpose was not to be given up, the former development had to be broken off by a universal judgment, and a new one to be commenced. The whole antediluvian history of the kingdom of God was an utter failure: sin prevailed and increased universally; and even the pious descendants of Seth yielded to the general contagion. The *human* character of the race was marred and perverted by the mysterious intercourse of angels and men; so that a new beginning was imperatively needed. The sinfulness was universal, and it was more than mortal sinfulness: it became necessary that the race should begin again with one man; and that man was found. The history of this first sad stage of man's relations to the Divine government will be read with much interest; but it must be read with great caution. The disquisitions on the sinful elements already present

in the world, on the tempter, the cherubim, the commerce of the sons of God with the daughters of men, and other topics which rise on that ancient enchanted ground, are learned and exhaustive, and, on the whole, temperate. We might expect that a German theologian would be driven, by his instincts, to side in every case with the more mysterious interpretation. But he is not always wrong in following his instincts; and Dr. Kurtz, in particular, is too thoroughly orthodox to allow speculation to lead him astray in any essential article of faith.

The renewal of the covenant with mankind, in the person of Noah, began afresh the probation of mankind. Man's *sacrifice* expressed his sinfulness and hope of salvation; and God, on His part, restored His benediction to the earth, and man's pre-eminence upon it. The new world was placed under a dispensation of *forbearance*, (Gen. viii. 2,) until the fulness of time. Ararat pointed to Calvary in the far distance: but Sinai lay between; and a *preliminary law* was given as the first elementary schoolmaster, containing the basis and commencement of the law given afterwards upon Sinai. This Elohim covenant was entered into with all nations; and the *rainbow*, spanning all the earth, was the Lord's secret handwriting and attestation, to be always legible when the dark storms, recalling a former judgment, gave place to the shining of the sun which assures a present, and predicts a future, grace. But this general covenant stands in close connexion with the pre-eminence which was destined for Shem in the history of the great preparation for the fulness of time. Jehovah, in Noah's prophecy, is to be the God of Shem; Elohim, the God of Japhet, will enlarge his race and borders, but only so that ultimately it shall find its spiritual way to the tents of Shem. Canaan is, for a long season, placed under the curse. Meanwhile, sin, in all the three races, went on, as before the flood, to its consummation. Another flood was not to purify the earth; but a new development must begin in the history of the covenant. A fearful punishment, which contained the prophecy of an ultimate blessing, descended upon the race which made Babel their tower of defiance. The nations were suffered to go their own way of heathenism; the prodigal son was permitted, under a certain awful Divine sanction, to go into the far country, carrying his perverted traditions with him, until the great meeting again in Christianity with his elder brother.

But it was not until the call of Abraham that Heathenism and Judaism began their distinctive development. The father of the faithful was taken out of the midst of an idolatry which was universal, and in which the reserved and predestinated race

of Shem participated. He began a new beginning, as distinctively the third as Noah's had been the second, after Adam's the first. There was, after him, no other beginning till Christ came to end and to begin all things. The giving of the law on Mount Sinai was no interruption of this development, as the flood and the dispersion had broken off former developments. The history which commenced with Abraham was an entirely new history, and continued unbroken till the judgment which Titus was called to execute against the covenant people. 'The giving of the law on Mount Sinai is only a high point, although the most prominent, in the history between Abraham and Christ. It is not the commencement of a new history. True, it is called a *covenant*; but it does not differ essentially from that with Abraham. It does not stand in the same relation to the Abrahamic as the latter to the Noachic covenant. The covenant with Noah was made with all mankind; the covenant with Abraham was made with him as the ancestor of the holy people, while that on Sinai was made with the people as the seed of Abraham.'

All this is certainly true, as far as the definition of the author's object is concerned. He did not undertake the history of *revelation*, which would have set the whole Bible before him; nor the history of the *kingdom of God*, which would have embraced all the economies of the Divine dealings from the first promise to the consummation of Christ's glory in His saints; nor the history of the *preparation of the Gospel*, which would have included the former half of this last vast subject; nor the history of the *Theocracy*, which commenced with the giving of the law; nor that of the Noachic covenant, which would terminate with the Christian missions that brought the descendants of Japhet into the tents of Shem. But his object is to give the entire history of the Old Covenant, entered into with one people in the person of their father Abraham, and continued through a series of vicissitudes, of which the following is the author's summary:—

'The history of the Old Covenant passes, from its commencement to its termination, through *six* stages. In the **FIRST** stage it is only a **FAMILY-history**. During that period we are successively made acquainted with each of the three patriarchs, *Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob*. The twelve sons of the latter form the basis of the national development. In the **SECOND** stage these *twelve tribes* grow into a **PEOPLE**, which under *Moses* attains independence, and receives its laws and worship. Under *Joshua* it conquers its country, while during the time of the Judges the Covenant is to be further developed on the basis of what had already been obtained. The **THIRD**

stage commences with the institution of ROYALTY. By the side of the royal office, and as a counterpoise and corrective to it, the *prophetical office* is instituted, which is no longer confined to isolated appearances, but remains a continuous *institution*. The separation of the one commonwealth into two monarchies divides this period into two sections. The FOURTH stage comprises the EXILE AND RETURN. Prophetism survives the catastrophe of the exile, so as to re-arrange and to revive the relations of the people who returned to their country, and to open the way for a further development. The FIFTH stage, or the *time of expectation*, commences with the cessation of prophecy, and is intended to prepare a place for that salvation which is now to be immediately expected. Lastly, the SIXTH stage comprises the time of the FULFILMENT, when salvation is to be exhibited in Christ. The Covenant-people reject the salvation so presented, the Old Covenant terminates in judgment against the Covenant-people, but prophecy still holds out to them hopes and prospects for the future.—Vol. i., p. 171.

Now, it may be questioned whether the completion of this vast sketch will not be rather the history of the Covenant-people, than of the Old Covenant; and that for two reasons: First, the Old Covenant, as distinguished from the New,—and as such the author regards it,—did not, strictly speaking, begin with the vocation of Abraham, nor end with the abandonment of Israel. And, secondly, the covenant of God with that people,—the People, pre-eminently, throughout the Scriptures,—while it certainly began with Abraham, was not so absolutely absorbed and lost in the New Testament but that a certain residuum of it stands over still for final ratification. Into this latter point, that is, into the question what is the extent and what is the character of that Covenant promise which is still suspended over blinded Israel, we shall not now enter; and on the former point shall offer only a very few observations.

The New-Testament usage of the sacred term 'covenant' does not perfectly bear out the author's distinction between the New and the Old. It may appear to some a needless refinement to take exception to a title which all well understand, and which may be allowed, as a title, some latitude of interpretation. But the author too distinctly defines his use of the word to give him the benefit of that plea; and, moreover, the theological importance of the true antithesis between the Old and New Covenants is very great. *Old* and *New* are terms which have a very diverse correlative significance in the teaching of our Lord and of His Apostles. The Great Householder brought out of His ancient treasury—the Jewish Scriptures—things new and old: many old things He abolished, leaving them in the Bible only as a memorial; many old things He made new by renew-

ing their youth, or rather by exhibiting their identity with His own Gospel, and their everlasting sameness from the beginning to the end of time.

There is a sense in which the Redeemer's coming made 'all things new;' and therefore made everything that preceded His incarnation *old*. All the Jewish Scriptures, with all their covenants, institutions, promises, and prophecies—from the first promise of that Deliverer down to Malachi's last prediction of His coming—formed one old dispensation,—the religious history of the world, Jewish and Gentile, before the entrance of Christ into it began a new era. The Old Testament is the collection of all the Old Covenants, in their sequence, connexion, and involution; the Book of the *Ancient of Days*, the Book of the Memorial (Exod. xvii. 14) of all His dealings with men in the *old time*.

There was a covenant, made with the fathers, which was abolished in Christ, and which is called 'old' in another sense, as belonging not merely to a former time, and a former dispensation, but as being superseded and done away. Of nothing is this word 'old,' in this sense of it, more frequently used than of the covenant. But the Old Covenant, in contradistinction to the New, is always declared to date from 'the Mount Sinai, which gendereth to bondage,' of which Hagar and her son were the typical anticipation. It was when He led the people out of Egypt that Jehovah entered into a transitory covenant with the elect race, to last until the Mediator of a better Covenant, established upon better promises, should come with His new charter and ratifying blood. The *New Covenant* stands in antithesis to no other than that; but to *that* it stands on the boldest antithesis throughout the writings of St. Paul, the great expositor of the Gospel before the Law, and in the Law, and after the Law.

But the covenant with Abraham, which is the starting-point of this great work, was not among the old things that passed away before the brightness of the appearance of the grace of God in Christ. Before Abraham was the father of the circumcision, he was the father of the faithful. God, who 'gave him the covenant of circumcision,' had 'before preached the Gospel to him.' He was singled out from the race of Shem as the father of the seed (as of one), before he was singled out as the father of the many. (Gal. iii.) The first covenant transaction with him embraced the world, and the only condition on his part was faith. Abraham accepted the promise, and believed in the future Christ, and was the great representative of salvation by faith, both for Jews and Gentiles, before he entered into the

covenant of circumcision on behalf of his seed according to the flesh. That covenant 'was confirmed before of God in Christ;' confirmed in such a manner that the law, which was four hundred and thirty years after, could not disannul it. Abraham, the father of Christ, in whom all the nations should be blessed, and enter into the true Canaan, was before Abraham, the father of the seeds, as of many. His first covenant could never be *old* in any sense of antithesis to the new:—and this is the only point we wish to guard.

The glorious history of the covenant-people, who for nearly two millenniums were, notwithstanding all their rebellions, the depository of God's revealed will, whose great prerogative it was to be themselves the *Ark of the Covenant* among the nations, can be worthily written only in the form of a running commentary upon the Holy Scripture. There have been many histories of the Israelites attempted by Christians, infidels, and Jews. But all have been failures—many, very mischievous failures—which have been constructed on the plan of taking the Old Testament as merely a collection of archives and materials, to be interwoven with the archives of other nations, and reduced to consistency with any general historical system. The Divine Historian is jealous of His honour. He has written the history of the People; and all that other historians can do, is to follow with humble reverence in His track as expositors of His words. Hence, we feel the consummate excellence of the plan which Dr. Kurtz has sketched out for himself. But that plan must be worked out to the end before his execution of it can be fairly criticized, or even fully appreciated. This much, however, we may say now, that as far as he has gone he has left very little to be desired. He follows the scriptural record closely; giving first the summary of its narrative, and then appending his own disquisitions, in which every topic of peculiar interest or difficulty is discussed with sound learning and conscientious candour. With deep reverence and fidelity he has, in these two volumes, pursued the traces of the guidance of Jehovah's hand, from the day when He led Abram out of Ur, to the day when He 'called His Son out of Egypt.'

But we feel it right to dwell for a while on the principles which regulate the author's researches in this great undertaking; and on that supreme one of them particularly, viz., that the primitive documents of revelation have a Divine attestation stamped upon every sentence,—an attestation which sacred learning, scientific criticism so called, will, in proportion as it disencumbers itself of its wilful prejudices, perfectly confirm.

Speaking of the original materials which the author of the

Pentateuch used in its formation, he says: 'But a critical reply to these inquiries is of small importance to us in deciding as to the faithfulness, trustworthiness, or credibility of these legends themselves. For their highest authentication we depend not on the human origin of the biblical records, but on the Divine co-operation which supported and assisted those who wrote them. Of this Divine co-operation we are not only assured by certain express statements to that effect in the Scriptures, and by the testimonies of Moses, of Christ, and of the prophets and apostles, but also by the Divine power which has wrought and still works by them, by Christianity itself, which is their ripe fruit, (for the tree is known by its fruits,) and by the history of the world, which, on its every page, bears testimony to the Divine character of Christianity.' In harmony with this avowal we find everywhere—making allowance for some wavering expressions here and there which err more in the phrase than in the sense—an absolute, implicit reliance upon the Divine authorship and inspiration of the Old-Testament records. It is very refreshing to meet with this in a German divine, more especially in a German professor: a single instance of the kind would have been hard to find a few years ago; but now there are tokens which promise that the rule and the exception will ere long change places. At least we may comfort ourselves with the hope that our own generation will witness a great revolution tending that way; and, in this expectation, it is the wisdom of the evangelical public of Great Britain to give the reviving orthodoxy of Germany every encouragement in their power. Approbation on this side the Channel is more valued, and exerts more influence as an incentive, than many of our more rigid censors imagine.

The Christian critic cannot pay much honour to the words of His Master, if he carries any doubt to the study of Moses in the law and the prophets. The true and faithful Witness set His own eternal seal to the rolls which He held in His hand; which He opened when He commenced His ministry in Nazareth, and read and quoted from throughout the whole of its course; to which He made His constant appeal, and from which He drew all His arguments as a teacher; which He sprinkled anew with His own blood, and expounded still after His resurrection. The ancient Scriptures testified of Him, and He gave His testimony in return to them. 'The Scripture cannot be broken:' it cannot by the Divine fidelity, it cannot by any infidel researches of man. The Old Testament is not only irradiated and confirmed, it is defended and protected also by the New. It is one of the happiest signs of the times that biblical critics

are beginning, in Germany as in England, to carry this axiom with them in all their investigations. Its good effect is seen, first, in the confidence with which they rely on the result of all sound research; and, secondly, in the dignified humility with which they are content to submit to leave for a while an obscurity which may seem hopelessly dark.

Many things there are, doubtless, in the primitive records which seem hopelessly dark; things in the Old Testament, as there are things even in the New, hard to be understood, and hard to be reconciled with each other. That sacred learning will ever be so far prospered of God as to make all the difficulties of Scripture plain, even to simple faith, may be doubted. This has never seemed to be the Divine purpose. There is no promise or pledge of it in Scripture itself. Ezra and Nehemiah did not give *all* the sense. Evangelists and Apostles passed away without solving problems which must have presented these difficulties to them as well as to us. The one only great connected exposition of the Old-Testament doctrine of Christ, which our Lord gave on the way to Emmaus, has not been preserved to us, though we would give a vast Talmud of Jewish and Christian Christology in exchange for a tradition of it. And, generally speaking, it is as probable that the world will pass away without having understood *all* its Bible, as it is certain that the most sanctified and enlightened of its students are continually going safely hence with numberless difficulties unsolved.

Meanwhile, it is a pure satisfaction in reading books of this class to find that so many difficulties do retire, and that so many obscure places are illuminated, when the original text is searched into by men competently furnished with lights for the task. Our present author gives us a very noble example of the combination of implicit faith in the trustworthiness of the records, and resolution to give a good scientific account of his faith. He evades no difficulty which philology, ethnology, chronology, —the three teraphim in the tents of modern rationalism,—have evoked in such awful forms and countless numbers to harass the Christian's faith in the Pentateuch. Many of these difficulties he absolutely dispels: the reader will find among the disquisitions which accompany the text some very valuable summaries of all that may be defensively said as it respects the apparent fragmentary character of the books of Moses; the use and relative bearings of the *Elohim* and *Jehovah* names of the Deity; the angel of the covenant; (though this is not so entirely satisfactory in its issue as could be wished;) circumcision, the Sabbath, and other primitive institutions; the seeming reproductions in the histories of the patriarchs; with many other

questions which Neology has borrowed from the Infidel Egyptians. Some of these difficulties he lessens, and reduces to their just proportions, bringing them within reasonable compass, so that even a weak faith may more easily submit to endure them. Others, such as those connected with the chronology of the early part of the Old Testament, he admits in all their force; but pleads his right to stand on the defensive, and wait till all the argument against the biblical archives is complete. For the witnesses do not agree among themselves; the chronological cycles which are worked up to confront or correct the only *Book of the Generations* may be suffered to demonstrate their own fabulousness, and explode their own theories, before the scriptural account of men's dispersion and spread through the earth is triumphantly vindicated.

It is wisdom not to be impatient in demanding, on many points, the final defence of the champions of revelation. There is a *standing still* before the *going forward*. Biblical criticism is as surely under the supervision and controlling providence of the Divine Spirit, as the holy book itself was the fruit of His inspiration. But biblical criticism has its probation. It has had its times of ignorance which God winked at; it has had its times of mad rebellion which God has borne with; but it has never been without its sanctified labourers, whose toils have been more or less blessed from on high. In its darkest and dreariest stages it has not been without its tokens of being owned of God; He has interposed, in His own time and in His own way, to give a right direction to its efforts, to open up new regions of investigation, and to provide, sometimes very suddenly, the materials for the settlement of long-disputed questions. When the time has come, and biblical learning has proved itself more worthy of the honour, He will make it still more abundantly triumphant over all its enemies. There are documents and evidences unknown as yet to men, which Divine Providence can easily open up and unseal when His purposes have ripened. Nineveh and Babylon waited long for the disinterment of their precious memorials and vouchers. Meanwhile, He will keep His servants humble, and let His enemies do their worst. When their schemes, and theories, and calculations have taken their final laborious shape, it will be a light thing for Him to point His servants to some hidden facts which will upset them all. Biblical criticism has had its critical periods of signal intervention. Excavations, inscriptions, disinterred manuscripts, discoveries and new generalizations in science, have always hitherto been in favour of the word of God, without one solitary exception. The student, therefore, who believes, may

bide his time: he will never be made ashamed. Learned servants of revelation are working indefatigably, and God is working with them. Our own generation is destined to behold a great revolution in the relative position of believers and rationalists; and if, for a season, the serpents of the wise men's and magicians' Egyptian enchantments are not all at once swallowed up by Aaron's rod, we must regard it as the trial of our faith. They will all disappear in due time, with every other vestige and relic of that old serpent, the father of the lie.

Before concluding this short notice, we would embrace the opportunity which these volumes fairly afford of urging the claims of Old-Testament literature upon all students, and especially upon all young students, of the word of God. Old-Testament literature is, undoubtedly, a very extensive term; and it would be easy to exhibit its comprehensiveness in such a manner as to overwhelm the imagination,—in the manner of the programmes of the old Biblical Introductions,—and thus defeat our own object. The consummate study of the ancient Scriptures involves, indeed, a tremendous curriculum of preliminary equipment, the application and use of which would task the unflagging energies of the longest life. In the nature of things this can be required as a duty, or permitted as a privilege, in the case only of a few men. In this sense, there must be a vicarious toil, the benefits of which the common mass of biblical students must be content gratuitously to enjoy. God sends some of His servants—and many who scarcely know that *He* sends them thither—into their closets, that they may carry on indefatigable processes of research, the results only of which the great bulk of us can enter into. For here the great rule holds good,—‘Other men labour, and we enter into their labours.’

Most of those who study the word of God—of those, at least, whom we have in view—are engaged in the absorbing work of expounding and preaching it: while, therefore, on the one hand, there is every reason why they should reap the fruit of the learned labours of others, their time and opportunity for doing so is of necessity restricted. To them it is of the utmost importance to know *how* to enter into other men's labours: this is a great art of itself; an humble one comparatively, yet ample in its compensation for toil:—to have the keys of learned men's treasures, and to use them well; to know their *language*, and thus to understand their words. But, without any figure, it is *language* that is here concerned,—the Hebrew, the sacred tongue pre-eminently; the Greek, the language of the Old Covenant made new; and the Latin, as the handmaid of both. With the first of these alone we have now to do.

Few young ministers go out into their great work—and fewer still will henceforward go out into it—without a fair grounding in the elements of the Hebrew. There is no study for the further prosecution of which, after the foundation is well laid, there are more facilities. In this, more than in most branches of learning, it is the good beginning that makes the heaviest tax. When a thorough working acquaintance with the structure of the language is once acquired, the highest and noblest career of sanctified study is thrown open. With a few well chosen guides, the young divine may search the ancient Scriptures for himself, in a sense in which no one can search them who is altogether unacquainted with the original tongues. For, although he may never arrive at, or even aspire to, independent critical skill, he will be able to follow intelligently those who do possess it, and enter thoroughly into the spirit of investigations which he might not be able to conduct for himself. The best modern commentaries, moreover, whether on the Old or the New Testament, presuppose in the reader some familiarity with the originals: not only in Germany, but in England also, it is the original text which is expounded; and, consequently, much of their value is lost to the reader who has suffered his Hebrew and Greek to fall into disuse. The work which suggests these reflections owes much of its excellence to disquisitions which can be only very partially understood by the mere English reader, but which, on the other hand, require a knowledge of Hebrew which may be very slight, provided it be accurate.

Much might be said—were these remarks more than mere closing suggestions—on the claims of Hebrew literature. We might dwell on its profound interest, as opening the Bible to the student in its own primitive unmatched simplicity, which no earthly translation can adequately re-produce; on its amazing exactitude, the result of that miracle of generations which preserved the Canon before the time of Christ, and the supervision of Providence over the dark labours of the Masorites afterwards; and on the absolute obligation which rests, in these golden days of opportunity, upon all young ministers to cultivate a study which, perhaps, was not made so obligatory upon many of their predecessors. But we must refrain; and close with one word of advice. Let the young man in whose hands God has placed the price to buy this wisdom, esteem it one of the most precious blessings of his early training. Let him give the first place in his studies to the *sacred letters* in which it pleased the Holy Ghost to enshrine the Old and New Covenants. Let him interweave these studies with all his devotional, practical, and professional communion with God's word. This will require

unwearied diligence, and involve, perhaps, a large sacrifice of other literature; but any such sacrifice will be repaid a hundred fold; and, whatever other pursuits he may have to lay aside, let him never forget that the vows of the Bible are upon him.

- ART. VIII.—1. *Public Education*. By SIR JAMES KAY SHUTTLEWORTH, BART. London: Longmans. 1853.
2. *Census of Great Britain, 1851.—Education: England and Wales. Report and Tables*. London. 1854.
3. *Annual Report of the Normal, Model, Grammar, and Common Schools, in Upper Canada, for the year 1855, &c.* Printed by Order of the Legislative Assembly. Toronto. 1856.
4. *Minutes of Committee of Council on Education from 1846 to 1857-8, with Reports of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools, &c.* As presented to Parliament by Command of Her Majesty.
5. *Essay on National Education*. By the REV. F. TEMPLE, D.D., published in the *Oxford Essays* for 1856. London: Parkers.
6. *Summaries of the Returns to the General Inquiry made by the National Society during the years 1856-7 throughout England and Wales*. London. 1858.

A REASONABLE and responsible being in a state of probation must need information and moral control. One who advances from the instincts of infancy to the intelligence and passions of manhood can only develop his character healthily and perfectly under certain conditions of culture. Even the plant needs what we may call 'education,' if it is to exhibit its perfect type, and to put forth all its capabilities; the soil and the climate must be sorted to its nature, the care and tendance of the cultivator must defend it from harms, shelter it from blight and blast, keep clear from impoverishing weeds the ground in which it is planted, and supply the soil continually with the appropriate elements of nutriment and strength. The domesticated animal demands analogous care, if he is to answer fully the purposes of his master: air, and exercise, and diet, must all be proportioned and adapted to his constitution; his very temper must be studied and managed; otherwise perfection cannot be attained. But much more must education—a complete education, which has regard to every constituent of his being—be necessary for man. By how much the more complex a thing is our human nature, the more manifoldly sensitive and excitable,

the more capable of development or perversion, the more sublime in its highest reach of faculty or sympathy, the more divine in its noblest strain of self-denying love and holiness, the more wretched in its lowest degradation, and the more Satanic in its darkest rebellion: the stronger is the argument, the more commanding the necessity, that man should be wisely and completely educated.

A complete human education must include the physical, the intellectual, and the moral elements of man's nature. What God has joined together and made mutually helpful and dependent, man must not separate. No one of these elements can be neglected without injury to the others. Even as regards mere physical perfection, who can doubt that God loves to see men fully grown and perfectly proportioned,—that it is His will that they should be such, each according to his proper type and constitution? How then can men but love to look upon physical beauty, strength, and health? Moreover, physical health and perfectness have much to do with intellectual soundness and energy, and even with moral rectitude and virtue. We must still abide by the old motto, and insist not only upon the *mens sana*, but, in order to this, as well as for its own sake, on the *corpus sanum*. On the other hand, mental exercise and discipline, within certain limits, are even favourable to bodily energy and activity; and moral rectitude, including in this the control of our passions, is indispensable to completeness and permanence of bodily health. Yet more intimately connected with each other are mental culture and moral discipline.

'Want of education,' says Mr. J. D. Morell, 'abandons vast masses of our population to the necessity of low and sensual enjoyment. I say the necessity, because all persons engaged in continuous labour require mental relaxation and refreshment. Where the mind is too contracted in its sphere of ideas to appreciate and enjoy innocent and rational amusement, nothing is left but to find it in stimulating the passions and pandering to the senses. Hence it is that all our large towns are beset at every turn with low taverns and places of vulgar amusement, where crowds collect together to find mental relaxation and shake off the weariness of the day's toil by drinking, smoking, and ribaldry of a most demoralizing character. Laws are powerless to restrain this tendency. Even temperance, though it curbs many sore evils, yet changes rather than eradicates the propensity of animal indulgence. Mental cultivation alone can cut away the root of the evil, because it alone can open up the means of finding enjoyment in better and purer pursuits. Moreover, when moral and religious training are combined with intellectual development, the better path is not merely opened, but the duty of treading in it is armed with sanctions before which human nature cannot fail to bow so long as

the conscience remains unseared, and the springs of faith are not wholly dried up.'—*Minutes of Committee of Council on Education for 1857-8*, p. 511.

We could not endorse to the full extent the sentiments contained in this extract. When mere mental culture has done its best, one root, the deepest root, of our human propensity for animal indulgence, will still remain, in the natural passions of the heart. So far is it from being strictly true that education *alone* can cut away the root of this evil that we doubt whether alone it *ever* wrought its radical cure. It does indeed 'open up the means of finding enjoyment in better and purer pursuits;' and to do this is a great matter, since it thus effects a powerful and salutary diversion of the mind; but surely it must not be said that mental culture only can do this. A true spiritual conversion—the regeneration of the inner man—will do it much more effectually, and from a deeper and more inward centre will transfuse the whole soul with a diviner power, with a heavenly life and fire. Nevertheless, taking the passage with these corrections and abatements, who does not see that Mr. Morell's words contain a most important truth? For the unconverted man of fervid temperament, low sensualism does become a sort of necessity, if his superior faculties have received no kind of culture. 'Ignorance,' says the Rev. F. Watkins, 'knowing and feeling nothing but bodily wants, has no thought beyond selfish gratification, and no appeal but to brute power, tastes nothing of repose but in the torpidity of the gorged serpent, and realizes nothing of contentment but in the listlessness and vacuity of swinish satiety.'*

Mental culture and discipline must, then, exercise an influence, on the whole, powerfully antagonist to mere sensualism,—the natural condition into which the utterly ignorant gravitate, who have bodies, but have not yet found their souls, at least in their nobler faculties,—who have animal instincts and passions, but are only very dimly conscious of those powers within them, of reason, imagination, and moral capacity and influence, by which they stand 'a little lower than the angels.' But, more than this, as it has been well remarked, if we remember rightly, by the Rev. W. J. Kennedy, in one of his educational Reports, mental discipline *is* moral discipline. The systematic and successful culture of the understanding implies the continual exercise of moral control. No man or boy can be an assiduous student without a rigid and steady self-repression, or without energetic and constant effort to collect and command his powers. This is

* *Minutes of Committee of Council on Education for 1857-8*, p. 304.

assuredly moral discipline, so far as it goes ; not such indeed as to reach the conscience or the deep places of the heart ; not involving that truest—in a just sense that only true—self-denial, which consists in the subjection of a man's own will to the will of God ; but still a sort and amount of moral control, of the highest value in the common affairs of life, a discipline of patience and constancy, and resolute resistance of the lower desires and passions, in itself highly favourable to temperance and virtue, and no mean or unworthy preparation and auxiliary in anticipation of the diviner conquests and culture obtained through heavenly truth and grace.

Assuredly, however, the highest and most needful part of man's education is that which directly regards his nature as a moral and responsible being. This respects not only time but eternity, and secures best the interests of time by a right appreciation of the life which is eternal ; this involves, of necessity, when real and healthy, a certain amount of mental intelligence and culture, of the most effectual and servicable kind ; it moreover secures such a condition of temper, and balance of the faculties, such equilibrium of soul, such a power of self-command, and such steadfast tenacity of purpose, such an elevation and intensity of spirit, as are most likely to insure success in every undertaking, whether of every-day business, or of mental application, or of individual enterprise. The Rev. J. Scott, of the Wesleyan Normal College, Westminster, has recently published an address to the students in that institution, of which the happily chosen title is, 'Goodness is Power.' This is a maxim of profound truth and universal application, which should always be coupled with that so often misinterpreted adage, 'Knowledge is power.' The spiritual life is at once the highest and the deepest in man, the strongest and the most enduring. Its seat is in the very core and centre of his being, and its energy is all-pervasive and all-regenerative. If this has not been kindled from above, the man is not yet himself. The force and fire of this life alone can unseal all his powers, wake up his dormant faculties, and bring forth into action the entire and complete soul, according to the good design and gracious purpose of its Maker. What strength, what patience, what earnest honesty of purpose, what largeness and nobleness of spirit, what tenderness of sympathy, does true goodness impart, begotten and sustained by the Divine Spirit !

The object of education, then, must be to cultivate and develop the entire man, body, mind, and spirit, so that he may stand forth a complete and symmetrical whole. This is what every wise Christian desires for every man. But, alas ! hitherto

no approximation to this general result has been anywhere realized. The population of our own land presents, for the most part, a picture painfully contrasting with this ideal. We may at once be sure, from the slightest intercourse with many of our countrymen, often from their mere aspect and manners, that they have never received anything like systematic human culture. The mere appearance of a flower or a tree will often reveal the conditions under which it has grown up. If its growth is stunted, its form imperfect, its colours dim; we know that the flower has been planted in a poor or unfriendly soil, and that the climate has been ungenial and the sunlight scanty. If the trees are small in size, alike trunk, and branch, and leaf; if they are uncouth and unshapely in their appearance, and instead of standing upright and spreading their branches forth equally on every side, are almost bare on one side, and bent and twisted in the opposite direction; the very sight of such trees is sufficient to inform us that they have struggled hard for life in a bleak and barren region of frost and tempest. How different are such *flowers* from the favourites of the parterre, where soil and sun and shelter combine to bring their forms to perfect symmetry, and to give brilliancy to their colours! and how different such *trees* from those of the ancient wood, growing from generation to generation on the sheltered yet sunny slope which rises from the alluvial valley to meet the towering hill! So must the observant student of mankind be struck with the contrast in speech, manners, readiness of apprehension, amiability of deportment, and physical development, between the better classes in this country and the generations who are born to hopeless poverty and toil, or those who, though ordinarily, perhaps, well supplied with food and wages, and in a position to hope for some advancement, have, unhappily, never been taught to relish intellectual pleasures, or to restrain fierce or brutal passions. It may easily be seen, in one class of cases, that 'chill penury' and despairing apathy have depressed and stunted manhood into spiritless yet sullen degradation; in another, that uncontrolled selfishness and rage and lust have warped and twisted and deformed the whole character; while, in yet other cases, the combined effects of poverty, and vice, and hopelessness, and furious passion, have almost blotted out the last trace of human nobleness.

That mere education can ever absolutely cure such evils as these, we do not believe. Alas! even in what are called the educated classes,—where education, however, it must be borne in mind, is commonly altogether one-sided and defective,—we are well aware that there is a most distressing amount of vice

and evil passion. Nevertheless the actual contrast, to which we have just referred, and which is so striking, even though imperfect, is itself a proof of what education can do. So far as this contrast goes, it is entirely the result of educational methods and influences. Were the education given to the superior classes more thorough and more truly Christian, the contrast would be so much the stronger and more striking. Were the education the best attainable, combining, as we cannot but believe they *might* be combined, physical, intellectual, and moral culture, how much happier, more decided, more abiding results would flow from it than are now to be found, on the average, even in the best educated circles !

We have no intention to set forth a bristling array of statistics in order to demonstrate that large numbers of our countrymen are in painful need of education. There are broad facts which are sufficient to prove this, without any elaborate argumentation. That, in 1855, according to the Registrar-General's returns, the average for *all England* of those who, on occasion of their marriage, were unable to sign their names, should have been thirty-five per cent., or more than one third ; that drunkenness should still, though somewhat diminishing, be the curse and disgrace of Britain, beyond all the nations of the world ; and that ours, being enormously the wealthiest nation, should, more than any other, be afflicted with pauperism, and that this evil of pauperism should generally be the sorest where wages are highest, because of the reckless improvidence of the labouring population ; * these we take to be great and unanswerable arguments, affording an overwhelming demonstration that the great majority of the working classes, *i. e.*, that the majority of the nation, are as yet altogether uneducated. They know their business ; they are often skilled labourers ; but they have been trained to nothing good besides. There are immense numbers of families in the manufacturing towns in the receipt, through the labour of the several members, of £3 and £4 a week, often with very little intermission from year to year. The rent of the house in which they live is not more than £7 or £8 ; clothing and provisions are cheap ; and yet, in very many cases, they barely make ends meet. Their outlay is heavy, and they have nothing to show for it : the wardrobe may be gaudy and

* We have been distinctly and publicly informed, more than once, by Alderman Abel Heywood, the 'working men's candidate' in the late Manchester Election, a great friend of 'democratic self-government,' an advocate of 'manhood suffrage,' and, therefore, a witness, as against the working classes, whose testimony is liable to no suspicion or abatement, that, during the year 1856, of all the burials performed within the limits of the parliamentary borough of Manchester, full one third had to be performed at the cost of the respective parishes: What an astounding fact is this !

expensive, but it is scanty and ill-kept; the furniture is often poor and ill-conditioned; library, of course, there is none. Yet in a house within a stone's throw of theirs, of considerably higher rental, lives the hard-working clergyman, on an income decidedly smaller than theirs. His house is neatly furnished; he has a library, far too small, no doubt, yet select and valuable, and from time to time, out of his hard savings from other expenses, supplied with standard works of history and theology; his thrifty wife has provided for him, and herself, and their clustering children, a wardrobe, much of it of her own making, yet neat, and seemly, and sufficient; a maid-of-all-work is kept and paid; the children are some taught at home and others sent to good schools; a little store is left for the charities both of husband and wife, and to supplement the fallings-off at the National School. Now what makes all this difference in these two cases? Why is the one family poor and out-at-elbows and ill-at-ease on the same income which, in the other case, is made to supply the various wants necessarily connected with the social position, the ministerial responsibilities, the refinements and charities of a clergyman's family? There is but one answer to be given. Education has made the difference. The one is the ordinary result of the want of education on the part of the father and mother; the other the every-day demonstration of what education can do for a class. Too generally, though happily not, by any means, in all cases, the operative's home is such as has been slightly sketched, even though he may not be a drunkard or a spendthrift; while, in nearly all cases, the poor clergyman's family is at once frugal and refined, well economized and in every way well ordered. The clergyman may not always be an earnest Christian; but, merely on this account, the result in such cases will not greatly vary. He and his family are educated in conformity with their position and its responsibilities. Hence the result we see.

When, however, we speak of the effects produced by education on character and conduct, we by no means intend a mere school education. Education neither begins nor ends at school. It begins on the mother's lap, is carried forward with all but decisive power, for good or evil, by the earliest influences of the home circle, and is finally completed by those examples, incentives, and associations, which, after school-years are past, assert their sway over the character of youth in the scenes and occupations of opening life. Thus is our manhood formed, thus the plastic elements are moulded until the type is finally fixed, and we stand forth such as we are afterwards to be known. Nevertheless, though the school education of a man is but a

part, often the least part, of the total influences which go to determine his character, yet, in many cases, it affords an opportunity of peculiar value and importance, and such as can only by it be afforded. In cases where the home training, the school education, social influences, and the professional education of the youth for his future employment, all strictly agree in character and tendency, so that each successive stage is but a further advance in the same line of progress, we may fairly say that the relative importance of the school education is greatly diminished. But where this period affords the *only* opportunity for wise and systematic intellectual and (especially) moral training; where home influences are but random influences, (so to speak,) and much more for evil than for good; and where, as soon as ever the school years are over, the youth goes forth into an unordered world of selfish and strong-passioned comrades, who have known little or nothing of what can justly be called 'education;' then the school years become of unspeakable value and importance. Under such circumstances, they afford the only opportunity of correcting the evil influences of earlier, and forearm against those of later, years. How far such an opportunity can be used to any material advantage will obviously depend, partly on the length of time during which it lasts, and partly on the systematic skill and efficiency with which the teacher, gifted and trained for his vocation, can, notwithstanding all opposing influences, seize hold of the faculties and affections of the scholar as they unfold under his experienced manipulation, and strongly direct them in the bent of good. This, we take it, is the real meaning and peculiar value of school education as needed especially for the lower classes. Its main object is to supply a corrective to evil influences at home, and in the general circle in which the child moves, or is intended to move; or it seeks to supply the deficiencies of parental training, and to do that systematically, enduringly, and completely, which the unskilled and uninstructed parent, at the best, attempts clumsily and unsuccessfully.

What is the standard up to which each child should, if possible, be educated, or whether any absolute standard exists; and by what methods an appropriate and effective education may be most surely and completely imparted to the scholar;—are questions on which there has been much, and might be endless, controversy; but the results of the experiments that have been in operation, on so vast a scale, for a number of years past, have gone far *practically* to settle them. Some have endeavoured, by psychological reasoning and investigation, to ascertain how, and in what order, every faculty appertaining to humanity

may be waked up in each soul, until the whole organism has been brought to unfold its powers in orderly succession and perfect symmetry. This being ascertained, a course of education, in correspondence with the results obtained, has been devised, through which, as a general introduction to future and special education, each child must be carried. This sort of theory has been, as might be expected, prosecuted with great zeal and ingenuity in Germany. And Mr. Morell seems, in some degree, to have adopted it.

'The whole art of education,' he says, 'lies really in laying hold of the human faculties one after the other as they come in view, and then applying the proper stimulus and the proper nutriment to each. This aid to the natural expansion of the mental powers is a boon of which no child, in a civilized country, should be deprived.'—*Minutes*, &c., 1854-5, p. 611.

Now, undoubtedly, there is important truth in this view; and it may serve, if rightly applied, by the light of a carefully watched experience, to assist in fixing a *minimum* of education, in various fundamental and essential respects, which should be insured to every child. But, if it is to be understood (Mr. Morell, we are persuaded, would not intend his words to be so understood) as meaning that every faculty and susceptibility of every child must be reached and awakened, and then guided and trained into a right bent, before he leaves school, it aims at far more than can ever be accomplished; and, aiming at so much, will accomplish but little; striving to spread over so wide a surface, will leave the work, at every point, very slightly and imperfectly performed. Something must surely be left to be unfolded under the leading and teaching of Providence; and it must be remembered, that only by means of the necessities, opportunities, duties, instances, and examples, of actual life, can the education of any man be really completed. There are, however, certain cardinal faculties which, if not schooled and drilled in early life, till ease and rapidity of movement and evolution have been secured, are never likely to be brought into effectual play at all; and which, at the same time, easily prepare the mind and lead the way, if there be any energy of soul, for the acquisition afterwards, by a process of self-education, of whatever further discipline is needed, and for the successive development of the powers that may yet remain latent. While these cardinal faculties lie inactive under the congestion of ignorance and apathy, the man must remain—under ordinary circumstances—animalized and degraded. When he has felt the power and obtained the use and government of these, his way is open, unless poverty and unfriendly laws block it up, to

steady advancement and elevation. Such an education, and such an amount of it, may surely be claimed for every man, as shall, by moral and religious training, give him light and power to command and use all that he is and has; and, at the same time, by the awakening and culture of the leading powers of his understanding, shall make him begin to feel, and open to him the way to learn more and more perfectly, *what* he is and has. No men ought to be left in such a position of ignorance and intellectual and moral hebetude and helplessness, that they cannot, under anything like ordinary conditions, take even the first step towards intellectual and moral elevation and culture. Every man ought so to be set on his feet, and to be led so far onwards and upwards, that he may be able to mount at least upon the first rung of the ladder by which he may ascend, however slowly, yet continually, higher and higher, if not always in social *status*, at any rate in the fellowship of mind with mind. In this sense, we heartily accept and repeat Mr. Kingsley's words.

'If man living in civilized society has one right he can demand, it is this, that the State which exists by his labour shall enable him to develope, or, at least, not hinder his developing, his whole faculties to their very utmost, however lofty that may be. While a man who might be an author remains a spade-drudge, or a journeyman while he has capacities for a master; while any man able to rise in life remains by social circumstances lower than he is willing to place himself, that man has a right to complain of the State's injustice and neglect.'—*Yeast*, p. 110.

It may not be easy to define the precise amount of instruction, and quality of education, which will suffice to put the scholar into a position to make good use of all his subsequent opportunities, and to rise, if he will, steadily upwards. But an example will very distinctly and intelligibly illustrate what in the foregoing paragraph we have intended to convey. In the Rev. F. Watkins' General Report for the year 1857 on Church of England Schools inspected in Yorkshire, he lays before the Committee of Council four documents which had recently and casually come into his hands, and offers some comments upon them.

'The first is a letter from a pupil-teacher (girl) in a school of the manufacturing districts, which certainly does much credit to her intelligence and right appreciation of her duties; the second is from a child in the first class of a good school, and shows both right feeling and considerable intelligence; the third is a notice written by the overseers of a village in the East Riding, taken (not by myself) from the church door, and brought to me that I might judge of the state

of education in the parish; and the fourth is a letter addressed to myself by a middle-aged and respectable labourer in a Yorkshire village.'

(1.) LETTER.

'REVEREND SIR,—My father wishes me to write to you and ask your advice upon a subject that gives me great uneasiness. I am a pupil-teacher at St. — school, and am now in my third year. The schools became mixed in the early part of the year, and for some time I taught a mixed class; but since Midsummer I have taught the first class of girls, and have had them *entirely to myself* in the girls' school.

'I have had no system but my own to work by, no judgment but my own to depend upon; in short, I have just taught them as I liked. In the afternoon I have taught needlework to *all* the girls. The reason why I have had to do this is because we have had no mistress.

'But this is not the worst: I have not had a lesson this year. I asked once if I might not receive lessons from the master, since there was no mistress, but was told that the Government would not allow girls to be taught by a master.

'Now, I think, in the first place, that it is very wrong to intrust me, so young and consequently so inexperienced as I am, with so important a charge; and, secondly, I think I shall not pass the examination. The inspector will say, "She is not qualified to teach what a girl ought to teach at the end of the third year;" and so I shall lose a whole year's salary, besides a whole year's tuition, though I shall have had *double* the work, and *more than double* the care, that I ought to have had.

'Shall I be sent home at the examination, or might I be transferred to some other school? Please to send me your opinion upon the subject, and you will greatly oblige,

'Your obedient Servant,

'Rev. F. Watkins.'

'E. D.'

(2.) EXERCISE.

'Question.—Show what you mean by "love, honour, and succour your mother."'

'To show my love to my mother, first, I do what she bids me generally. If she sends me an errand, I try to make all the haste back again I can; I do all I can to assist her; I pray for her, and love her better than any one else in the world; if my mother is ill, I wait upon her, because I know that she cannot do it for herself; and if I did not, it would be disobeying the commandment of our Lord's Apostle, when he said, "Children, obey your parents."—M. H.'

(3.) NOTICE.

'A vestry Meeting Whill be held In The scoolrum on Fraiday, the 20th, at 7 o'clock, for the Nomenation of Gardians & overseers for the in suing year.

' _____ } Overseers.
' _____ }

(4.) LETTER ABOUT A DOG.

'Sir, i recived your noat About the dog, and i have got a very good one, a tarrer, e is about 18 months ould, he as been bred and brot hup in —, and the Gentlum that e beloned to, e Swaped me for my bitsh, for he had wanted her before, and hi hae a youn one of her for my Self, and as you wanted one I cannot recommend to you a beter, so please ser rite me a faw lines back, for he hase been huse to children & is a good house dog. The prise of the dog is ten shillines. he his clear of the distemper. Pleas send Wither you will send for him, or i must bring him hover if e will Suit, it will be on Saturday, if you dond Send for him.
(Signed) 'Mr. W. B.'

'These papers are thus accidentally brought together, and amongst a mass of similar evidence they testify, I think, to two important points:—First, that the new system, with all its shortcomings, does produce better fruit than the old; and, secondly, that whatever some persons may choose to assert, there is an amount of ignorance in the working classes, (ay, and in the class a little above them also,) which is almost incredible to those who have not looked well into the subject, or who have never ventured from the wide and beaten high road of life into the bye lanes and tortuous paths of rural existence. Who can believe that the parish officers who framed and signed the notice above can have an intelligent apprehension of the Church prayers, or are able to receive with profit the plainest sermons delivered "in a tongue" which ought to be "understood of the common people?" Or, on the other hand, who would doubt that the writer of the very sensible pupil-teacher's letter is a young person whose heart and mind have both been strongly and beneficially influenced by her education at school, or that the school which furnishes such correspondents is doing a great and wholesome work for the country at large? *O! si sic omnes.*'—*Minutes, &c.*, 1857–8, pp. 302, 303.

The pupil-teacher, whose beautifully expressed and in every way superior letter Mr. Watkins has thus published, was not, probably, at the time of writing it, more than sixteen years old, being but in her third year of apprenticeship. Who does not see that she has not only acquired considerable knowledge, but what is much more important than even knowledge, mental discipline,—and moral discipline with this,—the power to use her knowledge skilfully, to combine and apply her faculties according to her exigencies, and so as to carry out her well-conceived purposes? She has gained the command of her powers, whether of observation, reflection, or expression; and so has become the mistress of her own capacities, and the directress of her own development. The key has thus been put into her hands by which she can open gate after gate of mental and moral advancement, and pass successively onwards into inner and higher circles of intelligence and enjoyment. Who does not also perceive that the

small school-girl who wrote No. 2 is in a fair way, perhaps not to equal the pupil-teacher, but at least to become an improving and advancing woman? While, on the other hand, it is but too plain that not only the labouring man, but even the overseers, unless some very special and exceptional power and influence should come to arouse and renovate them, must continue, for want of mental culture and discipline, to stagnate all their lives at the same level at which they were fixed in early manhood.*

Undoubtedly, so far as regards merely mental culture, the first and most needful thing is, that the child should acquire the power of reading with ease and fluency. If this is once fairly accomplished, so that reading ceases to be an irksome task, and becomes instead a pleasant pastime, the way is opened for the indefinite acquisition of knowledge. But in order to this, it is not enough to teach letters, and spelling, and pronunciation. These things the teacher may be ever hammering into the child for months and years together, and yet he may never learn to read with intelligence and ease. His apprehensive faculties must be brought into play, and he must be drilled into the easy and ready use of them; a certain amount of general knowledge must be imparted, especially about 'common things;' and some clear understanding must be gained, together with some readiness in the application, of the rudiments and ordinary proprieties of grammatical speech; otherwise the scholar will not be able to read with ease or much advantage. Unless he gets so far as this, he will seldom keep up his reading after he has left school; for, never having experienced pleasure, or indeed anything but trouble, in his attempts to read, and never having found himself much the wiser for what he has stumblyingly spelled through, he has acquired no taste for the employment, is little sensible of the loss he suffers by his ignorance, and easily comes to the conclusion that the labour of learning is by far too hard for such as himself, and that the advantage by no means compensates for the trouble.† Besides, he is wearied with his daily toil, and shrinks from giving the requisite pains to the task of learning to

* 'That improvement is needed, 'says Mr. Watkins, in his *Report on Schools in Yorkshire for 1854*, 'the following notice given me by a considerable coalmaster in the south of Yorkshire, may show. He tells me that this is the formula used by the men in his employ when they wish to quit it, written always by the same scribe, as the best writer and speller of the whole company. I only regret that the handwriting cannot be shown, as well as the spelling and style:—"Octoder 17, 1853. Master william higger hi hear dy giv you Won month notia to leav you imployment. RODAT RIGHR."—*Minutes, &c.*, 1854-5, p. 441.

† Mr. White found at Hull, airing himself in the Cemetery, a Lincolshire village carpenter, who, as he said, was going to take a voyage, for his health's sake, to 'China.' 'We be on'y three days a-going,' he explained. When advised to read, he had made answer that he 'couldn't make much out o' readin'; 'nd rather work the jack-plane all day than read.'—*A Month in Yorkshire*, p. 15.

read, when his daily work is done. So, in a few years, though he learned after a fashion to read at school, yet he comes to swell the number of those adults, so large a proportion still of England's population, who can neither read nor write.

If, on the contrary, the scholar has once learned to read easily and intelligently, there is little fear as to his keeping up the habit, and increasing his knowledge continually. The Bible, prayer-book, and hymn-book, at church, or chapel, or Sunday-school, the cheap periodical and the penny newspaper, will afford him abundant and continual exercise for his accomplishment, both on his own account and for the benefit of his neighbours. Thus his *mind* will be stirred and kept alive; thus it may be fed and disciplined, enriched and enlarged.

It can hardly be said that it is less important to acquire the command of a legible hand than the power of reading with ease and propriety. The one acquirement should advance almost *pari passu* with the other. For, next to the cheap Bible and the cheap newspaper, there is no instrument of education so powerful, whether intellectually or morally considered, as that of the penny postage, both as enabling the poor to send and to receive letters.

Of Grammar we have already spoken, in passing, as an indispensable elementary subject of education in the primary school. It is by no means such a favourite branch as Geography and History; but except in so far as these must, to a certain extent, be incidentally taught in order to the acquisition of the needful amount of general knowledge about 'common things,' and to the intelligent apprehension of the reading lessons, it is undoubtedly more indispensable. The child who has learned to read easily and well, can afterwards purvey for himself what amount of historical and geographical knowledge he requires; but the minutiae of grammar, if not acquired at school, and drilled into the understanding and memory by a competent teacher, are not likely ever to be mastered afterwards.

The rudiments of drawing, and of music, again, are very easily taught to children at school, and with great advantage to their training, taste, and culture. Music, especially, is a most beneficial element of power and organization in a school; while, in these days of refinement and of competition in art and manufacture between our own and other nations, it is obviously very desirable, on public grounds, that native talent for art should be early discovered and duly developed. Moreover, a genius for art or music being a special and original endowment, adequate in many cases to determine the future line in life of the possessor, it is desirable that its existence should be ascertained as early as possible, and the entire plan of education

disposed accordingly. If God has endowed a soul with powers which fit it best for success in the culture of art, it would be a pity indeed for poverty and ignorance to suppress its manifestation, or to repress its development. A national education should provide, as far as possible, that the endowments bestowed by Providence be early recognised and brought fully into play.

Instruction in Arithmetic is not only a necessity for the ordinary business of life, but most valuable, when rightly taught, as an intellectual discipline. Besides which, it affords a test of mathematical genius, and itself forms an appropriate introduction to the pursuit of mathematics.

If a child is well grounded in the branches of knowledge we have now indicated, he has, in fact, an introduction to any walk of intellect, and, at the same time, to all the practical business of life. We have said nothing of the classical or modern languages. The scholar who, in English learning, shows a decided genius for lingual studies, may well advance to the acquisition of other languages besides his own; and, according to the present systems of education patronized by government, has commonly the opportunity of so doing. Nor have we said anything about science or natural philosophy. Certain rudimentary lessons in these, certain obvious and interesting applications of them, are taught by all intelligent schoolmasters, as among the best methods of eliciting and stimulating the general faculties of the mind. If the scholar is to go further than this, he must do so after he has left the primary school. The necessary minimum of intellectual culture will, we think, be secured by some such quota of instruction as we have now indicated. The lad who has fairly mastered this will, hereafter, be able to help himself. Nor have we any reason to alter the general outline, in order to adapt it to the case of girls. Only, in their case, there must be added careful and thorough instruction in those household accomplishments which are an indispensable part of their education. We observe that Her Majesty's Inspectors are tolerably unanimous in approving some such general scheme of instruction as we have now sketched, and that, from whatever point of view they may have originally approached the subject of education, to a practical result substantially agreeing with our conclusions have all bodies of educationists finally concurred in coming.

Of course, this minimum being secured as a foundation, the schools in different districts of country may be reasonably expected to exhibit—they do in fact exhibit—special adaptations, according to the prevalent occupations and necessities of the labouring population. In some rural parishes industrial training in the gardens and fields has been advantageously

combined with school-instruction,—though, in most cases, this combination seems to be a failure,—in the Potteries drawing is a principal and important part of the school-instruction,—in sea-port towns the rudiments of astronomy and navigation are imparted to the more advanced scholars, and so forth.

Such are our views as to the general standard of instruction, which, in combination with thorough, loving, pervasive, moral and religious training, ought to constitute the substratum and absolute minimum of education for every Christian child. How deplorably distant the nation is from having hitherto realized this conception, we have already indicated. Yet it certainly ought to be realized. Until it is, all who come short of the requisite provision are, in fact, suffering wrong. They are held back from what they ought to possess; and no Christian man, himself in the enjoyment of Christian culture and the opportunity of advancement, can innocently rest at ease whilst his fellow-subjects are compelled to want the same blessings. But then the questions arise, How can these blessings be secured for all? And who are immediately bound and responsible to take measures and use means for supplying them?

The conclusion to which the practical common-sense of England at large has come respecting these questions is, we suppose few will dispute, something like the following. 1. As parents *must be* the first educators of their children, (for good or for evil,) and as they have, both by the law of the land, and according to the law of God, a peculiar right and authority as respects their children, so upon the parents primarily, whether in the sight of God or of man, must devolve the business and the duty of educating their children. But, 2. As the ordinance of Christian baptism not only binds parents to bring up their children 'in the nurture and admonition of the Lord,' but pledges Christian ministers and the congregation of Christian believers to a joint (though, it may be, secondary) responsibility with the parents in the accomplishment of this work, it must be a duty incumbent upon the Church of Christ in general, and upon Christian ministers in particular, as far as possible, to make effectual provision for the Christian instruction and discipline of the children. If the parents adequately do this, the case is satisfied; although, even in such cases, the ministers of Christ, and, according to their opportunity, the members of the Church, cannot be held absolved from all interest or concern as to the progress of those who were by baptism admitted into their fellowship. But if the parents are unable or indisposed themselves fully to discharge the duty of training their children in Christian knowledge and practice,

there is then an imperative obligation laid upon the Christian Church, and especially, as its instruments and representatives, upon the ministers of Christ, to supplement by their own care and provision parental deficiencies. Moreover, as the Church of Christ can set no limits to its responsibilities, except its means of exercising influence; and ought to set none to its love, as it must in its spirit be essentially missionary and catholic; and as it has a special call, in the spirit of its Master and Head, to care most for those who are neediest;—so it cannot restrain its sympathies or its responsibilities within the bounds of its own pale of membership, but must most earnestly and unweariedly seek to gather into the embrace of its own instruction and ordinances all such children as by their own parents are left to grow up in ignorance of Christian duty. Acting on these principles, Christian Sunday-schools and denominational day-schools of every name have been most rightly multiplied throughout Christian lands. 3. But, thirdly, there is still another party, if we may so speak, directly interested in the right education of the rising generation; and that is, the nation collectively considered. Were, indeed, the entire nation, in all its individual members, intelligently and thoroughly Christian, this third relationship and responsibility would gradually merge in the second, as indeed the second would in the first. But as long as a large proportion of the population remains altogether without Christian discipline, or anything that can be called moral training and human culture,—burdening the land with pauperism, and disgracing it with vice and crime; so long there will still remain, after all that the Church has done, a moral obligation and a political necessity for the nation on its own account—for the commonwealth as such—to do what lies in its power to remedy such evils;—that is, as education is the thing mainly needed, to supply the requisite education.

But though the practical common sense of England has generally adopted conclusions substantially identical with these,—which, indeed, are the old principles which have from the first obtained in Christian communities and nations,—yet, within the last fifteen or twenty years, a contrary doctrine has been extensively propagated by those who, by other classes, are generally designated ultra-voluntaries. Fear, on the one hand, of the usurpation by the Established Church of the function of national education, as if this were a right inherent in the Church endowed by the State, neither to be controlled in its exercise by any co-ordination of lay associates, or of political functionaries, nor to be shared with any dissenting Christian communities; and, on the other hand, a jealousy of the theories and projects

of secular educationists, who would make the education of the people altogether an affair of the State, and would entirely separate it from religious influences or Church co-operation; have led a large class of energetic men, belonging chiefly to the Baptist and Independent denominations, but including also a certain proportion (we believe a very small proportion) of Wesleyans, to adopt the principle, that the education of the people is a matter to be left entirely to voluntary exertions, and that 'all government interference with the education of the people is at variance with sound principle, involving a departure from the legitimate province of government.' The parents are the parties primarily, and, in a sense, *only*, responsible, according to these theorists, for the education of their children. The parents may, to a certain extent, voluntarily delegate their responsibility to the schoolmaster they choose, or to the Church and its ministers, as affording aid to their own efforts, or assisting to carry out their own wishes. But the State can have no authority in such a matter: to claim this for the State would be treason to parental rights, an invasion of parental responsibilities, an investiture of the State with moral functions, a demand of despotism in which lies concealed, however subtly disguised, all the peril and poison of continental centralization and imperialism.

This is the sort of language now indulged in by many of those who, up to the year 1843, were among the most zealous advocates of the duty of national education by the State. But, in that year Sir James Graham gave them a fright from which they have never since recovered. The terror thus induced has assumed the chronic form of a *phobia*; and now the Marquis of Lansdowne, Lord John Russell, and Sir J. P. K. Shuttleworth, as educationists, are regarded with as much distrust by these ultra-voluntaries as even the Bishop of Exeter. In fact, these Whig educators, with, we may add, Lord Brougham as their Coryphæus, are suspected of being, consciously or unconsciously, leagued in a design fraught with peril to the liberties and to the mental and moral independence of the uneducated crime-and-pauperism-breeding classes of the English population!—or else, if not of these, of the educated, newspaper-reading portion of the working people!

To us the doctrine which we have endeavoured to state in the form most plausible, and most likely to secure popular sympathy, seems, when fairly undressed and examined in *puris naturalibus*, to be as monstrous a misconception as was ever proposed with all confidence as a party-cry, and as the basis of an organized agitation. Many of the men who have adopted and paraded it, we cannot but regard personally with great respect,

especially one who has lately been most worthily elected a member of the Imperial Legislature by the suffrages of his fellow townsmen. Nothing, in fact, but the high character and the ability of this gentleman could have enabled the anti-State-education doctrine to take so strong a hold of the convictions of many Nonconformists, especially those of Yorkshire; though even his energy, ability, and extensive influence would have produced a far less considerable impression, but for the affinity between the anti-State-education theory and the anti-State-and-Church principle which has been adopted by modern Congregationalist Dissenters. Nevertheless, all the Congregational leaders have not been persuaded to agree with Mr. Baines's views. There are not to be found two more distinguished ministers and leaders among Congregationalists than Dr. Vaughan and Mr. Binney; both of whom, likewise, must be numbered among the most powerful upholders of anti-State-and-Church principles. And yet both of these maintain that to provide for the adequate moral and intellectual training and culture of those who cannot otherwise obtain it, is a plain and imperative part of the responsibility which devolves upon the commonwealth as such; and, of course, both maintain also, that whatever affinity there may seem to be between the anti-State-education principle and the anti-State-and-Church principle, there is between them, in reality, no logical connexion or interdependence.

On what ground, let us ask, is it assumed that parents alone have any authority or responsibility in the matter of a child's education? Do they alone suffer if the education of the child is neglected? On the contrary, do they not often seem to suffer less than others on this account, and to be far less sensible of the disgrace, and misery, and evil which result from their children's want of education? Society, of necessity, suffers from the want of education on the part of the rising race: is society to have no defence against the parents' criminal and selfish neglect? But it may not be a case of wilful negligence on the part of the parents. It may be that they are themselves unable to provide for the education of their children. And it may further be that the conditions of society itself—the long operation in the past of injurious laws, the pressure of competition in life, the evils entailed by a long war—have, without any fault of their own, so limited the intellectual development of the parents themselves, and so depressed and burdened them with poverty, that it is out of their power to do anything for the right education of their children, even though they might be anxious for them to receive such an education. Is the society, then, which has brought this evil,—been the means of inflicting this deepest

of all losses and injuries,—upon both parents and children, debarred from doing anything to repair its own wrong? The injury has been inflicted through national laws and institutions; and society, *i.e.*, the nation collectively, can only undo the injury by analogous means.

Every parent and every child is not only a member of a family, but of the nation. The parent does not exist for himself, but for society. So the child is not the property of the parent, nor does he exist only for him. Not only must his evil education and his ill-doing transcend, in their effects, the family circle, but his powers for good are intended to be called forth and exercised on behalf of the world in which his lot is cast, of the human society in which he is to dwell. The parent, in the authority which he exercises over the child, is but a steward and guardian acting on behalf of God and of the nation. The nation, it is true, cannot claim an absolute right and authority in all matters over either parent or child. It cannot coerce the conscience, and has no right to make the attempt. It cannot enter the sphere of religious conviction, or interfere between God and the conscience of either parent or child. But it can claim to regulate almost all except this, if there is any liability of injustice or wrong being inflicted by the stronger upon the weaker, by the parent upon the child of tender years. And, in particular, if the parent is either unable or unwilling to afford his child such an education as is necessary to restrain him from crime, to elevate him above pauperism, and to fit him for discharging his duty as a member of the commonwealth,—much more if he is educating him in a contrary direction,—it becomes the right and the duty of the State to interpose on behalf not only of the child's just claims, but of its own well-being, and to take measures for providing and imparting such an education.

The relation of the parent to the child is, so far at least as regards this life, transitory; that of the child to the nation, permanent. Parents presently die; but society remains. Family life is tributary to national life; the latter encloses the former, both preceding and surviving it. Family training is intended to prepare for national life and civil and political responsibilities. The less, then, within the limits already laid down, must be regulated by the greater. The well-being of society, of the nation, must, if needs be, assert its claims and authority as to the training of those who are to be its constituent members, no less than the peace and order of the family must be enforced in the due subordination and instruction of its members. And, if parents are the rightful guardians of the peace and morality of the family, so the legislative and administrative authorities

of the nation are the rightful guardians of the interests of society. In this sense, 'the powers that be,' in the one case no less than the other, 'are ordained of God.' These representatives of national authority do actually require of every citizen a certain standard of external morality, and punish for breaches of law. They thus undeniably, and without any controversy as to their right in so doing, exercise, to this extent, functions clearly analogous to those exercised by the parent on behalf of the family. Then who can deny them the authority to go somewhat farther, and, seeing that they require of the citizen the observance of a certain standard of morality, to take care that he be adequately educated for the fulfilment of this requirement? If that parent would be justly blamed who demanded morality of his children, but never taught it them; who required an orderly and peaceful behaviour, and yet suffered them to associate with disorderly companions, and to run wild at the times when they might be under salutary training; surely, on similar grounds, a State which sets up strict laws, and punishes for the breach of them, and yet suffers millions of those who are to be its citizens to grow up in ignorance and immorality, without even an attempt to reclaim or to instruct them, must be liable to the severest condemnation. Such a State would be seeking to 'reap where it had not sown,' and to 'gather where it had not strawed.' And such a State would England be, if, while she boasts of her rigid justice, and glories in her ample and liberal provision of judicial machinery, she should at the same time disclaim all responsibility or obligation as to the establishment of schools for the morally untrained; if she set up many gallows, but no school-houses; and spent much on judges and executioners, but nothing on schoolmasters. Surely, as Dr. Vaughan has well and often put it, 'government MAY,' at least, 'be a moral teacher to the extent that it MUST be a moral administrator.' As our argument has implied, we are prepared to go still further than this in investing the government with responsibility and authority. But if we go so far only as this, we leave the ultra-voluntaries altogether behind.

'The government,' says Sir J. P. Kay Shuttleworth, in his masterly work on Public Education, 'has functions which it can neither delegate nor forego. It must arrest, and punish, even to the penalty of death, the violator of the law. But are English laws, like those of the ancient tyrant, to be so written that none can read? or, which is equivalent, are the ignorant to perish for the breach of what they cannot understand? Are they to continue to suffer for sensuality, from which they have not been weaned? for turbulence, which is the passionate excess of suffering and error? Is the Executive to be

the rude means by which the corruptions and the crimes of society are to be extirpated, but to be without pity for the victims of its edicts,—a passionless executioner? Assuredly not. Prevention is before cure, and immeasurably better than punishment. The school is a more salutary agent than the reformatory prison; and none can recal him who has experienced the last penalty of the law. The State has also charged property with security for the life of the indigent. That is not simply an act of police enabling the law to suppress vagabondage, and thus increasing the safety of society. It is also an act of moral administration. The relief of indigence is a work of Christian charity, inseparable from the highest moral sanctions and considerations..... Nor can the government treat the pauper as a mere animal. The moral conditions of his being must be recognised. In charging itself with the relief of indigence, the State becomes responsible for education and religious instruction.'—*Public Education*, pp. 287, 288.

'Is government, then, in no sense a moral agent? May it incarcerate criminals, and separate itself, as an impassive spectator, from all the festering moral pollution of the common wards of the old prison, and the terrible agonies of the separate cell? Has it no message of peace and redemption intrusted to it by Him who said to the penitent thief upon the cross, "To-day shalt thou be with Me in paradise?" Are the Howards and the Frys alone to convey this message? Or is the workhouse merely a pauper farm, where certain human animals are to be fed at the least cost to the parish, till, nailed between rough boards, their bodies are buried, like dogs, by the sexton and the beadle? Is this a Christian household, or a pauper *barracoon*? Can the State separate itself from certain grave and high responsibilities, as to the spiritual future of these unfortunates? Are the children to remain ignorant and rude; the adults, servile or disaffected helots; the aged, torpid expectants of a grave without hope? Are the army and the navy to be disciplined in the terrible array of war, for the destruction of human life, with every animal energy centupled in force, by death-like engines, by organization, and the maddening sympathy of numbers? and is no still small voice to whisper, "Blessed are the meek...Blessed are the merciful...Blessed are the peacemakers?"

'If these are conclusions which no one can adopt, where is the moral agency of the State to stop? Apparently, government cannot separate itself from responsibility for the mental and moral condition of the criminal, pauper, and military population.

'What is the distinction between the reckless indigent classes out of the workhouse, and those within its walls? They are both within the reach of voluntary agency. The City missionary may penetrate to both. But has government a responsibility for the moral depravity and mental incapacity of the one, which it in no degree partakes with respect to the other?'—*Ibid.*, pp. 281, 282.

'The municipal and parochial organization, and the county government, are, in like manner, moral administrations. They have charge

of the local police, the gaols, the lunatic asylums; and even in that which is most mechanical in their spheres of action a moral government develops itself.....Society appears daily more sensible of these moral wants. Hence it has recently provided for the application of the parochial rates to the establishment of baths and washhouses for the poor,—it has provided for the inspection of lodging-houses,—and it may be hoped that, ere long, our streets will cease to be the open mart of a shameless prostitution.'—*Public Education*, p. 288.

We conclude, from such considerations as these, that government has an undoubted responsibility as to the education, moral and mental, of those who are to be its subjects. The immediate responsibility, indeed, must, in the order of nature, and according to the providential arrangements of society, devolve upon the parents; but a secondary responsibility rests upon the State. If the parents fail of that which, in reference to the civil and political responsibilities and well-being of their children, and consequently also in reference to the well-being of the commonwealth, is their manifest duty to their children, it is incumbent upon the State, so far as may be in its power, to redress this double wrong,—this wrong equally to the children themselves, and to society at large. Or if the parents, willing to do the best for their children, are yet unable to provide for them that bare minimum of education which is needful to put them in such a position, and to secure for them such a power of self-development, that they may be able to advance in the scale of intellectual and moral, *i. e.*, of *human*, progress; in this case, likewise, as an act of justice to the children, and likewise out of regard to the general interests of society, the government is bound to do what may lie in its power towards enabling the parents to supply their children's necessity. And still further, even though the bare requirements of this minimum should be fulfilled, and a tolerable sort of education be commonly given to the rising youth of any class in society; yet if at the same time the general standard of education be, and, if left to the operation of ordinary causes, be likely to remain, far inferior to what it is desirable that it should be, for the good of society, the development of the national mind and resources, the elevation and refinement of morality, and the general progress of the race; it is the mere fanaticism of ultra-voluntarism to deny that government has a right to take action to the extent proposed. Surely it must be admitted that society, under the intelligent and responsible guidance of the legislature, and in response to a crying need, not only may, but ought to endeavour, as far as possible, to remove a mischievous monopoly of ignorance and error, which selfish competition and groping empiricism had combined to

induce, in regard to the estate of man's intelligent and immortal part. After all, we cannot concede that government is but an organized confederacy for removing all impediments out of the way of merely selfish instincts and energies, and letting them rule the world without opposition.

It is wonderful the amount of nonsense which is confidently talked upon such subjects as these. We are told, for instance, with a triumphant air, that in this, as in all matters, the supply will follow the demand. What does this mean? Do the people who use this language intend to say that good schools will, according to natural and necessary laws, be forthcoming in proportion to the necessity for them? or, that they will be furnished as soon as people have found out the want of them? If the former were true, of course the whole question of national education would be at an end. Not only would it be perfectly gratuitous for the government to give itself any anxiety upon the subject, but it would be equally gratuitous for any private benevolence, or any denominational zeal and organization, to be expended upon the matter. If that were the case, of course there would be really no educational deficiency anywhere. No sooner would any need exist in any place than immediately it would begin to be supplied. If the latter is the interpretation of the maxim which, with profound incomprehension, some sages are in the habit of quoting, our answer is twofold. First, it is not true that, as soon as people have begun to feel the want of better schools, such schools will be in a way to be provided. Before such a result could follow, several conditions must be fulfilled. The feeling must be general and widely-spread among those who themselves are the parties directly interested; there must, moreover, be a due appreciation of the exigent and imperative character of the newly-discovered need, that it is no secondary, but a primary, necessity, for human beings to be rightly educated, a necessity to be put on a par even with the want of bread, to be accounted far more pressing than any want of mere conveniences, one the supply of which for their children would be cheaply purchased by the parents at the cost of much self-denial; and finally there must be the ability as well as the disposition, on the part of the parents, to pay the high price which a good education, if only to be provided according to the ordinary laws of supply and demand, could not but involve. It must be remembered that to prepare a good teacher is a costly thing; and, moreover, that an intelligent, first-class teacher must, on many accounts, be well paid, ought to be so on every account. And, in fact, until government helped to make the way plain to education

both cheap and good, it was the case that though nothing was more common than to pay a high price for a most worthless, albeit pretentious, education, a good education was certainly not to be anywhere obtained by poor people at what to them would seem a possible price. By this time the error is exploded which formerly prevailed, that to teach well the elements of knowledge required nothing more than elementary knowledge, that to train and instruct the children of the poor was a task demanding but low attainments and little talent. Thanks to government interposition, it is now pretty well understood that teaching is a science which must be studied, and an art which must be systematically acquired; and that, in some respects, the training needs to be more thorough, the science more perfect, the tact nicer, the skill and aptitude more delicate and cultured, of those who undertake to awaken and discipline the faculties and to mould the character of the children of the poorer and more neglected classes, than of those whose office it is to instruct in more favoured circles.

To attempt to carry the maxims of free-trade and of a misapplied political economy into the region of mind and morals, in the way done by those whose opinions we are combating, is most absurd. Push these maxims to their legitimate issue, and they will be found opposed to all efforts of Christian charity to establish schools. Undoubtedly these are an interference in a sense with free-trade, and show that the denominations—ultra-voluntaries included—are not content to leave the supply to be regulated by the demand. The present government system is certainly, again, tantamount to a system of protection; yet it almost entirely avoids all the evils connected with anything in the nature of monopoly, by providing that all shall be impartially aided who do the State real service, and that the superiority in the amount of help gained shall be in proportion, partly to the voluntary offerings for the good of the commonwealth contributed by the promoters of any school, partly to the excellence and accomplishments of the master, and partly to the proved efficiency of the school in attracting numbers, in retaining scholars, and in providing in every way for a superior education.

As long as the supply was in fact left to be regulated by the demand, what a supply it was! Who can lament for the introduction of a system which has almost banished those wretched schools, kept too commonly by broken-down (often drinking and unprincipled) tradesmen, by those who had proved themselves incompetent to conduct any actual business of life well and prosperously, or by maimed workmen, or military pensioners, or

ignorant old women? Doubtless, there were some deserving persons, many of them reduced widows, or orphan daughters who had seen better days. Of this last class, it is a comfort to think that a considerable proportion have found employment in connexion with the better state of things. But the great majority of the schools were utterly worthless. And how can we be sufficiently thankful for the new life which the present system is infusing into the old National Schools, which, speaking generally, were more inefficient than can easily be imagined, and which seem, for the most part, to have been officered and conducted by their managers as if these felt it to be a religious duty to teach the children as little as possible beyond the duty of attending Church and obeying their betters in life?

We had marked and indeed transcribed some passages for quotation, from the Reports of Her Majesty's Inspectors, which would have illustrated and amply justified the statements we have now made; but our limits compel us to omit them. They would have shown what the old race of schoolmasters was, and that, though dying out, the race is not yet extinct or quite without scions of the real old stock. They would have shown, too, by the testimony of such men as Canon Moseley and the Rev. W. J. Kennedy, what the old National Schools were, and that, of the uninspected schools, there is still a large proportion not greatly elevated in character above the type which prevailed twenty years ago.*

With the exception of an almost inappreciable fraction, it may be said that all the religious day-schools supplied by voluntary zeal, fifteen or twenty years ago, were Church schools, *i. e.*, such National Schools as we have described. Where such schools were not, the dame's school and the Sunday-school together ordinarily afforded all the education the poor child ever got. The result is seen in the drunkenness and pauperism, the vice and crime, of the lower classes of England. Altogether exceptional instances of bodily and mental vigour, of constitutional resolution and energy, such as that of Robert Stephenson, must not be pleaded in reply to this general statement. To quote the words of Sir J. P. Kay Shuttleworth, in his admirable address at the Wesleyan Educational Meeting, in the Centenary Hall, last May, 'Their intellectual faculty enabled Brindley, Simpson, and Stephenson, to work out their own mental triumph unaided. But I would not have it so for the future. For one strong swimmer who has been enabled to reach the shore, how many have perished!' It is to remove mental

* See *Minutes of Committee of Council*, 1850-1, pp. 148-9; and 1854, pp. 518-19.

and moral disabilities, to rescue children from the oppression of circumstances, to elevate a degraded class unable to help themselves, to vindicate for every English child its birthright of true freedom, to break down the unconscious tyranny of the educated classes, to enfranchise the serfs of ignorance, that the British government has been compelled at length to interfere. Is it the duty of the State to provide food and clothing for those unable to provide them for themselves,—unable too often through their own fault,—and not equally the duty of government to furnish to helpless children that which, while it is a much higher boon, is for a reasonable and immortal spirit an equal necessity, the sense and quickening within them of their own *humanity*, of the powers and faculties which lift them above the tyranny of their animal nature, and fit them for the fellowship of mind with mind? Who will maintain that while men must not be suffered by the State to perish for lack of 'the bread that perisheth,' they may, nay, that they must, be left, hapless and unhelped, to lack the aliment of their higher natures, and to live a life of unrelieved darkness and unschooled passion which is worse than death?

For ourselves, we are prepared to demand that the State go yet farther than it has done, and make some provision not only for elevating (as it is doing) the education of the working classes, but for defending the middle classes from that educational imposition which has, ever since there were middle classes, been commonly inflicted upon them. We do not wonder that the Irish are petitioning for middle-class schools, as a completing link to connect their National Schools and their colleges. For England we should make no such demand. But we are prepared to require that government should take means to encourage the formation of colleges, under its own inspection, for the training of masters for middle-class schools. Why should quackery in medicine be proscribed, but no means afforded of discriminating between quackery and science, plausible pretension and true art, in education? Why should there be diplomas in the one case and not in the other,—government supervision and authority in the one case, without any foolish talk about free-trade, and not in the other? Is the prevalence of dishonest, unreal, faulty educational methods and practices a less considerable evil to a State, than of imperfect and false principles and methods of medical treatment? Or is it really more easy, more a matter within the competence of every pretender, to become a safe and wise educator, than to become an able physician? Are the bodies of men more valuable than their souls?

In the past legislation of England,—at least, in its modern

legislation,—there has been much wisdom for the body and for material interests, and but little for the soul. Hence it is that maxims which, in a late and mature condition of material development and commercial intercourse, have been found to be wise and right, are, without any consideration of the difference in the cases, applied to the sphere of mental and moral duties and relations. The principles of ultra-voluntaryism,—extreme free-trade principles,—cannot be safely or justly applied even to the material interests of a community in an early stage of its development. In Ireland it has been found necessary (not only in the intellectual and moral sphere to establish a national system of schools and colleges, but) for the development of its material industry, to provide that the baronies may tax themselves in order to the establishment of a system of railways. So in India, our government finds itself compelled to adopt a policy the reverse of that which rules in the legislation of this country. It must not follow the tendencies of the people or peoples of India, but lead them. It not only encourages or forms educational establishments, but it undertakes to cut canals and construct railways. And no one would blame, but on the contrary all applaud, if it were to devote a part of its revenue to prepare the way for the cultivation of cotton, by surveying and experimenting, and affording premiums and facilities. Now all this is contrary to the principles of free-trade, if taken absolutely and unconditionally. The fact is, that in order to put a nation or a class into the way of self-development, it is the duty of the State to take the initiative, whether in the material or in the mental and moral sphere. But after they have fairly and intelligently entered on the path of self-development, government will do wisely to allow them, both individually and collectively, to work out their own onward way with as little interference as possible. The business of government will then be rather to follow, than to attempt to control; watching, that it may learn from, the unfolding instincts and tendencies of the class or of the nation.

Hitherto, what are called the masses of this nation have not been put in a way, collectively, of self-development. When they have, government will have little to do but to leave them alone, or to follow the instincts and demands which successively arise among them, satisfying what in them is true, removing, if possible, the causes from which proceed false and evil elements of opinion and desire. Perhaps, when the nation has attained to its full intellectual and moral majority, it may be found that there is no longer any need for any State endowment or aid in the matter of education. Perhaps, alike in the material, the edu-

ational, and the ecclesiastical departments of the national life, 'free-trade,' perfect voluntary action, may then rule, without any need either of prompting or of fetter. But as yet we are far from that day.

There yet remains, however, the question, how a national education may be secured, in which, while the State concurs, it does not control; but leaves the primary obligation still to rest upon the parents, only interfering in case of clear and proved neglect of duty; and, while it aids, by means of the information and intelligence at its command, in the discovery and perfection of principles and methods, does not dictate; and, while it conditionally endows, leaves the energies of Churches and the charities of individuals full scope, and does not remove from the parents the just burden of providing from their own means, as far as in them lies, for the education of their children. 'The problem to be solved,' to use Sir J. P. K. Shuttleworth's words at the meeting already referred to, 'was in what way the civil power could obtain security for the efficiency of the secular instruction, while it recognised the right of the parent to direct the education of his child, and the claim of the communion to retain the school as a part of its religious organization.' That is his neat and summary way of putting the case, in which he acknowledges the right of the communion (provided the education it gives be consistent with the well-being of the State) to be left free to instruct religiously the children committed to its care by their parents, as well as the right of the parents to be the primary educators of their children. Perhaps, however, it may justly be said that ultimately and really the latter right involves the former.

The consciences of the parents must be respected; therefore we cannot have in England, as in continental countries, where the English ideas as to religious liberty have not yet been established, a system of primary schools strictly connected with the Established Church, and placed altogether under her direction as to religious instruction. According to the old State-and-Church theory of this country,—on which rest the foundations of our ancient colleges, grammar-schools, and educational charities,—this would have been the only constitutional method of providing for national education. Fifty years ago few statesmen—even thirty years back few Anglican clergymen—would have entertained the thought of any other scheme, except to denounce it as revolutionary, if not infidel. So lately as 1843, the education clauses in Sir James Graham's Factory Bill seemed to be constructed on the assumption that the clergy of the Established—the quasi-National—Church had a constitu-

tional right to be the directors, as to the religious element, of whatever might be provided as in any sort a national system of education. And there is yet a considerable section of Churchmen in this country, who adhere to this mediæval principle. They still maintain, in Church Unions and secret conclaves, that it is the sacred and indefeasible right of their order to take the oversight and direction, at least in matters spiritual, of all educational efforts and enterprises conducted by the State; and they regard the assistance rendered by the State to dissenting schools as nothing less than a misappropriation of revenues of which they ought themselves to have the control. Nor can we wonder that this should be the case, when we reflect that only some thirty years have passed away since the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts. So narrow is the deep and impassable gulf by which the present liberty of denominationalism in this country is separated from the territory of mediævalism, which yet, to the general feeling of the country, seems as if it were centuries distant from us. The outcry and agitation, however, of 1843 proclaimed the doom of the High-Church theory of national education; and from that period its upholders have seldom spoken out their sentiments in public. The last notable echoes of the old-world party-cry of this arrogant section of Churchmen were heard, eight or nine years ago, in the discussions between the government and themselves about the management of National Schools. At a Church-Education Meeting held in February, 1850, the Rev. G. A. Denison, the great champion of this party, expressed very distinctly the principles which govern their views and demands. He vehemently inveighed against the educational 'department of the civil power,' because they refused to admit that 'the ministers of Christ are to be trusted, solely and exclusively, with the education of His people;' he maintained imperatively that 'for the discharge of that duty *they* are solely and exclusively responsible before God and man.*' The Rev. Archdeacon and his fellows have no business in Protestant England in the middle of the nineteenth century. Since it is their misfortune not to have been born in the Middle Ages, the best thing they can do in these degenerate and unchurchly times is first to go over to the Romish Church, and then to migrate to Austria. There, under the shadow of the Concordat, they would find their natural rest. In this country they are out of date; their principles can never, even for a passing season, dominate again. Hence the simple solution of the vexed question of national education which would

* Shuttleworth's *Public Education*, p. 9.

be yielded by the application of Mr. Denison's principle can never be of use in England. Parents must have their rights of conscience and their parental authority respected in the education of their children; dissenting denominations likewise must have *their* right recognised, in conjunction with the parents, to educate the children of their congregations; the State also claims the right to fix a minimum standard of education at least for those citizen children who are to be educated in part through its aid. Ultramontane pretensions as to 'national' education can no longer be listened to in this country.

There is another class of educationists at the opposite pole to that of the extreme High Church, whose scheme of national education would be almost equally simple. This is what is called the secular party. They would have the government to provide merely a secular education, leaving the religious element to be supplied either by the parents at home or by the ministers of the different denominations attending the schools at certain times. The school teacher would not be allowed to teach any particular form or creed of religion; but he would be expected to inculcate morality.

Now we must concede a few points to the advocates of this system. We concede, then, that, under certain conditions, it might constitute a fair platform of national education. No such system, indeed, is to be found in operation on the Continent. All the continental systems are, in fact, founded on the principle that the Established Church (or Churches) must, at least as the executive, have a principal share in the direction of national education. There is in all these systems a strict connexion between the school and the Church; though only in those countries where Jesuitism is in ascendancy does the State cease to be a power co-ordinate with the Church. But in the United States, and likewise in some of our colonies, as in Canada, and in the Cape Colony, we find the secular system in operation. Nor can it be said that the effects of the experiment, as tried in either the United States or our colonies, have been such as to furnish ground, under all circumstances of society, for an absolute and unconditional condemnation of the system. Authorities are so divided as to the effect of the States' system of national education, that only a rash man would, we should think, pronounce positively upon the case in its entire breadth. It seems not an unreasonable conclusion, that in some places, and under certain circumstances, the schools answer well, both as to their intellectual and moral training, and that in other cases they produce different results. The reason of this we may presently come to indicate. As to the Canadian experiment,

however, there seems to be no reason to doubt that, on the whole, it has been successful. We have before us a *Report of the Normal, Model, Grammar, and Common Schools in Upper Canada, for the year 1855*, drawn up by the Rev. Dr. Egerton Ryerson, an eminent Canadian Wesleyan minister, and the chief superintendent of education for the province. These schools are supported partly by a grant from the legislature, but in considerably larger proportion by local assessment. The tendency and aim is to make them all free schools; as yet, however, we believe this is not the case. The teachers are 'examined and licensed by a county board according to a programme prepared by the council of public instruction.' They are not yet obliged to have received a training at a normal college; but year by year, as the supply from the normal colleges goes on to increase, such a training becomes more generally required. It is evidently designed that, eventually, except in very special cases, none but such teachers shall be employed. The principles upon which Dr. Ryerson defends the Canadian system, are much the same which the National School Association in this country is accustomed to profess. He tells us that he has 'shown from the Holy Scriptures, and the canons, formularies, and disciplinary regulations of religious persuasions, that the training up of children "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord"' clearly devolves upon parents and professed teachers of religion, and not upon civil government.' He is bold enough, moreover, to say—not sufficiently discriminating between those cases in which the schoolmaster, as a mere Church-and-State official, teaches religion according to a strict line of prescription and routine, from which he can depart only at his peril; and those in which, as now in England, the master has freely chosen his own creed and Church, and teaches the children of those who have also freely chosen his instructions and the religious teaching of his community for their children—Dr. Ryerson is bold enough to say that 'all countries where these laws of nature and religion have been violated, by transferring to the government teacher of the day-school what belongs to parents and pastors, have been characterized by both vice and ignorance.' To affirm that Prussia is a country distinguished by ignorance, as well as vice, is, as we have said, bold. Yet understanding by 'government teacher' such a State official as we have described, it may be admitted that there is a considerable basis of truth for this strong sentence. Dr. Ryerson, however, would by no means, he tells us, exclude religion from the sphere of education. On the contrary, he says, in terms fully as strong as any advocate of the union of religious teaching

and influence with secular instruction could possibly use,—‘There is no education, properly speaking, without religion; any more than there is a man without a soul, or a world without an atmosphere, or day without the sun. Religion is the soul of education, as it is the life of the soul of man, the atmosphere in which he inhales the breath of immortality, the sunlight in which he beholds the face of the glory of God.’ But if so, what sort of an education is that which is given, on Dr. Ryerson’s principles, in the common schools? If the common school teachers are *not* ‘to train up children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord,’ if for them to do this is a ‘violation of the laws of nature and religion,’ then the education they give must be, being without religion, ‘no education, properly speaking.’ At best, they do but give the body, and the body is utterly soulless and lifeless, except in so far as, by an altogether independent operation, at other seasons, through other media, the life may be added to it, and somehow mixed with it, by the instruction of parents and pastors. But what if parents are incapable of thus instructing, and if pastors there are none? It must be remembered that in Canada there are no State-appointed pastors.

Nevertheless, as we have said, we are not prepared to affirm that the common school education of Canada has been hitherto, and must be in the future, only a failure. If the practical operation of systems is often worse, it is also often better, than the theory. The practice of men and the working of theories may be happily inconsistent with their professed principles. Most inconsistently, but most happily, Dr. Ryerson says, ‘The text-books and the whole teaching and government of the school are required to be based upon, and in harmony with. Christian principles;’ and it appears, moreover, that the State does ‘*recommend and provide facilities for* religious instruction and exercises;’ and even that it may be ‘a matter of private voluntary arrangement between the parents and teacher,’—so as ‘not to interfere with the ordinary exercises of the school in regard to other pupils,’—that the pupil should be taught ‘to recite his catechism,’ and receive general ‘religious instruction.’

There can be no doubt, moreover, that commonly in Upper Canada the ‘parents and pastors’ do supply, very efficiently, outside of the school, religious instruction and influence. The population of Upper Canada, at least the Protestant portion of it, is, to begin with, largely impregnated by religious life, and those stirring and pervasive influences which attend the operations of free, energetic, and missionary denominational zeal and competition. They have, from the beginning, been a superior class of colonists; nearly all attend church; (they never distinguish between church and chapel or meeting-house;) all have

before them a prospect of rising in life; they have never included any considerable proportion of the sunken, reckless class, nor many even of the class of utterly sensual and improvident, though it may be skilled, labourers. The children of such a population grow up, therefore, under civilizing and more or less moralizing influences,—they dwell in the upper regions which are pervaded by the common light of Christianity. For those so circumstanced undoubtedly secular schools, though probably not the best thing, may yet be sufficient. Many of our readers doubtless received their education in part at what might be termed—in modern phrase; for, when we went to school, such distinctions were not yet thought of—a secular school. Our schools, indeed, were not wholly secular. What school is? We repeated the collect on the Monday morning which had been read at church the day before; in the *Reader*, or the *Speaker*, we read moral and even religious pieces; we were taught to recite Cowper's *Lines on his Mother's Picture*; we were made acquainted with the *Paradise Lost*. No instruction given in English schools could be wholly secular. English literature has derived too much of its life and power from Christian sources for this to be possible. Besides which, before ever we went to school, our mothers had taught us the Catechism, and hymns from Watts, and Barbauld, and Jane Taylor, and Wesley; we had been trained to pray, and had heard the Bible daily read; we had been used, Sunday by Sunday, to attend at church or chapel. And after we began to go to school, there were still the same influences, the morning and the evening prayers, the Christian home atmosphere, the holy Sabbath with its cheerful solemnities. The week-day school was not the chief thing in such a life as this, so far as regarded moral influences. It was but a small part of our total education, a daily parenthesis between morning and evening, a weekly parenthesis between Sunday and Sunday, in its whole extent but a parenthesis between the early home lessons of childhood and the social influences of ripening youth. To those placed in such circumstances it is of comparatively small account that their school education should be secular. This is but a fractional part of their entire education, and by no means the most potent in its moral influences. Now the Canada public schools, intended for the benefit of a thriving, hopeful, ambitious, and, we may say, Christianly moral population, stand precisely thus related to those whom they educate in secular things. They are intended for the instruction of the children of a Christian people, who grow up under salutary parental and pastoral influence, not for the elevation of a particular class.

So far as the Roman Catholic population of the Canadian provinces is concerned, it may be different. But, as regards these, two things are to be noted. In Lower Canada, where the great majority of the population is Romanist, they have 'separate schools,' which are, as regards religion, under the direction of the priesthood; and they are earnestly seeking to obtain a like privilege in Upper Canada, though it is to be hoped that they may not succeed. The priests will always see to it that the children of their flock get as much Popery as is at all likely to do them any good. A Popish community of the lower orders will never be utterly irreligious, whatever else they may be; and the basis of religion which they do get, will be greatly improved in quality by admixture with the secular elements of a good general English education. Whereas, if the schools are left under the predominant direction and influence of the priesthood, whatever tends to real liberty and independence of thought will, as far as possible, be repressed; the children will be trained, as to the noblest and highest subjects of moral and religious science, in mental servility; the schools will be essentially defective in that comprehensive human culture which is adapted to bring out all the powers of the man, and to fit him to be a free and intelligent citizen. Even as regards the Popish population of Canada, therefore, we should undoubtedly prefer the continuance of the 'common school' system as it is, to the universal adoption of such a system as in Lower Canada puts the schools altogether under the sway of the priests. Perhaps a medium between the two might be devised; but we doubt if such a medium has yet been anywhere hit upon. Had the English government not yielded so much in their controversy with the Roman Catholic authorities in this country; had they abided firmly by the position which they originally took up, secured the full development and co-ordination of lay influence in the school committees, and maintained, as guardians of the liberty of Englishmen, in this and other ways, and especially by means of impartial inspectors, such a style of management, and such a standard of general mental discipline and attainment, as would have insured the free, loyal, and thoroughly manly culture of the scholars, notwithstanding the co-operation and, within certain limits, co-ordination of the priestly power; then we think that the English system of government aid and inspection in Roman Catholic schools might have been preferable to any other known. But as the government, notwithstanding a long and severe struggle, found themselves compelled to concede so much as they have done to ultramontane pretensions, as to the management of Romanist schools in this country, we confess that

the common schools of Canada seem likely, in our judgment, to supply a salutary national provision for Roman Catholic children better, on the whole, than the aided Roman Catholic schools of England.

The Canadian system, then, we are prepared to admit, works well, on the whole, for the population of Canada. It is a provision of education for a Christian people, in a new country, where Presbyterianism and Methodism have leavened the whole population with their life and energy, and done much towards producing a general elevation of mental and moral character, and where every man lives under the influence of strong incentives to a wholesome ambition. It is not a provision designed mainly for the rescue and elevation of the lower classes of the population, in an old feudal country, where ignorance, intemperance, and religious unbelief or indifference have long been the too general characteristics of these classes. Dr. Ryerson says :—

‘ While the general success of the school system, during the year, has been an increase over that of preceding years, the people of Upper Canada have evinced an unprecedented unanimity and determination to maintain it in all its integrity. It secures to all what all have a right to claim,—equal and important protection. It provides equally for all classes of the community ;’ [not only ‘ common schools,’ but ‘ grammar schools’ and ‘ colleges’ come within the range of its inspection and provision.] ‘ No example of proselytism, under its operations, has ever occurred ; and no charge of partiality, in its administration, has ever been substantiated. No less than three hundred and ninety-six Roman Catholic teachers are employed in teaching the public schools ; and a corresponding or larger proportion of the superannuated teachers to whom pensions have been granted, are Roman Catholics.’—*Annual Report, &c.*, p. 9.

We believe that the public schools of the Cape Colony are arranged and regulated very much on the same principles as the Canadian schools ; and that they are working well. But in that Colony, as in Canada, the conditions of society are in many respects contrasted with those of England ; and the object of the public schools differs essentially from that which is contemplated by the English day-schools for the poor.

In England no such system as that which we have been considering could possibly work. No modification of it could meet the case of those whom it is most of all necessary to help. We do not need State provision of schools and colleges for our highest classes. Such schools as Eton and Harrow, together with our national universities, already meet the case of these. Some national examination and supervision of at least our universities had, indeed, long been required, and has recently been

effected; and the State will probably exercise its educational functions in regard to these for the future more vigilantly and authoritatively than in the past. But no new endowment or provision is necessary. The case of the upper middle classes is met by the best grammar-schools, and by private establishments of a superior character. Government may possibly enforce visitations and inquiries in regard to the former, and may, some day, require diplomas of those who conduct the latter; but it will never attempt to find a substitute for them by any system of public schools. The lower middle classes send their children to private day-schools and boarding-schools, too commonly of the sort some pages back described by us; but, though government will, it is to be hoped, assist in the establishment of training colleges for the education of private schoolmasters, and require some guarantee of their efficiency, before they are permitted 'to practise' in the scholastic profession, it is almost certain they will never venture, as regards these schools, to interfere further than this with the operation of the general laws of supply and demand. We do not, therefore, in England, require a strictly national system of education. But we do require the establishment of a system of schools, covering the whole country, by which there may be secured to the children of the lower orders such a minimum of education, if no more, as in the early part of this article we have endeavoured to describe. And the immediate necessity for such a system of schools arises even more from the prevalent want, in the homes of the lowest classes, of the moral influences of a Christian civilization, than from the gross defects of the schools for the poor which alone were, prior to the introduction of the present system of State inspection and aid, to be commonly met with. A work of elevation and moralization for a large section of the community is to be accomplished. Not only are Christian influences to be provided which the parents do not supply, but these influences are to be provided in order to neutralize, in a large proportion of cases, the counter influences of home and of society. Those are to be educated, whom no parents train in the fear of God, and whom no pastors have the opportunity of taking under their care. In schools intended to meet this want, religion must assuredly be the principal thing. The power of religious truth and motives must be the great lever with which to elevate those whose case is to be provided for. The force of religious character must be the great secret of the master's power to train and mould his scholars. The patience and love of Christian zeal and charity must be the prime qualifications for success in his work. The efficacy of his persuasion to control the will and change the bias must be derived from his own truly Christian

spirit and purpose. A grand moral work is to be done. It can only be done by great moral forces and appliances. There can be no such appliances apart from definite Christian truths and distinctively Christian powers.

There can, in our mind, be no doubt that not to make Christian truths and motives predominant in any system of moral training, must be a vital defect. Here, we think, is one of the weak places of the Canadian system. It is likely, we admit, that, in many instances, the teachers in their schools are thoroughly Christian, without being denominational; and that they thus exercise a moral control over their scholars, because they exert a directly and expressly Christian influence. But, in the Government Normal Schools,—the schools where the teachers who are to train others are themselves trained,—how can they be fully prepared for their duty, as moral trainers, unless specific Christian instruction be mingled with their other engagements, and a specifically Christian spirit be made to inspire and regulate all the arrangements and departments of the college? In this country it is found by experience, that the power of Christian truth and life must be the master-force in a training college, if it is to be eminently successful in its results. There can scarcely be a doubt in the mind of one who impartially examines both the government returns as to the examination of the training colleges, and the inspectors' reports as to the actual working of the day-schools of the different denominations, that, on the whole, the most successful of the English normal colleges is that of the Wesleyans, over which the Rev. John Scott presides. It is certain that the Wesleyan schools are, for the most part, better attended, and that they retain their children at school more steadily and to a later period, than any other schools. Their success in infant training is pre-eminent. One great secret of all this is, undoubtedly, the pervasive power of the Christian life as maintained in the Wesleyan Normal College. All the teachers are decided Christians; religion, cheerful but practical, regulates all the arrangements; Christianity rules in the College, and likewise in all the schools of the community. How powerfully, and yet how lovingly, this element is brought to bear on the students, may be understood by any one who will read the Principal's admirable series of inaugural addresses, to the last of which, under the title, *Goodness is Power*, we have already referred.

The work to be done in this country is, in fact, pre-eminently Christian and missionary work; the men and women that are to do it effectually need to be a 'religious order;' they must have a special vocation for their work, and must undertake it with a sense of this vocation, and of their Christian responsibility to

fulfil it; otherwise it will never be effectually done. No task-work in this department will ever be successful work; the teacher who performs his part in a perfunctory spirit will never be an efficient teacher. Nor is it even sufficient that the teacher should love the work in which he is engaged; he must love those whom he teaches. His soul full of Christian benevolence and 'yearning charity,' he must look through the eyes of the pupil into his heart; he must bring himself into relations of loving power and human sympathy with the 'inner man' of the child under his care; otherwise he will not be able to gain any advantage over the spirits of those who have been left to follow their own mere instincts, and have never received any training but that which is unchristian. Only a Christian teacher, who cleaves to his vocation from motives far higher than any that are merely secular and selfish, can be and do all this.

And the lower the teacher desires to reach in his endeavours to educate the rising population; the more morally needy and socially degraded is the class for the benefit of which his efforts are to be used; the more necessary, that is to say, and beneficent, whether looked at from a patriot's or a Christian's point of view, is his work and calling; the more absolutely requisite it is that he should possess these Christian qualities as a teacher. The work of education that England needs at this day, in order that she may possess a common people, intelligent, industrious, frugal, and moral, can only be accomplished by means of teachers themselves Christianly trained, and whose vocation it is, above all things, to train the children of the lower classes Christianly. Nor will any teachers of secular knowledge be so successful, other things being equal, as those who, with and before all besides, make it their study and their joy to be Christian teachers.

This reasoning about England is only partially applicable to the case of Scotland, whose parish schools have supplied to a great portion of her staple population, for centuries past, just that educational provision for want of which the English poor have been commonly so far inferior in intelligence and frugality to the Scotch. Many of these schools, however, have become insufficient, and stand now in the way of better, that might else be established. And besides, there is a certain portion of the population of the large Scotch towns degraded almost beyond comparison with London itself. So that there is some necessity in Scotland for a supply of schools and teachers such as we have last had in view. In Scotland, in fact, originated not only the celebrated Glasgow system of education, but Ragged Schools; and the operations of the Committee of Privy Council extend to Scotland as well as to England. Still our observations only

partially apply to that country, nor are they fully applicable to Ireland. Of course the Irish stood greatly in need of education at the time when, between twenty and thirty years ago, the National system was brought into operation. Yet there was not in Ireland any considerable class corresponding to that the needs of which have in this country compelled the modern educational movement. The remarks which we made some pages back as to the condition of the population in Canada apply, in one respect, to Ireland. The people there have never been irreligious. The Protestants in the south belong, all but universally, to classes the lowest of which is several grades above the common level of the Romanist population; and home and Church influences supply a Christianly moral element in the education of the children. If a stranger goes into a Protestant Sunday-school in the south of Ireland, he will find no children of the poor. The Sunday-school is, in fact, but a system of biblical and catechetical instruction for those who have no need to be taught to read or to be instructed in the first rudiments of faith and morals. To a considerable extent, also, with the exception that many of the children are from poor families, the case is the same in the manufacturing districts of the north, where among the Protestants Presbyterianism prevails, and where the Scotch element predominates. As to the Roman Catholics, whatever they may be, in Ireland as in Canada, they are not irreligious, nor is their religious instruction, such as it is, neglected by the priests. What was mainly wanted for Ireland, therefore,—wanted especially, almost exclusively, for the sake of the Romanist population,—was a free and efficient secular education, conducted by true, upright, honourable men, who held fast a sincere and fervent faith in the main Bible facts and moral principles of our common Christianity. All that the government could attempt to do was to improve the mental and moral staple, so far as that might lie in their power, of those whose Romanism was an imperative evil,—in the hope of thus in the end mitigating and elevating Irish Popery and the general Irish character. This, in our judgment, no intelligent and impartial inquirer, who takes all things duly into account, can long doubt that the National Schools have to a gratifying extent effected. The present improved and improving condition of Ireland is probably more due, ultimately, to this cause than to any other. We hold it to have been, indeed, a great and most mischievous mistake that, when the National scheme was first promulgated, under the direction of the late Prime Minister, the Protestant denominations of Ireland, headed by the Established Church and the Presbyterians, refused to do anything but oppose and denounce the measure.

Had they, instead of this, offered it their support and co-operation, on certain moderate and reasonable conditions, doubtless they might have added such provisions and guards to the system, and have brought such influence to the National Board, as would have prevented not a little evil, and insured a far larger amount of good. One strong point in favour of the system is that, equally by the bigoted Protestant party—and Irish Protestant bigotry, when of the genuine quality, is a 'parlous thing,' only to be paralleled in the opposite extreme of MacHalism or Cullenism—and by the Ultramontane Romanists, the National system has, from the beginning hitherto, been bitterly disliked. The Protestant bigots are, however, diminished in number, and have lowered their tone; the experience of twenty years having shown that the system was not absolutely the black and evil thing which they had painted it. The Romanist bigots, on the contrary, increase in number and become more fierce in their opposition and more exacting in their demands; for the natural and sufficient reason that they find that the system, notwithstanding all their chicane and management, all their adulteration of its teaching and methods, and all the influence in favour of Popery which they so zealously and ably infuse into it or combine with it, makes Romanists in Ireland too intelligent and inquiring and mentally independent, and prepares them, in many cases, to embrace Protestantism when they reach America. Both the Protestant and the Romanist bigots brought their combined influence to bear upon the late government, in order to induce them to extend to Ireland the present English system of grants in aid to denominational schools. Our most earnest hope is that they may not succeed in their design. Grants to exclusively Romanist schools in Ireland—where the influence of inspection could not tell as it does in this free country—would, in our judgment, be a very unhappy substitute for the present system. The methods and text-books of the Irish National Board are well known to be of the very first class; nor can they, under the present system, ever become generally Romanized; because the Presbyterians have, for some years past, seen it to be their wisdom, retracing the false step of former years, to connect themselves with the National system. Usually, too, the teachers are very efficiently trained. Nor can the revelations of the Phoenix conspiracy be fairly allowed to influence our general judgment on these points. At present, in neighbourhoods where the Presbyterian element predominates, the Irish National School is generally Presbyterian, and stands in connexion with the Presbyterian minister and congregation; but the Romanist children do not learn the Presbyterian cate-

chism, nor attend when the minister is present. Where the neighbourhood is predominantly Romanist, the school is visited by the priest; but it is forbidden to require a Protestant child to receive religious instruction. Sometimes there is in the same town or parish a school for each communion. The Presbyterians are highly satisfied with the bargain they have made. Speaking generally, it may be said that in all cases the children are brought under direct and constant religious instruction and influence. The total education they receive is not a secular education. The Irish universally may be said to be strictly attached either to church, meeting-house, or chapel. There are in that island no infidel or religiously indifferent masses of population.

The peculiar case of England, we have shown, demands that, in order to elevate the sensual and improvident character of so large a portion of the lowest strata of society, a distinctively Christian education should be given by trained Christian teachers to the children in the schools. At the same time we have seen that the responsibility of providing the requisite religious element cannot be left to any one Church in the land. The freedom and variety of religious life in this country prevents that being contemplated as possible. How then can the religious element in education be allowed its right place, as giving energy, direction, and regulation to the whole, and yet no partiality be shown to any particular communion? The most immediately obvious reply to this question would probably be, By a system of instruction in which, being catholicly Christian, all denominations, or at any rate all Protestant denominations, might unite in common. Unitarianism would not practically present much difficulty in the way of this, as those attached to this denomination are almost universally placed in a rank of society which is above the need of elementary public schools. And for the Jews provision might be made apart. Accordingly, in conformity with this principle, the British and Foreign School Society was established, originally in 1805, though not at that time under its present name. The differences of religious belief in this country are, however, too many and too strongly held to suffer such a system as this ever to become adequate to the needs of the country. The British and Foreign School Society has furnished a most valuable element in the recent educational progress of England; but its operations could not but, on the whole, lack the zeal, the energy, the religious enthusiasm, requisite for a successful prosecution of the great work of bringing under training and instruction the ignorant and morally destitute multitudes of the rising population; nor could it ever be expected to obtain extensive support. Not very often could

Protestant Dissenters be brought to unite their labours on a common platform; and as to the Church joining the Dissenting combination, that of course was out of the question.

'If,' says Dr. Temple, 'it were possible to find in every district men belonging to each denomination, sufficiently interested in religious movements to be leaders in their respective communions, yet sufficiently large-minded to be superior to all prejudices, it is conceivable that managing committees on the comprehensive principle might be everywhere formed..... But everywhere to unite the officers of every denomination that might happen to be in a district, would be a hopeless undertaking. Above all, it is peculiarly difficult to unite in one bond the clergy of the Church with the preachers or ministers of Dissenting communities.'—*Oxford Essays*, 1856, p. 223.

The reason which Dr. Temple assigns for the last statement is a curious instance of unconscious inversion of facts and relations, under the influence of bias. 'The Dissenters,' he says, 'for many reasons are more hostile to the Church than to one another.' This statement is, no doubt, true; but surely it has nothing to do with the fact of which it is assigned as the reason. We never heard of Dissenting ministers generally refusing to meet Church clergymen on common Christian and philanthropic ground, and on equal terms. It is notoriously the clergy of the Establishment who, under such circumstances, make it their rule, with exceedingly rare exceptions, to refuse to meet the Dissenting ministers. The British and Foreign, or Comprehensive, system, however, for such reasons as have now been indicated, could never be the basis of a general system of public education.

There remained then no feasible plan for providing a system of national education in this country, except that which, under the sagacious guidance of Sir J. P. Kay Shuttleworth, was actually adopted by the government. To this, in fact, the government was at last shut up by public opinion. Lord Melbourne's ministry had, in 1839, set forth the outline of a scheme which wore the general aspect of something like secularism, or of a very latitudinarian Christianity. On a calm review of the past, we do not believe that history will condemn the action of the Whig government in this matter. They were pledged to bring in a measure for the education of the lower classes of the people. Such a measure they saw clearly could not be based on the High-Church theory, which regarded the clergy of the Establishment as of right the educational executive of the nation. As professed liberals, and protectors of dissenting liberty, they in particular could never proceed in legislation on such a theory. There seemed, therefore, to be no alternative but to endeavour to make direct and definite provision only for secular instruction, and 'to protect the rights of conscience by securing perfect

liberty to the parent to select the school and to regulate the religious instruction of the child.' At the same time they sought to bespeak a general Christian character for their teaching, by 'distinguishing the instruction in religion as consisting of what was general, or what was accepted throughout Christendom as the foundation of Christian morality and doctrine; and secondly, of what was special, or of those matters of instruction which were the characteristic distinctions of separate communions.' On these principles they proposed to found, in the first instance, a Normal School, in order to feel their way and prepare their teachers, before proceeding to multiply their primary schools throughout the country. This scheme was heartily supported by a large proportion of the Baptists and Independents, but was opposed by the Church of England and the Wesleyans. The Anglican Church had an obvious special ground for opposing a scheme which ignored the assumed right of her clergy to be the educational executive of the State. But, besides this special ground, there was a common ground of objection to the proposed plan, which was strongly urged by both Churchmen and Wesleyans. These communions, again to quote Sir J. P. Kay Shuttleworth, 'regarded the school as the nursery of the congregation, in which its children and youth were to be trained, not simply in the rudiments of biblical and catechetical knowledge, but in those sentiments without which mental cultivation does not develope into a Christian life.'* Granting—and this would be, in our judgment, a prodigally candid and liberal concession—granting that the 'teacher might train his scholars in all the common rudiments of faith and duty, unexceptionably, under the guidance of local managers, representing our common Christianity;' granting that 'the managers might exercise the utmost vigilance against everything which could sap the foundations of our common faith;' and that 'this might be done universally with success, and without reproach;' still, says Sir J. P. Kay Shuttleworth, 'the doubt remained whether such a training would as effectually prepare the scholars for those acts of worship which are, in the great mass of the people, not simply significant external signs, but the means by which a religious life is fostered.' Not staying to criticize the peculiarity of the language in these last-quoted clauses,—but merely remarking, in passing, that those 'acts of worship,' in public and private, are the most potent means of purifying and reforming the inmost character, as we believe, of all men, whatever their rank or education,—we heartily accept and adopt the able speaker's

* Our quotations, here and elsewhere, from Sir J. P. Kay Shuttleworth's Address at the Centenary Hall are taken from a full and accurate Report contained in the *Watchman* newspaper, for May 11th, 1859.

conclusion, that 'the doubt was legitimate and genuine.' We do not, we repeat, join with those who censure the government of 1839 for their action in this matter; but we feel assured that the ground of objection, as now stated, which was taken by Churchmen, Wesleyans, and, we must add, by a portion of the Congregational Dissenters, was solid and tenable. The instincts of evangelical conservatism did not, in this case, mislead; the sagacity of the Church leaders of the agitation against the government proposal was not at fault. 'The proposal of the government met with so general an opposition that, notwithstanding the desire which probably existed in the House of Commons to take the first step towards founding a common school, it was felt that this plan could not be carried into execution. The ministry itself staggered under the blow which the opposition (in the storm of reprobation excited by this proposal) was enabled to inflict upon it.' Sir J. P. Kay Shuttleworth himself—who no doubt had a principal share in the preparation of the government scheme, and who had published anonymously a semi-official pamphlet in exposition of the grounds and principles of what was proposed—bore the brunt of a most virulent controversy. In particular, his pamphlet was assailed with great violence in a Charge of the redoubtable Henry Bishop of Exeter. In 1843, the Conservative party, through the medium of Sir James Graham's Factory Bill, brought forward a proposal for providing a measure of public education—on behalf of factory children—on the principle, not of religious equality, but of religious toleration, the Church of England being regarded as the ordinary and peculiarly authorized educators of the people. This measure—but coldly supported by Churchmen, because it went so far in the direction of religious toleration as to recognise the right of Dissenting parents to defend their children, if they thought good, against enforced religious instruction by the Anglican clergy—evoked a perfect tempest of agitation among Dissenters of every class throughout the community. Thus warned back by the voice of the people from attempting to establish a system of national education on the foundation either of a latitudinarian indifferentism or of High-Church exclusivism, the educational officers of the State were compelled to examine carefully their position, and to study the development and tendencies of the national life of the English people, so far as regarded the matter of education.

They found that the tide of denominationalism had set strongly in. To attempt to establish a national system on the platform of the British and Foreign School Society was out of the question, for the reasons lately assigned by us. Indeed, that Society itself 'encountered embarrassment, by the growth, among

its chief supporters, of the principle of denominational action.' For the zeal of the Establishment in the multiplying of National Schools had awakened the Dissenting denominations to a perception of the fact, that the time was come when the Church must look to the day-school to accomplish what, with very gratifying, yet after all only partial, success, it had in the former generation endeavoured to accomplish by means of the Sunday School. It had become manifest that, as society advanced in wealth and culture, and as the nation was stirred more deeply from year to year by an all-awakening energy, the standard of the Church's culture must be raised; that as secular intelligence spread, as cheap literature was multiplied, as wages increased, and as worldly temptations and influences became more numerous and powerful, the Church's Christian education must become more systematic, penetrating, and pervasive. The schoolmaster must stand by the side of the clergyman; the day-school by the side of the church. In 1805 or 1808* had been established, on unsectarian principles, the 'Royal Lancasterian Institution,' afterwards known as the British and Foreign School Society. In 1811 was established the 'National Society for promoting the Education of the Poor in the Principles of the Established Church.' The clergy of the Establishment had the sagacity to discern, before most others, the 'signs of the times.' Wesleyan Methodism, in 1811, had not yet settled into a distinctive form of Church communion, and therefore not assumed its comprehensive duties. Dissenters were not yet awake to the advantages offered to them by the rising 'spirit of the age,' and were altogether deficient in denominational zeal and organization. But the leaders of the educational movement in the Anglican Church saw that the season was coming which would make day-schools to be at once their necessity and their opportunity. Between 1801 and 1811, the Church of England had established 350 schools; in the period 1811-1821 she established 756; in 1821-1831, 897; in 1831-1841, 2,002; in 1841-1851, 3,448. In 1846, when the present system of denominational aid was just about to commence, she had 17,015 schools, with 955,865 scholars, of which schools 6,798, containing 526,754 scholars, were connected with the National Society. At that date there were scarcely any Protestant day-schools besides in England, except those of the British and Foreign School Society. The Wesleyan Methodists at that time had but about 70 day-schools altogether, most of them small and inefficient. In 1851, the number of children in Church schools would seem to have been less than in 1846, there being, according to the census, 929,474

* Mr. Mann says 1808; Sir J. P. Kay Shuttleworth, 1805.

scholars in 10,555 schools, of which 3,995 schools, containing 493,876 scholars, were numbered as National Schools. Yet in 1851, notwithstanding the augmented zeal and activity, during five years' operation of the Minutes of Council, of the various Dissenting denominations, we find that there were in all England only 1,188,786 scholars in day-schools, in any degree supported by religious bodies. So that the Church of England had in her schools 78 per cent. of all the children educated in religious day-schools. In 1846 she must have had more than 80 per cent., or four-fifths of all. Since 1851, however, it would appear that the Church of England has fully recovered, or more than recovered, its ground. According to the returns published by the National Society, 'the entire number of children attending week-day schools belonging to the Church in 1857 was 1,187,086, as compared with 955,865 in 1847.' If this statement is accurate, it seems to suggest that the returns for 1851 can hardly have been complete.

This being the state of affairs, it is no wonder that the Non-conformist bodies had begun to feel the need of standing upon the defensive, and providing denominational day-schools of their own. It was plain that, unless they did this, there was some danger lest the strictly Church-of-England education given to the children of their people—to four-fifths of the children taught in religious day-schools in England—should before very long supplant their peculiar principles in the popular mind, and leave them only to be upheld by a certain portion of the middle class. Accordingly, in 1843, the 'Congregational Board of Education' was founded. And in the same year the Wesleyan Methodists raised a fund of £20,000, and began to devote to educational purposes the proceeds of a yearly collection. The Educational Committee of this body had, however, commenced its operations in 1839.

At length, in 1846, under the ministry of Lord John Russell, the Educational Committee of Privy Council came forth with a fresh scheme, the fruit of some years' study of principles and of the religious and social condition and tendencies of England. The able and accomplished secretary had not passed through controversies, and made unsuccessful attempts, to no profit. His philosophic sagacity and his earnestness of benevolent purpose had helped him to devise a plan which, if not, in its first outline and scope, perfect or all-sufficient, was safe, practicable, adapted to meet the wants of the denominations, economical for the public purse, likely to be pre-eminently efficient so far as it could be brought into operation, capable of indefinite development, and probably not incapable of admitting into harmonious incorporation with itself all the spontaneous powers and re-

sources of whatever boards or bodies might afterwards appear to have any authority or responsibility in regard to the Christian education of citizen-children. The plan was truly English in its character. It availed itself of existing organizations, and of already awakened zeal; its scope was to graft the new upon the old; to quicken, to develope, to regulate, to enlarge, but not to extirpate or abolish.

Past controversies, to quote once more from the highest living authority upon these points, had—

‘left the impression that the convictions expressed by the religious communions of England were entitled to more respect in such a matter than even the will of the civil power. The civil government had done little or nothing for the education of the people since the foundation of the Grammar-schools, chiefly in the days of Edward and Elizabeth. The religious communions had, towards the latter end of the last century, founded, and had since with remarkable zeal and success greatly extended and improved, the Sunday-schools of England and Wales. Such elementary Day-schools as existed owed their origin to the same zeal of Christian congregations. These schools were for the most part supported by congregational subscriptions and collections, managed by the ministers and principal laymen, and conducted by a teacher appointed by them. The number of these schools was to be weighed against their comparative inefficiency. Their resources in school-pence and subscriptions formed no insignificant contribution towards the cost of a new national institution, which could not be supported in efficiency without the annual outlay of millions. The zeal of the managers, the vigilance of the ministers, the character and motives of the teachers, were such as might be brought into successful comparison with those of any body of civil functionaries. If, therefore, the age was not ripe for a school common to our religious faith, was it not required from a statesman to accept the aid of this religious organization, in order to make it the means of giving an education which should ultimately eradicate the barbarism of ignorance from our people?’

The decision of Lord John Russell's Cabinet was in the affirmative, and the Secretary of the Committee of Council was ready with his scheme. Much preliminary work had already been accomplished during the seven years of stirring controversy which had preceded. ‘In the background inquiries had been diligently pursued; a school of method had been tried; the training of pupil-teachers in a model school, and in a college, had been experimentally tested. Each portion of the matter of instruction and various methods had been examined, under circumstances which prepared public opinion for future action.’ The result was the publication, under government and Parliamentary sanction, of the celebrated *Minutes of Council of 1846*,

—a noble and enduring monument of the philosophic and statesmanlike ability of their chief author, and the greatest boon to England which any one hand has prepared, or any one Cabinet conferred, during the present generation. It is hardly possible to over-estimate the value of a measure which has 'reconciled the denominational system with civil and religious liberty, and added the fervour of religion to the foresight of the State, in providing and giving efficiency to the common schools of this country.'

These Minutes have been welcomed with gratitude by all religious denominations in this country. Only the secularists and the ultra-voluntaryists are opposed to them. The National Board and the Roman Catholics made hard terms with the Government, and succeeded in obtaining too much concession to their principles of priestly prerogative. In consenting to aid in the work of denominational education, it is undoubtedly the duty of the State to secure the rights of civil and religious liberty, the development of lay co-operation and influence, that the teacher shall not be the mere creature and unconditional servant of the clergyman, minister, or priest. The State is bound, within its sphere of action or influence, to preserve the spirit of a regulated, but real, liberty everywhere; and to see to it that no school be helped by its money which does not teach and train the scholars as free men. Liberty of thought and liberty of conscience are principles which must regulate the methods and mechanism of every English public school. We doubt whether, in the cases referred to, the government, firmly as they contended for these principles during a protracted correspondence, ought at length to have yielded so far as they did. But, nevertheless, we confess that we have no scruples of conscience as to the aid of Roman Catholic schools under these Minutes. If the government have not maintained all that they should have done, they have yet gained a good deal. Schools assisted by their aid, managed according to their regulations, and visited by their inspectors, cannot after all be mere seminaries of ignorant and bigoted Popery, such as Romanist schools would otherwise have been. The effect of government interference and oversight is, *pro tanto*, anti-Popish. The Roman Catholics educated in these establishments must grow up, as a class, more imbued with the spirit of liberty and more accessible to a wholesome public opinion, than if they had been taught in ordinary Popish schools. Hence the dread with which the existence of these schools has inspired some of the bigoted Romanist party in this country. The very methods of education required in the public schools are antagonistic to the spirit of an object, ignorant, besotted Popery. Let any one consider the

case of the tens of thousands of Irish in the large towns of Lancashire, what they have been and are, and what their children were growing up to be, and then consider whether an education at schools under government inspection will not make this stratum of society not only more intelligent, but more loyal and less virulently Romanist, than if they had only known such low-caste Popish influence as they had previously been liable to. This case is precisely the opposite of that of Maynooth, where government gives money, not to train children to be free and loyal citizens, but to make citizens into disloyal priests, owing allegiance to a foreign prince-priest; and where government exercises no power of visitation and inspection as to morals, methods, or matter of instruction. If indeed it were compulsory on the children of any district, not being Romanists, to attend Romanist schools, that would be an intolerable evil. But none send their children to these schools *but* Romanists or indifferentists. The parent, not being a Romanist, who sends his child to a Romanist school, does so merely because he so chooses. In so doing, he proves himself to be a religious indifferentist, a practical unbeliever or a callous latitudinarian; and the child of such a parent will not be taught a worse religion than his father's, even though he be taught at a Roman Catholic school.

In this already greatly overgrown article we cannot enter into any details respecting the working of the Minutes of 1846. A few general remarks only we may make. The British and Foreign School Society has shared largely in its aid. We presume that this Society, and other unsectarian institutions of a similar character, educate nearly 100,000 children. The Wesleyans have, of late years, greatly increased, and very remarkably improved, their school operations. They have now about 60,000 scholars in their schools; and their one Normal College, upon the perfecting of which they have bestowed unstinted pains and liberality, is, by the unanimous testimony of Her Majesty's Inspectors, and of such judges as Mr. Cowper (late Minister of Education) and Sir J. P. Kay Shuttleworth, a model of completeness and excellence. But still the Church of England bears away immensely in advance of all competitors, having from thirty-five to forty Normal Colleges, some of them of eminent excellence and efficiency, as, for instance, *Battersea*, and *Whitlands*, (the only drawback in these being High Churchism,) the *Home and Colonial*, and *Cheltenham* Colleges. Altogether,—

'this great act of concord between the Committee of Council on Education, and the religious communions of Great Britain, has already

issued in the apprenticeship of 24,000 pupil teachers, of whom 14,000 are at present serving as apprentices in day-schools,—(the majority of the rest having entered training colleges and become teachers.)—in the foundation of forty training colleges, containing 3,000 students, now chiefly Queen's scholars who have passed through five years' apprenticeship in a day-school,—in the settlement in charge of day-schools of 10,426 teachers holding certificates of merit, of whom 6,814 are now in receipt of augmentations of stipend from the government,—and in an annual supply of about 1,000 teachers who have had two years' education in a training college, and have nearly all likewise served as apprentices. In support of this great and growing machinery of elementary education, the annual parliamentary grant has risen to £663,433; and it is probable that Sunday, and day, and evening schools are supported at a cost of about two millions of annual outlay from all sources.

Nevertheless, it is possible that the plan of education by denominational zeal and government aid is not yet fully mature and complete. It can never be superseded, that is certain. The State is indebted to it to the amount of the immense sums voluntarily contributed, but still more for the voluntary zeal, the sagacity, the educational enthusiasm, the truly missionary spirit, the baptism of Christian life and love, which no money could purchase, no civil or municipal elections insure, no State training impart. Government owes to denominational zeal the basis on which it has been building, and the success it has achieved. It can never venture to think of setting all this aside. But yet the demand upon the central national exchequer is growing rapidly larger. Mr. Adderley (the late Minister of Education) and Lord J. Russell say that it cannot proceed much farther; and still half the work remains to be done. As yet the most truly destitute places are not touched;—for government requires cent. per cent. for that which it grants;—the children of the lowest strata have not been gained; the selfishness of parents still remains the great obstacle in the way of the education of the children; the landowners, farmers, and manufacturers, most bound to contribute to the work of educating their people, often contribute little or nothing; the resources of voluntaryism have been taxed, in certain directions, until they can hardly be expected to yield much more,—so at least it is said by high authorities. What then is to be done? We have some notions of our own upon these points; but our wisdom will be to await the report of Her Majesty's Commission of Inquiry before we express our views. That report, as we understand, will be issued in a few months, and will substantially recommend the continuance of the present system,—a few modifications only being made.

ART. IX.—*The Life of Jabez Bunting, D.D., with Notices of Contemporary Persons and Events.* By his Son, THOMAS PERCIVAL BUNTING. Vol. I. Longmans. 1859.

THE public have learned to look upon filial biographies as one of their trials. It is often said of a son, that it was well for him that his father was born before him; and it may sometimes be said of a father, that it was ill for him that his sons were born after him. Who lived a life which the best portion of the English people would better love to keep in perpetual remembrance, than William Wilberforce? but his sons buried him. And Adam Clarke, whose character and history were both fitted to sustain permanent interest, lay for a quarter of a century in a family tomb, and has only just been restored to the society of living men by Dr. Etheridge. Yet sons are not the only persons who consign worthy memories to rapid oblivion. Many a noble life is deeply buried in a literary grave, dug by professional hands. And when a son does write the life of his father well, it is the best of all biographies. By the affection which he brings to the work, it gains more in animation than it loses in impartiality, provided always he is blessed with talent and judgment; without which all bookmaking is weary work, and the Life of a great man the weariest, perhaps, of all. Who ever lays down Buxton's Life without feeling that his son has enabled us to see 'what sort of a person his father was,' more naturally and perfectly than any one else could have done? And that simple description of a biographer's aim, just quoted from Mr. Charles Buxton, is as good a hint as to what ought to be before the mind, as need be given.

Whatever happens to the new specimen of filial biography now before us, it will not be unread. Few will begin it without going to the end. It will not heavily tax their reflection, their temper, or their patience. They will not find it too deep, or too high, or too long. They will find it full of pith, and very unlike most biographies. The standard idea of the life of a man who has only just left us, and whose ties and associations are all fresh and living, is, that it should be a profile in black,—a one-sided view of him, without a bit of life colouring. Now Mr. Bunting has not been imbued with this proper idea; indeed, he seems as if it had never occurred to him; and as if he just sat down, without consulting precedents, to draw a life-size portrait of his father, coloured, and clad, and all but breathing. He also sets the frame of his picture all round with miniatures of his father's friends, some of them most striking likenesses, all

lively and well coloured, the whole making an original but fascinating accompaniment to the main figure, which, as sitting after sitting is given, comes out by degrees, and promises to be a good likeness; but, at least, will be an interesting study. At the end of this first volume, we suppose, the work is half done; and we can only conjecture what the effect of further labours upon it will be. We must, therefore, be content with our impression that it is very like him as he then was.

Some may think that, for the sake of literary completeness, we ought to have waited till the final volume of the work appeared. It may be so, in an artistic point of view. But a man does not wait to complete his own development before he begins to act, for the sake of doing so, at least, with his highest power; and so we shall, in this case, allow impulse to carry it against æsthetics. The youth and early manhood of one who long held the chief place in the religious body which, in point of numbers, ranks second in England, first in America, and at least second in the British Colonies, ought to be a sufficient study for any intelligent, and especially for any public, man. But for all who take a deep interest in religious movements, feeling them to be the root of all real progress on earth, and the foretoken of a brighter land and society, the years in which one so prominent in them was trained and put to his early tests, must offer material for much thought.

The book is a story, told like a story, with many little stories wrapped in the folds of the great one. One is put on easy terms with the narrator and his hero at once: for the latter is not 'the subject of this memoir,' or the 'distinguished man whose biography he attempts,' or even 'Dr. Bunting,' but just 'my father;' and the former is not 'the writer,' nor 'the author,' nor even 'we,' but simple 'I.' It is a singularity of our English tongue that people fancy that, in avoiding the most natural form of speech, they avoid egotism. Instead of saying, 'I saw' or 'heard,' we have a long phrase, in writing which the mind can only be occupied with the one idea of preserving self from the appearance of being egotistic; whereas, had the straightforward word been used, self would not have had a moment's attention. Egotism is shown not by saying 'I' when one ought; but by attending to self, or obtruding self, when one ought not. Think of a boy telling his comrade that John Thomas gave 'the narrator of this incident a black eye!' or that 'the speaker' gave his sister an apple! Our capital 'I' is a mechanical bugbear, which frightens many good men, who are far enough from being egotistical, into round-about forms of speech, which they would never adopt, if, as in Italian, we

expressed the pronoun and verb in one word ; or, as in French, had a quiet little pronoun that would attract no more attention than 'he' or 'it.'

This is Mr. Bunting's opening paragraph :—

'Of my Father's ancestors, so far back as I can trace them, the Heralds can tell me nothing. I read in quiet churchyards, in the Peak of Derbyshire, the simple story that they were born and died. In that secluded district, a land of moor and mist, they tilled the soil, or wrought painfully beneath the ground for the sustenance denied them by its sterile surface.'—Page 1.

The same ease and naturalness shown in speaking of family matters is at once felt in regard to religious ones. An outspoken Methodist, the author uses 'his mother-tongue' as writing for those that understand him. He evidently feels that, in the Methodists, he is addressing an audience spread over, and mixed with, the whole Anglo-Saxon world ; and that, if others do not quite understand his terms and allusions, they are not to impose fetters on him. The following tells how Dr. Bunting came by his name of Jabez :—

'Mary Redfern, my Father's Mother, was the first Methodist of her family. She was awakened, (once for all, I crave leave to use my own Methodist mother-tongue,) rather by the sight, than by the hearing, of a strange man, who stood in the village-street at Monyash, and earnestly exhorted sinners to repentance. Her lot in early youth had been hard, and she had done her duty well ; for her Mother was hopelessly infirm, and she, the eldest sister, had been the nurse and guardian of eight younger children. Yet she contrasted the manifest sincerity of the man she watched with her own conscious want of a worthy aim in life ; and was first startled, and then subdued by the reflection. Street-preaching has now become common. Who knows what good—or evil—may be done by the manner, air, and obvious aim of the Preacher ?

'But Mary Redfern's conversion was to be connected still more closely with the Missionary spirit of Methodism. And with what a Mission !

"Q. 13. We have a pressing call," say the Minutes of the Conference for 1769, "from our Brethren at NEW YORK, who have built a preaching-house, to come over and help them. Who is willing to go ?

"A. RICHARD BOARDMAN and Joseph Pilmoor.

"Q. 14. What can we do further, in token of our brotherly love ?

"A. Let us now make a collection among ourselves.

"This was immediately done ; and, out of it, fifty pounds were allotted towards the payment of their debt, and about twenty pounds given to our Brethren for their passage."

'One afternoon, soon after this Conference, Richard Boardman, with

some portion of the twenty pounds in his pocket, travelled, on horseback, through the Peak of Derbyshire, on the road from his previous Circuit in the Dales of Yorkshire and of Durham, by way of Bristol, to New York. When he reached Monyash, he asked whether there were any Methodists in the place, and was directed to a cottager, who gladly received him for the night. Of course, he preached. Who can wonder that, as he pursued his solitary journey, the heart of the Missionary to America, saddened by the recent loss of his wife, dwelt devoutly on words like these,—“AND JABEZ WAS MORE HONOURABLE THAN HIS BRETHREN; AND HIS MOTHER CALLED HIS NAME JABEZ, SAYING, BECAUSE I BARE HIM WITH SORROW. AND JABEZ CALLED ON THE GOD OF ISRAEL, SAYING, OH THAT THOU Wouldest BLESS ME INDEED, AND ENLARGE MY COAST, AND THAT THINE HAND MIGHT BE WITH ME, AND THAT THOU Wouldest KEEP ME FROM EVIL, THAT IT MAY NOT GRIEVE ME! AND GOD GRANTED HIM THAT WHICH HE REQUESTED.” (1 Chron. iv. 9, 10.)—Pp. 8, 9.

It was a touching and, to the lad, deeply impressive echo of this text, when, for the first time, he received that ‘ticket’ which is so much prized among the Methodists, as the token of their Church membership, and found that it bore these words: ‘Oh that Thou wouldest bless me indeed,...and that Thou wouldest keep me from evil!’

‘This was his text when he preached that evening; “and God granted him,” even then, in fit measure, “that which he requested.” From that sermon, Mary Redfern “learned the way of God more perfectly;” and she soon afterwards found “peace with God.” The “sorrowful” name in the text thus became associated, in her mind, with her highest “joy and gladness;” and, ten years afterwards, she gave it to her first and only son, a solemn record of her pious gratitude, and a presage, not then understood, of his future character and history.’—Page 9.

Of the Doctor’s father we have this account:—

‘In 1778, Mary Redfern, after a long courtship, was married to William Bunting, then settled as a tailor in Manchester. The notices preserved of him are scanty. In person, he was tall and thin, pale-faced, and very bald. He is described by some as a man of great shrewdness; by others as not of strong intellect. He, too,—it is not known by what means,—had become firmly attached to the new sect. It is said that he warmly espoused the cause of the French revolutionists; but this sympathy was shared by many tailors, and by some philosophers. There is no doubt that he was, even in those days, a thorough Radical. But he kept his politics to himself, and was known to the world around him only as a quiet and godly man, who worked hard for his family, with but little profit.’—Pp. 10, 11.

The mother survived her husband many years; and, before her son was married, he gave her half his income; and after-

wards 'took upon him the sole charge of eking out her scanty resources.' She lived long enough to see his usefulness reach its zenith; and then, 'six weeks before her death, she went to bed for the last time; and there lay, conversing and singing about Christ and heaven, until her end.' If the following description be correct, those who knew her son will say, that the rule that sons 'take after the mother,' found no exception in his case: 'She was a woman of excellent judgment, quick perception, firm will, and very active habits; and, if somewhat haughty, was yet of a generous and tender spirit.'

As the last century was drawing to a close, the wonderful religious movement, which was its most fruitful event, was approaching a new stage. Historians would as yet deny, that the great Christian revival of the eighteenth century was its most pregnant contribution to the future history of mankind. They would point to the French philosophy, and its thunderous issue, the great Revolution. But even already, above the horizon of secular history, an influence begins to loom, which the unpractised eyes of secular men do not yet, but will soon be compelled to, recognise as mightier and more world-wide than that which it rose to counteract. True that the revolutionary philosophy struck its roots under every palace in Europe, and, with seemingly supernatural growth, shook them all, destroying some. True that it wrought wonderful civil and social changes on the Continent, and that its effect may be traced now in the mental condition of all countries which have Romanism for their nominal creed, and also in many thoughts and movements in Protestant lands. But it has already called back the despotism it overthrew, and re-habilitated for the support of this the superstitions at which it scoffed. The new religious life, called into existence in England contemporaneously, has, on the contrary, steadily advanced against all opponents. It has wonderfully transformed the British people, and assured to itself the future rule of the United States and British Colonies. It has made notable conquests from slavery, heathenism, and intolerance. The empires of India, China, and Turkey, have been brought into train to experience its influence, to an extent of which the two latter have as yet no perception. Even France has, unconsciously to its masses, but with perfect consciousness on the part of its Protestants, and of a few of its higher thinkers, felt its warming and elevating power. Sweden is now awaking; and Italy itself is not without an undercurrent of feeling traceable to the same source.

The Methodist fathers, of different sections and shades, who had been the instruments of this renewal of the youth of

Christianity, one by one, went to their reward, as the century they had illuminated drew to an end. The foremost of them in character and influence was the last upon the stage. John Wesley lived long enough to give his own blessing to an unconscious babe in Manchester, which was destined to wield an influence over that portion of the new race of earnest Christians who adhered to his discipline, second only to his own.

Hereafter the historian, curious, and even greedy, as to information respecting the springs of that social revolution, which his brethren, who lived near enough to see, treated as too inconsiderable to be surveyed, will find in the tales of Jabez Bunting's boyhood and youth a fair specimen of the moral atmosphere created by the new order of things. Rapid hints of the dark condition of the generation in which the boy's parents had grown up, are followed by glimpses of their own pure and lively piety; by sketches of friends who laboured in spreading, or flourished in experiencing, spiritual life; by notices of the meetings and ordinances which produced deep and permanent impressions on the opening mind of the lad,—in this the type of tens and tens of thousands; and of the noble and blessed old men, who, under the quaint garb and the despised name of Methodist Preachers, were doing a work unheeded by statesmen and scholars, which was, nevertheless, to tell on the future *morale* of the British race, more than the Bills of the one, or the dissertations of the other. To the mere reader, this part of the book will be novel and racy; to the Methodist, very homelike; to many families in and around Manchester, most kindly and comforting; and to the man who studies life at its fountains, full of hints and glimpses,—glimpses into the region not dark, but filled with luminous haze, where the two streams of religious and social life have their proximate, if not common springs.

Among the remarkable men whose preaching went into the young soul of Jabez Bunting, and left there seeds of actions whereof the fruits will never wither, we will select a single sketch,—that of one whom the great public of England have not yet learned to know; but whose image, even to this day, is borne on the hearts of hundreds of the best men and women in the land, as vividly as if traced by a supernatural light; and whose religious influence upon this country, and throughout the whole British and missionary world, has been greater than any one could trace. A hundred of the ephemeral celebrities of literature or politics pass away, without leaving in the world an influence so great as one whom the London clubs or journalists do not know,—Joseph Benson. They leave behind some

admirers; he left, according to good and sufficient evidence, literally thousands of 'his own children in the Gospel,' burning with zeal, and fruitful in good works.

'There, then, he stood before his people, from Sabbath to Sabbath, a pale and slender man; of a presence melancholy, and all but mean; with a voice feeble, and, as he raised it, shrill, and with a strange accent, caught in his native Cumberland; his body bending, as beneath "the burden of the Lord;" his gesture uncouth, and sometimes grotesque;—the general impression of the whole scarcely redeemed, at first sight, by the high, clear forehead, firm nose, and steady eye, which his portraits have preserved to posterity. But the man was seen no more, when, having announced his message, he proceeded to enforce it. Dr. Chalmers once said to my Father, concerning a plain Methodist preacher, whose memory still lingers pleasantly in the hearts of many brethren and children in the Lord, and who laboured for some years in Glasgow,—"*I like your GEORGE THOMPSON;—he goes about saving souls in such a business-like manner.*" Benson, in higher degree, had this habitual purpose and faculty. He was a sound and learned expositor of Holy Scripture: and, in the opinion of those competent to judge, his Commentary still perpetuates his usefulness. Making the best use of this prime advantage, he then resorted to, applied, and exhausted all the legitimate arts and powers of the Christian Pulpit. He explained, argued, and taught: but he also warned, remonstrated, entreated, and wept; until, often, throwing down the weapons his spent strength could wield no longer, he fell on his knees, and vented his full heart in reverent prayer; while vast congregations quailed or melted under the spell of this last appeal to a resistless energy, and, as with one voice, cried,—but not aloud—for instant mercy.—I heard my Father preach, more than once, on the text which bids us always to be ready to give a reason for our hope "with meekness and fear;" and he delivered the last sentences of the sermon with much solemnity of voice and manner. They vividly described the profound abasement and awe which rest subduingly upon professor and profane, when special influence accompanies the preaching of the Truth, and, "pricked in their heart," multitudes inquire, "Men and brethren, what must we do?" These sentiments reflected the scenes and impressions of his own awakening. Many were at that time "added to the Lord," who became the strength and the ornament of Methodism in Manchester. And Jabez Bunting called Joseph Benson his spiritual father.'—Pp. 31-34.

Such were the masters under whom Jabez Bunting learned the art of the Christian preacher; men less polished than the national clergy of their day, but far more deeply read in Christian lore, and, as a rule, much superior in natural talent; but, above all, men who lived in prayer and holy labour; who loved the souls and bodies of men, till their own poor frames

were unsparingly worn out; and who glowed with one passion,—that of saving souls.

In our last number, we had occasion to express regret that the historian of the Serampore fathers had not clearly traced the conversion of any one of them, so as to present the real history of the soul in its decisive crisis. This fault cannot be found with the book before us. Without either tediousness or affectation, it narrates the course of inward feeling by which the bright Manchester boy became changed into the happy and zealous Christian. At the same time the educational and social influences which contributed to fit him for his future position are well told.

At school—a school frequented by boys above his own station—he had made a friendship which attracted to him the notice of the most eminent physician in Manchester. Dr. Percival took him into his family as a pupil; and, being a laborious author, employed him also as amanuensis. The chapter devoted to this worthy man and his family, by the son of his *protégé*, is one of the most pleasing in the book, and thus concludes:—

‘Edward Percival, my Father’s early friend, after practising, with much distinction, as a physician in Bath, died in great peace, in the year 1819. “I have no *spiritual* pains,” he said, when the last languors crept over his weary frame; “and that is something for a dying man to feel.” Three of his children sleep in Binstead churchyard, in the Isle of Wight. Edward, his eldest son, an officer in the Bengal Artillery, closed his life with the words with which David closed the twenty-third Psalm; Thomas, the next in age, with those of Job,—“I know that my Redeemer liveth;” and Anne, a married daughter, quoted from the same Psalm as that which had cheered the death-bed of her eldest brother,—“Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.” The grave of Elizabeth Sophia, “sixth and last surviving child,” and of her first-born, is sealed with this text,—“To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.”’—Pp. 51, 52.

Mr. Bunting decided to part from Dr. Percival, under a clear conviction that it was his duty to choose the life of a Methodist preacher, instead of the first-rate professional career to which his talents had induced his patron to offer him a very flattering opening; and the letter in which he intimated his determination is creditable in every respect to master and pupil. He was still young; but, as the biographer says, ‘a man ripe for the business of life; with well-tried tools, in well-skilled hands, ready for use in whatever kind of speculative or practical labour he might be called to follow. Best of all sciences, he had learned thoroughly how to work.’ Yes, he had early learned and set himself to work. We do not know that he was ever called to speculative labour,

and we never saw proof that his gifts or tastes would lead him to it. His mature age yielded no evidences of anything of the kind. The traces of his youth produced in this volume, confirm, to an extent we did not anticipate, the general impression that he showed a want of speculative and imaginative powers, almost incredible in a mind so capacious and impassioned. But for practical work he had such a mind and body as few men were ever blessed with. His power of endurance was great: no matter how anxious the subject, how complex or heterogeneous the details, how barren of interest or how harassing the inquiry, he seemed only to grow livelier and fresher, as hours wore others down. And this was not the easy work of a cold man, who is capable of long application because he has no fires to burn him out. Warmer blood than his never ran; a set of stronger or more vivacious feelings never habitually owned or occasionally challenged the sway of a regal judgment, and the chastening power of the grace of God. Then, as for apprehension, he was one of those who see all objects within their horizon rapidly and distinctly, when others have only begun to catch glimpses and inquire, 'What is this?' and, 'What is that?' He always got credit for seeing as far and as soon into men, as into affairs and arguments; but this we doubt. We do not believe that it was possible to impose upon him a wrong view of any question, within his own range of knowledge and thought, which he took pains to master. We doubt whether it was not possible for a specious and supple man to gain a place in his opinion to which he had no title. His power of language was not inferior either to his application or understanding. In this respect, the early specimens of his writing contained in the volume do not do him justice. They are very good compositions, without the faults of youth; sensible, stately, and smacking strongly of the eighteenth century; indeed, might have been written by an elderly statesman or retired judge. The English tongue does not here wait with alacrity upon the pen of the lad, as we were wont to witness it wait upon the lips of Jabez Bunting; when its words and turns, its shades and idioms, all seemed to rejoice in serving him, as they would not other men.

In the extracts from his journal, though only a few years later in date, there is a pleasing progress; much more freedom, and, consequently, much more point. The former correctness is not lost; in fact, it has been so carefully practised, that it is becoming an unconscious habit. We fancy, and, perhaps, it is only a fancy, that in the letters of the same period as the journal quotations, there are more traces of attention to the turn of the period, and consequently less heart and effectiveness.

But if we be right, it would argue the vigilance with which he watched and disciplined his style: and the whole shows plainly what the discipline he needed was. His youth did not suffer from an excess of poetry, requiring constant care to reduce his ornament and subdue his splendour, in order to attain the sober strength of practical life. Sobriety and strength were natural to him; and he only needed variety and accuracy of expression to give them due effect. It will be curious to see, hereafter, as later specimens of his writing and, especially, as his sermons appear, whether they retain the rotund character of his early memoranda, or break out into the vivacious, but commanding, the lucid, but impetuous style which marked his eloquence as uncommon even among great men.

We shall not, however, be surprised if all his productions which may appear, would still leave his name to be added to the list of celebrities, whose fame is not fully understood by those who did not personally know them. In every character the man ought to form the chief part: in speakers it must be so. With writers the productions make the impression, and if they be powerful, the man himself may be contemptible, without losing public influence. But in the speaker, the man,—his person, voice, air, and that indescribable expression of himself, of his heart and qualities, which presence alone can convey, all go to affect the value of his words. In Dr. Bunting's case, the man was very notable. We have no doubt that, when a boy, in Manchester, no educated person would talk to him for a quarter of an hour without feeling his superiority. Not that his conversation was brilliant, but that an air of mental and moral power, of substance, sense, and worth, of unmistakeable manliness, told you instantly that you had to do with no common person. As life advanced, and as he reached the height of his strength, no man of mind could have heard him, for five minutes, in public, without feeling certain that whoever he might be, he had stores of talent at call. This would have been the case, even had his observations been nothing remarkable in themselves: but if the subject, by its difficulty, called his strength of mind into play, or, by its interest, touched his feelings, tokens would multiply that he was a great man; and if it drew him out in full force, the observer would pronounce him a wonderful one. In all speech, that which goes deepest into the audience, is not the words, but some perception and feeling of the man who stands behind them. That feeling is communicated in ways we cannot tell: some—few, very few, can do it without presence—can breathe the spirit of speech upon their paper; but it is a rare and unaccountable power. The vast majority of great speakers,—

that is, of men who are heard not for entertainment, but with deference and pleasure for practical purposes, for the formation of opinions, or the guidance of conduct,—send through tones and looks, through gestures, and you know not what, into the souls of those about them a sense of their individuality, as powers to be felt, which no skill can carry beyond the sphere of their presence. But if their utterances be fairly taken, though they do not convey to others the vivid impressions they did to the hearers, they justify the weight which these assigned to them. This is what we feel confident the sermons of Dr. Bunting, when they come to be read, will do. But they cannot give to those who never heard him the impression of man swaying man, as when he stood up full of his theme, and poured out his mature thought, in fluent currents of lucid words, looking at you with his full eye, till you fell completely under the influence of a comely person, a commanding air, a good voice, an orator's facility, and the thoughtfulness of a judge, alternating with the fire of an enthusiast, and all backed by the will of a chief captain.

His powers and his future eminence were felt and foretold before he set forth on his itinerant labours. His bosom friend, Mr. James Wood of Manchester, declared to the last that the first sermon he ever preached, of which he was himself a delighted hearer, had never been surpassed in the course of his life. Without accepting this as more than a correct report of his own feeling, it shows how extraordinary was the impression of completeness and power, in one word, of mastery, which, at the very outset, he made on highly intelligent men.

The biographer is happy in being able to give, and wise in giving, almost in his own words, the account of those exercises of mind through which he passed, in choosing between his professional hopes, and the hard fare, but happy work, of a preacher. He weighed every point; and many young men will find in his careful balancing and clear decision, a good example of a man counting the cost, and, with an open eye and a firm heart, choosing the better part. We have no puling about sacrifices, (although, from information of our own, we could state the case in that point of view stronger than the biographer has chosen to do,) no affectation of the hero, no getting up of a martyrdom, as is too often the case among religious people, when a youth, instead of setting out to make a fortune, sets out to do good. He, like an honest man, weighs every just consideration, but keeps chiefly in view the great question, 'How can I be most useful, and most happy?' and his unflinching conviction being, that the poor stipend, shifting abodes, and abundant labours of a

Methodist preacher would bring him, by God's blessing, a larger amount of both usefulness and happiness than a medical career, he chose accordingly. 'I am clear,' is his own language, 'that notwithstanding my own unfaithfulness and insufficiency, I shall be more useful, more holy, and more happy, in the situation of a Methodist preacher, than in any other; and that, therefore, I ought to look forward to it.'

'It was in the month of August, 1799, that Jabez Bunting walked to Oldham, the principal place in his first Circuit; his only luggage being a pair of saddle-bags, hung over his shoulder, containing his necessary wearing-apparel, and the books required for immediate use. Many a Methodist preacher's whole fortune had, before that day, been carried in like manner;—the readiest being the best means of transport for those who spent half their life-time on horseback.

'Joseph Redfern, his uncle and Class-leader, walked with him out of his mother's door, and for a considerable distance on the road. The old man's heart was full, and, at a lone spot by the wayside, he knelt down, asked God's blessing, gave his own, and parted.'—Page 110.

Now his career was fairly opened; and he had but the one question to solve, how he could do the greatest amount of good. The young preacher soon made his impression. His masterly discussion, his volleying appeal, his maturity in youth, his heart coupled with finish, offered a rare and even wonderful combination. 'A great man,' was the silent verdict of every hearer, given at once, and never revoked. 'A man sent from God,' was the sentence of not a few to whom his word came with that power which calls forth man from the grave of his sins, to walk in a new life of holiness. His friend Edward Percival, at St. John's College, Cambridge, would seem to have hinted to him, that in Oldham he must find barren regions as to intellectual fellowship. He rather admits that the place is not an Athens, but tells how well he is off for society; his superintendent, Mr. Gaultier, 'is a most pleasing and intelligent companion;' but, above all, his situation is made pleasant by 'the clear conviction of my mind, that I am in the path of duty; and that my present profession is that in which I can be most happy and most useful.' He then alludes to a great improvement in his health, and ascribes it in part to the constant exercise he is compelled to take on horseback.

This touches a part of Methodist history not sufficiently looked into. How much were the health, courage, and eloquence of those wonderful men, who shook the hearts of the people in the last century and the beginning of this, indebted to their constant living on horseback? We can imagine people opening their eyes at the idea of a connexion between eloquence

and horse-exercise; but those who do so will not be either philosophers or orators, at least not both. Eloquence has its physical as well as its moral and intellectual elements; and if they are feeble, no excellence of the other two can constitute a popular orator. Whatever affects the ring of a speaker's voice, the light of his countenance, the vivacity of his eye, or the tension of his nerves, tells on his power. The brisk health which men who are much in the saddle almost always enjoy touches all these, and goes much deeper: for a clear head, and fine spirits, which are miracles in a dyspeptic man, are natural to them, and bear directly on the intellectual and moral ascendancy of the speaker over his auditors. Could you make all the clergymen in London spend three hours a day in the saddle, in good country air, next week, and keep their hearts as much in their work and have their preparation just the same as usual, their hearers, next Sunday, in almost every case, would be sensible of a certain vigour above their wont; the instrument would be braced up.

Dr. Bunting did not belong to the first and hardiest race of itinerants. In his earliest days the range of the Circuit had been much contracted, and the exposure of the preachers to danger had nearly ceased. Even hardships were only such little roughings as no man who has a strong heart in him would wish to go through life without tasting in some form. We have not a single passage in which he even alludes to them. He might, for aught he says, have always fared as well, both for accommodation and security, as he had been wont to do in the house of Dr. Percival. The saddle-bags were in their last days. They were the travelling wardrobe and book-case of Wesley's own itinerants. They carried the first books into many a bookless dwelling, and played a memorable part in the commissariat of that light cavalry of the Church, which scoured a slumbering country far and wide. Mr. Milburn, the celebrated blind preacher of America, has commemorated the saddle-bags, as regards their share in the history of his own Mississippi Valley, in his well-known lecture, *The Rifle, the Axe, and the Saddle-bags*:—the three powers of the Wild; emblems of the settler's wars, his labours, and his religious ordinances.

But Dr. Bunting's friends and fellow labourers were the very men who had tasted the trials of former days. One was 'Tommy Lee, who was as well mobbed, and as often beaten, stoned, and ducked, as any man of his time, beside being painted all over, for the truth's sake.' Another was Thomas Taylor, 'who, when stationed in Glasgow, frequently desired his landlady not to provide anything for dinner, and a little before

noon dressed himself, and walked out till after dinner, and then came home to his hungry room with a hungry belly, whilst she thought he had dined out somewhere.' Such were the tales with which his imagination was furnished, before he set out, as throwing light upon his prospects. We dare say he had some rough scenes to pass through on the wild hills among which his Circuit extended; but none of them leave a trace upon his history. The strong, shrewd men of those dales and hills on the Lancashire and Yorkshire border 'had,' says the biographer, 'a keen relish for what they thought a good sermon. They were proud of their young preacher;' and he was too happy in working in his blessed calling to sigh for gentler friends or fare than he found among them. One of his early colleagues had received, at setting out, this hint as to his lot: 'You will sometimes be a gentleman in the morning, and a beggar at night;' and men who did not cheerfully accept such vicissitudes had no call to the Methodist vineyard.

In his next Circuit, Macclesfield, he was tried by one who had himself passed from the ranks of itinerancy into those of the Established Church. Mr. Melville Horne retained enough liking for Methodism to see the value of Jabez Bunting, and to offer him the incumbency of a large church in Macclesfield, to induce him to accept episcopal orders. His biographer fairly states his conduct and feelings in this case, and, in doing so, places in a correct point of view the relations of Methodists and Methodism to the Established Church and her members.

'He promptly rejected all such overtures. Not that his conscience would, under all conceivable circumstances, have prevented his embracing them. He must have hesitated long, indeed, before he declared an entire approval of the language of some of the offices contained in the Book of Common Prayer; especially if he had regarded them as tests of opinion, and not simply as formularies of devotion, necessarily unsystematic, and always capable of being corrected, explained, and harmonized by fixed standards of belief. The truth was, that, in respect of usefulness, he must have lost more than he could have possibly gained by Conformity; and there were ties of honour, gratitude, and affection, which held him firmly to the Church to which his parents belonged. Trained under its influence, and an intelligent believer in the truth and purity of its system, he never saw any reason for change. Nor was he forgetful of the lessons which the history of the Connexion taught him. A recent writer has shown,—I think conclusively, and to the silencing, as well of regretful Churchmen, as of complainers within our own borders,—that the separation of a Society such as that of the Methodists from the communion of any Establishment in which it may take rise, is a matter of necessity,

even where it is not a matter of choice. But, three quarters of a century ago, the Church of England, it must be admitted, put down Methodism, or tried to do so, with a hearty good will. Beaten openly, uncondemned, the new sect was thrust, not into prison, (the age provided none for such offenders,) but out of the pale of ecclesiastical citizenship; and there, where he found himself, my Father was content to stay, if with no feeling of resentment, yet with no desire to return. If privilege and position were lost, liberty was won: and, having been born free, he chose it rather. What a parish is the world! As to Episcopacy, I believe my Father rejoiced just as much to see it prevail among the Methodists of America, as he would have deplored any effort to introduce it among those in England. When its *exclusive* claim, as preferred by some members of the Anglican Church, was urged upon him, he examined it once for all, and dismissed it. It never raised his anger, nor galled his pride. When he saw whole armies turn out, to meet its ragged regiment of assertions on one leg, and of assumptions with one eye, he hardly knew whether the rabble or the soldiery disturbed him more. Both blocked up the streets, and stopped trade. Why not have sent for a Policeman, to quiet the mob?—Pp. 138, 139.

One can hardly help wondering what had been the history of Jabez Bunting, if his friend Mr. Horne had found him ready to follow his own example. As incumbent of a large church in Macclesfield, he would have been reckoned by his brother clergy an able man—but a mongrel Churchman. He would, perhaps, have left a local memory and a few good books. American professors would never have studied his speeches nor New Zealand chiefs and South African maps have borne his name, nor millions of her Majesty's subjects have looked upon him as their strongest representative, nor a lengthened tract of the streets of London have overflowed with a mournful multitude at his funeral. The company he declined to join, of recruits from the Methodist to the Church ministry, is not inconsiderable in numbers; but none of its members, nor all of them put together, have left a trace upon the history of the Church militant so notable as that of Dr. Bunting.

One of the most pleasing features of the book comes prominently into notice in the account of Mr. Bunting's labours in Macclesfield. We allude to the sketches of his colleagues in the ministry, and the allusions to families or persons with whom he had some relation. The latter are scattered all over the book with a most kindly and warming effect. The former are sufficiently numerous to influence the whole character of the work. Such a plan, ill executed, would render the book disjointed and dull; but the sketches are so forcibly drawn, and

generally give an individual impression so clear, that to all who know the class of ministers with whom the author deals, they will be welcome family pictures; and to those who do not, a set of instructive and suggestive etchings of a race of strong, pure men.

Amongst the Methodists admission to the ministry is guarded with great jealousy. Only after four years of probationary labour is the young minister ordained. Those years generally mark out the future character of the man. Few ever rise to eminence who have not given earnest of it before their probation closes; and as to usefulness, if a man be not zealous when the ardour of youth is on his side, it is hard to expect fires to kindle up as the cold days of age come on. In the case before us, the years of 'trial' were diligently improved. All things conspired to tell the young preacher that his gifts were not common; but the voice of Wisdom called loudly for self-improvement, and called to no unwilling ear. We should have been glad of a fuller account of the habits of Dr. Bunting, both as to general study and pulpit preparation, than the biographer supplies. What he says tallies with all information from other sources, and with the whole character of the man.

'My Father was now rapidly completing his term of four years' probation; and he had well and diligently improved it.' He devoted himself exclusively to the studies and engagements directly relating to his new vocation. The pulpit received his first attention; not so much because its claims were instant and almost daily, as because he knew that the secret of ministerial influence lies chiefly there. This idea was kept uppermost, whatever interest he took in the private departments of pastoral labour, or in the welfare of the Connexion generally. He never missed an opportunity of hearing a sermon. Service during Church-hours not having been yet introduced into the Methodist Chapel, he was able frequently to attend the vigorous ministry of Mr. Horne; and he communicated occasionally at his church. He read largely in general theology, including the published sermons of both old and modern preachers. He carefully copied and preserved skeletons and sketches of sermons. He extracted from his general reading everything that could suggest topics or materials for public discourse. He tried his hand at amending other men's compositions. His own preparations were full and elaborate, and were subjected to continual revision. But of these I speak with diffidence. At least one volume of them will probably meet the public eye. He was very diligent in his attentions to the sick and aged of the flock; and particularly so to its younger members. To these his services were rendered eminently useful. He busied himself, in strict subordination, however, to his Superintendent Ministers, with every part of the finance and general business of the Circuit. The letters from

which I have quoted are evidence of his anxiety to master all questions affecting the Connexion as a whole. They also show a steady improvement in personal religion.'—Pp. 148, 149.

'He never missed an opportunity of hearing a sermon;' no, not to the day of his death. And such a hearer! People often speak of some who are so good that they find something to approve in every sermon. But it was hard to point out the one in which Dr. Bunting found anything to blame; and in many which were ordinary enough to common hearers, he discovered great excellencies. In fact, we are inclined to think, that, on this head, he pushed charity to a fault. The difference between poor tame preaching and good impressive preaching is not chiefly in the hearer; it is chiefly in the preacher. Hearers are often dull, captious, and unreasonable; but that is no reason why empty, cold, and powerless sermons should not be called by their right names. Any one who has been for a year or two a hearer and not a preacher, is perfectly conscious that there is a wonderful difference between hearing a sermon which moves you to thank God who sent it to you, and one which sets your charity to work to find what good you can say of it. Pretension was the sin Dr. Bunting could least tolerate; but a modest man, aiming to do good, however humble his talents, found in him a warm supporter.

'His own preparations were full and elaborate, and were subjected to continual revision.' We could have wished some more insight into his mode of preparation; some such view of the process in which his mind worked out its own creations, as has been given to us in the case of Robert Hall. Of Chalmers we have before us the one distinct image of a great writer, who read like a Jehu; of Hall, that of a great thinker who poured out his thoughts, and robed them as they made their entrance into light. In Richard Watson we see both,—the writer who can pen a discourse with thoughts broad as the firmament, and words bright as the stars; and the speaker who, having prepared only a few leading ideas, arrays them at will in comely and even beauteous robes. Some attempt has been made to represent Dr. Bunting as a memoriter preacher. We should believe this if it were proved to us upon unquestionable evidence; but all our ideas of our own discernment would be crushed by such proof. We should take it that every leading discourse was not only carefully, but laboriously prepared; studied, weighed, written, perhaps re-written; wrought upon, till the whole was most thoroughly in possession, from beginning to end; a well-twined electric cable, coiled in

the mind, which could be run off, with perfect ease, and along which his heart-battery could transmit a message that seemed to come from the other world.

No man ever had his facile mastery of words, coupled with the most punctilious accuracy in their use, without careful practice with the pen; hard labour in the art of saying better what he had already said. A rush of words is a vulgar gift, and one that may be cultivated till a man seems a prodigy, without his taking any pains but to talk. Far different is a command of words, a power to serve oneself at will of a whole language, and make it mirror your ideas to others, just as naturally as if they sprang up in men's minds of themselves. We never yet heard the man who had this power equal to Dr. Bunting; and in our own country and in others we have listened to the best speakers with the comparison in our eye.

But if labour is always presupposed by mastery of language in written, recited, or extemporaneous composition, nothing so totally destroys the possibility of attaining extemporaneous ease as the habit of repeating memoriter. There are three kinds of speaking,—impromptu, extemporaneous, and memoriter. The first is the speaking of conversation, and of reply in debate, when both the thoughts and their clothing of words come upon the spur of the moment. The second is the speech of an advocate unfolding a case, a statesman treating a subject, or a preacher enforcing a text, which he has carefully mastered; his thoughts being premeditated with more or less perfectness, but his memory unburdened by verbal tasks, and his power of expression free to gather force from the heat, and liable to falter under the difficulties of extemporaneous composition. The third is the speaking of the boy, the actor, and the oratorical spouter; so many words, in such an order, got by rote, and repeated verbatim.

The last is not without its place and value; but it is, and always will be, different from public speaking, properly so called. Its proper place is in early youth, and in certain compositions, or certain passages, admixed with extemporaneous composition. In this way it trains to exact expression and a closer style; but from the moment that any one becomes incapable of trusting himself without having a manuscript transferred wholesale to his memory, he loses the quality of a speaker, and takes that of a reciter of his own writings. On the other hand, whoever would despise writing, re-writing, castigating his own composition, trying to condense and improve that of others, and similar methods of training himself to a just and forcible employment of his mother tongue, fondly hoping that his fecundity of expres-

sion will bear him through, need never expect to utter sentences which men of mark will gratefully hear, or to leave behind him anything which posterity will have patience to read. Such a man may spout without stint, and roll cataracts of words upon the heads of wondering mediocrities; but in manhood he will talk the language of youth, and in age will have the verbiage of a boy with the garrulity of an old man. The impromptu speech of a great advocate or debater represents more than a wonderful natural gift, capable of calling forth just reasons, rich illustrations, apt allusions, and finished paragraphs, as by a creative magic, from the fountain of the orator's soul. It represents also much skilled labour; labour not on that one speech, but labour to reason justly, illustrate with true analogy, and express thought in the fittest language. The few strokes of the artist, which leave a speaking sketch behind them, are soon done, and tell a story of native talent; but not less do they tell of previous application, according to the closeness of which are the ease and power now attained. Had Dr. Bunting trusted to his great natural power of expression, and cared only to talk on and amply, he would never have swayed mind as he did. Had he, on the other hand, for his first ten years of public life, delivered nothing but by recitation, he would have lost for ever the power of extemporaneously clothing his well weighed thoughts, or of impromptu ranging argument after argument in the most perfect order, decking the whole in becoming and often beautifying expression. He who always speaks impromptu becomes vapid; he who generally speaks memoriter, stiff and stilted; he who generally speaks extemporaneously, not shrinking from impromptu when called by necessity, and using recitation occasionally as an exercise, will probably develop his powers as far as they are capable.

We have not a clear knowledge of what Dr. Bunting's habits of composition were. But we have in his journal an expression of distaste for a sermon he had heard in London, on the ground that it conveyed the impression of being delivered by rote. Such distaste is instinctive to all men. It is equally certain that he would have distasted anything crude, any token of negligence in study, or indifference as to mastering the subject. And his whole life illustrates the effect of these two natural antipathies. He indulged so largely in extemporaneous and even impromptu speaking, that his most elaborate preparations had no power to curtail his freedom, or check his vehemence. He prepared so carefully, and balanced thoughts so nicely, that even his impromptu utterances were often nuggets of sense.

Besides his studies as a probationer in Macclesfield, his atten-

tion was drawn to other matters bearing upon his future welfare. It would seem that an excellent young lady, with striking qualities, and talent, in its way, not less original than his own, but withal not in every feature the exact type of a parson's bride, first interested and afterwards attached him. He had just the kind of heart to fall in love; and he did so, no doubt, in earnest. Yet the habit of weighing circumstances tending to balance one another was strong; and here we find a paper showing that he sat down, at some place called 'Orrell's Well, near Lindow Side,' and there, in the most serious and devout feeling, wrote down the considerations favouring a decision according to his feelings, and those on the other side, including the lady's excellences and drawbacks. The paper is a great curiosity. That love is strong is not to be doubted; for it peeps out everywhere. But it is soliciting a decision from a will that does not give its nod without knowing why. So love itself has to sit waiting at the feet of logic and of conscience, tolerably confident, no doubt, in the eloquence of its submissive look, yet suspecting, at the same time, that if any serious offence be given to either of the scrutineers, its suit is lost. Many men are content to act first, and justify the act afterwards. Here is a man, a young one, and a notably ardent one, who cannot act until he has reasoned himself into the conviction that his feelings are right. This once arrived at, and his mind made up, he turns his heart upward to the great Fountain of pure love, the Father of all families, and reverently prays: 'Whatever be the event of this intended application, O Lord, my God, my Father, my Friend, prepare me for it, and sanctify it to my present and eternal good!'

His son thus speaks of the mother whose merits were so formally weighed before her hand was sought:—

'He foresaw truly that her vivacity would sometimes be misunderstood in many of the circles in which it was her lot to move; but it lit up a perpetual sunshine in his heart and household. Her strong good sense, and her readiness in the clear, apt, and striking expression of her thoughts, sometimes frightened the proper and the narrow-minded, and, of course, moved the jealousy of conscious inferiors. But men of great spiritual wisdom courted her company; timid young preachers sunned and strengthened themselves in the light of her loving and sagacious counsels; and faltering Christians waited for a smile from her bright and kindly eye.'—Pp. 157, 158.

He was soon called to take an appointment in London. His reputation as a preacher had preceded him; and he at once surpassed all that was expected from him. His youth did not prevent him from taking the front rank in his own Body, and attracting attention from many beyond its pale. At this point,

the biographer, feeling that the reader had now a right to look for a description of his preaching,—that wonderful preaching, which made his reputation, and founded all his subsequent influence,—modestly avoids supplying the sketch himself, giving one written by a venerable friend of his father. None who witnessed the solemnities of Dr. Bunting's funeral will ever forget how deeply the great assembly there gathered was touched, when the noble and ancient figure of Dr. Leifchild ascended to the pulpit, and he poured out, in simple strains of heartfelt emotion, the feelings with which fervent attachment and deep piety inspired him. On the whole, the following description must be taken as very just and characteristic :—

‘In person, he was tall and slender; of a somewhat pale, but thoughtful and serious countenance; and dressed in the plain but neat attire of the Wesleyan ministers. He stood erect and firm in the pulpit, self-possessed and calm, but evidently impressed with the solemnity of what was before him. On announcing the hymn to be sung at the commencement of the service, and repeating it, verse by verse, we were struck by the clear and commanding tones of his voice; and, when he bowed his knees in prayer, such was the fervency of his strains, and the propriety, comprehensiveness, and scriptural character of his language, as to carry with him, to the throne of the Great Being whom he was addressing, the hearts and the understanding of the whole assembly. The sermon that followed was of the same character; short in the exordium, natural and simple in the division, and terse in style; but powerful in argument and appeal. There was little of action, and less of pathos; but a flow of strong and manly sense that held the audience in breathless attention, till it came to a close.

‘Such was Dr. Bunting's first appearance in the pulpits of the metropolis; and such the commencement of his ministerial labours among us. After this, I heard him frequently; following him from place to place where he ministered for the purpose; and was always both pleased and profited.

‘I paid the closest attention to the matter of his discourse, and to the style of its composition. I was charmed and delighted, while I was instructed. Never before had I heard such preaching. Other preachers, indeed, excelled him in some points; but none that I had ever heard equalled him as a whole. There was in him a combination of all the requisites of a good preacher, but in such equal proportion and happy adjustment, that no one appeared prominent; nor was there any marked defect, to detract from the general excellence. It was not anything profound or original in the matter that fixed the attention; but, like his great contemporary, Robert Hall, he clothed the well-known topics of discourse with a propriety and felicity of diction that gratified and instructed, without any of those startling conceptions and unheard-of illustrations which distinguished the addresses

of the celebrated author of the *Essays*, the late John Foster. The plans of his sermons surprised no one by their novelty or ingenuity; but were always most natural, and such as would have suggested themselves to any thoughtful mind; while the discourses themselves were such as partook of all the sermonizing peculiarities of the period. There were divisions and sub-divisions, with formal exordiums and perorations, which yet were redeemed from everything like tameness and insipidity by the distinctness and energy of the thoughts and expressions. You saw no deep emotion in the speaker, no enthusiastic bursts of passion, nor brilliant strokes of imagination; but you perceived a marked attention riveted upon him while he spoke, which never flagged nor decreased in its intensity till he closed and sat down. I cannot describe the cadences of his voice, which combined in it a sharpness and a sweetness that I have never met with in any other, and that yet dwells upon my ears.

'I ought not to omit to mention the beneficial results of his ministry. To many it was "the power of God" to their "salvation." One of my own sisters was an instance of this. She afterwards became as partial to him as I myself was, and received that blessing, through his instrumentality, which transformed her character and adorned her life, until its peaceful and happy close.'—Pp. 165–167.

Two points in this description are gently questioned by the biographer,—the alleged want of pathos, and of bursts of passion. On the former, we should concur with Dr. Leifchild. In either preaching or speaking, pathos was not of Dr. Bunting's nature. In prayer, indeed, there was something which you could not call pathos, and could hardly call by any other name; which, while less affecting with human touches, was more enchainng, subduing, elevating;—more wonderful than eloquence, more melting than pathos, more thrilling than sublimity, more impressive and satisfying to the soul than reason. It was altogether a marvellous and holy thing; such a thing, that it did not occur to you to account for it, or describe it, in the terms applicable to mere talent. It was a direct gift from heaven. You felt it to be so; and there was an end of your analysing. To endeavour to find out the power of one of those prayers by analysing the language, fervour, or delivery, was no wiser or more promising than the attempt to learn what is man by dissecting his body. Lay your hand upon the spirit that is in him; trace how it and matter commingle and inter-act; and then your inquiry may make some way; but never wonder that you cannot account for the works and wonders of man, by searching that which is not he, but only his instrument; neither the electric current, nor the operator who controls it, but just the implements by which he employs. All you could say of the words and tones of one of those prayers was, that

they were a fit human medium for the overwhelming religious power by which they were accompanied. And that power! Who that has ever felt it melting and bowing his own soul, amid a thousand others equally melted and bowed, can ever forget, or attempt to describe it!

Still we sustain Dr. Leifchild in saying that, as a preacher or speaker, he had not that human quality of heart-genius which we call pathos. But as to 'bursts of passion,' we can hardly believe our eyes. This is the very term to describe what was not his highest, but his most startling, characteristic. He had not flights of genius; he had not deep soundings of philosophy; he had not brilliant play of fancy; but passion, the deepest and grandest we ever heard roll in human voice, was wont to come, not in a continued monotonous roar, but in 'bursts,' in electrical thunder-claps, which shattered all that had not foundations, and shook all that had. It has been justly said, that 'few in modern days better exemplified that union of reason, simplicity, and vehemence,' which, according to the just criticism of Sir James Mackintosh, 'formed the prince of [ancient] orators.' It is not possible to describe Dr. Bunting's eloquence more exactly than as a 'union of reason, simplicity, and vehemence.' The reason was not too deep to mar the simplicity, and the simplicity was of that kind which comes alone of masterly power. The vehemence was not constant, but occasional. Vivacity and manly force pervaded every part of his discourses; but it was now and then, in debate, and in peculiar passages of sermons, especially in the peroration, that a triple energy breathed and swelled through the tones, till his great frame seemed heaving with internal fires, and the rolling, swiftly rolling stream of heated language poured outward irresistible. He did not keep up a perpetual blaze, like Chalmers, or mark his discourse by periodical climaxes, according to the oratorical joinery of some celebrities. His enunciation was as clear, and his tones as felicitous, as those of Dr. M'Neile; his discussion as luminous, but never so heavy, as that of Mr. Noel; his points as clearly seen as those of Dr. Candlish, and more compactly, less technically stated; his wit and satire finer, and perhaps not less sharp, than Dr. Cooke, of Belfast; his thunderbolts as hot, and far better forged, than those of Dr. Duff. Some of these have qualities to which he had no pretension; but in the masterly presence, and sage sway of a consulting assembly, but we should compare none of them with him.

A great preacher must be looked upon first of all as a speaker; his qualities and gifts as such passing under scrutiny. It is not wise to sink the consideration of these in the general subject of his

religious and spiritual fitness. Natural gifts, or acquirements, are as much a part of the plan of a Christian ministry, as grace. We are profoundly convinced that more has been lost than can be calculated, by the neglect of proper study of the art of speaking. Mr. Ruskin has said, that the first duty of a painter is to paint; and we would venture on the startling and heterodox position, that the first duty of a speaker is to speak. There is no greater error in the world than that if a man has sense to express, and ordinary utterance, he wants no more. The fact is that most men do not know how to breathe, so as to speak with ease to themselves, and pleasure to the auditor; and we have heard terribly sensible things, uttered intelligibly enough, but in a way that set all your virtues on the *qui vive* to preserve a state of mind fit for what you were about. Many a man passes for a wretched preacher, who would have passed for a very good one, had he taken the trouble to make himself even a passable speaker. Such men and their friends have no right to scold the public for not admiring their talent, because it is ill-represented in speech. A good dinner badly cooked is spoiled, and so is a good discourse ill-delivered. This Life shows, that Dr. Bunting was trained to recitation at school; and we are much mistaken if such a scholar would not have more than ordinary attention. We also feel all the certainty which signs of culture give, that in early life he must have practised reading aloud, with the careful attention to the purity of his pronunciation and the naturalness of his tones, which he was wont to give to everything affecting his self-improvement. Few Lancashire men are so perfectly free from their local accent and terms as he was. The only remnant we can recall, was his mode of pronouncing the word 'heir,' in which he always sounded the h. On the other hand, he was totally free from all *finesse* of either tone or emphasis: a poor man might hear him for an hour, and say, 'How plain!' a student of speech, and say, 'How perfect!' Many first-rate speakers permit themselves a few slipshod expressions, or a few obsolete pronunciations. Of the former, we remember only one, habitual to Dr. Bunting—'those sort,' 'these sort;'" of the latter, none but a very occasional use of *enow*, for 'enough.' Nature had gifted him for a master speaker, but he had no more played the sluggard as to his speaking than as to his mind; what his self-culture in this respect was, we are not told, but we are very certain that it was careful. The three pitches of voice, the conversational, oratorical, and falsetto, might all be heard in his addresses; the last only in moments of overwrought vehemence, when the perfervid appeal carried him beyond even his great strength, and the silvery volume of his speech split for

a while into a falsetto scream. His oratorical voice was clear, ringing, not sonorous, yet full, very flexible, with occasionally a high, but never a very low, note. It struck the hearer, not as Dr. Newton's did, as a grand musical instrument; but simply as a first-rate organ of speech. Grandeur of matter he seldom reached, and of tone he never affected. He had a sovereign contempt for second-hand sublimity, but a real heart for the true. In his most powerful passages, though his voice was oratorical in the highest degree, it was an oratory so suited to the direct and practical character of his object, that a grandiose tone was rarely heard. But if, in one of those terrible moments of sarcasm with which he often ruffled a debate, he chose to put on the round mouth and grand air for a moment, the acting was incomparable: and beside his own masculine, simple eloquence, this superabundance looked like a drummer's jacket beside a warrior's cloak. Yet it is strange that a good part of the public persists in calling that sort of inflated speaking, an oratorical style. It would be quite as correct to speak of a building over-done with columns and huge disproportioned capitals, with no proportion and a petty interior, as in architectural style.

The following is his own report to her whom he had weighed at 'Orrell's Well, near Lindow Side,' of what he heard said of his first sermon in the chapel at City Road. Critics who address speakers, or authors, on their performances, seem often to attach a ridiculous importance to their own words, as if they were to elevate or drown the person to whom they speak. But they little think that perhaps the same day brings opinions just the opposite of their own, from quarters equally respectable.

'I am quite diverted by the comments which have been made on my first sermon at the New Chapel. One says it was a good sermon, but too laboured, and that I study too much; another, that it was delivered with too much rapidity; a third, that there was too much use of Scriptural phraseology; a fourth, that there was rather too much animation of voice and manner; a fifth, that I shall suit London very well, for that I don't rant and rave in the pulpit, but am calm and rational. This whimsical diversity of opinions I have heard from different persons, chiefly preachers, to-day. I feel very indifferent to human censure or applause. The great point is to stand approved of God; to hear my Master say, "Well done;" to give an acceptable answer to Him that sent me.'"—Page 174.

The last sentence opens to us the state of heart in which Dr. Bunting appeared before his audience. He was not there to make them speak rapturously of his talents; but to deliver a message, and return to One who had sent him, and render to

Him an answer, now in the silent court-chamber of conscience, hereafter in the judgment-hall of the universe. It was in this aspect of his ministry that Dr. Bunting passed beyond the criticism which follows a mere speaker, and put on a robe which hid all graces and defects. He was clothed with power; religious power;—a power as distinct from intellectual or oratorical power, as these are from mechanical, or from one another; a power respecting which, alas! many accustomed to hear what is called 'preaching,' have learned to doubt whether it really exists, distinct and cognizable, in the kingdom of Christ. It does exist; and mighty men of God, here and there, wield it among our too chill and formal Churches. But none ever heard the preaching of Dr. Bunting, ere 'his natural force abated,' without recognising in his appeals a force which addressed neither imagination nor intellect; but, only using these as the ear and the eye of the invisible conscience, went direct in to that, and dealt with it, as by authority straight from Heaven. He was none of your preachers who fear to speak of God's anger against sin; who think that, to represent the Great Being as infinitely benevolent, they must never hint that He hates anything, or will visit anything with His curse. The benevolence in which he believed made eternal war against the root of all miseries,—wrong-doing. His love as much sought to make a man feel the need of repentance, as the certainty of pardon. He was quite sure that every man was a sinner. He made no secret of it; he made no apology for assuming it; he went to work on that understanding: the people were there before him, with the merit of hell in their deeds, and the possibility of heaven in God's redeeming grace. He was himself no perfunctory lecturer, who had to discuss a point and leave it; he was a messenger with business to do, an ambassador with a point to carry. How the success of so weighty a negotiation could in any wise be devolved upon him by Infinite Wisdom, would, no doubt, be a question under which his soul sometimes bowed down in the dark. But he knew that it was even so; and calling upon 'Him who had sent him' for help, he reached out his right hand to every soul passing down the broad road to destruction, and hailed it, and clasped it, and wrestled with it, as if God had just sent him to snatch it from the verge of hell. There are happy believers now close in upon the celestial shore, who look back upon a long and changeful voyage across life's troubled sea, and remember, as the moment of their soul's crisis, a time when his voice seemed as if it had made all around them devouring waves; and then he turned their eye to One who said, *Peace, be still!* and there was a great calm. And in the

better country there is no small company of thrice blessed spirits, whose course of sin ended, whose life of faith began, through the amazing ministry of Jabez Bunting. And there are here amongst us very many who, neither despising present mercies, nor unduly magnifying former times, when they hear the popular and eloquent of our day, long to find, and wonder if ever they will find again, soul-converting power equal to what they have felt and witnessed in services conducted by him. An old and holy man exclaimed, after hearing him, 'He preached and prayed with such power, till one wondered that the whole congregation was not converted!' If men who so preach and pray do not see the whole of their audience converted, they do not fail to see many turned to righteousness.

His great zeal and success in converting sinners gave him an influence in checking those who were disposed to fanaticism or extravagance such as men can never exert whose character in that respect is doubtful. In all great religious movements, when strong and wise men warmed to the innermost soul, and put forth every power under the inspiration of heaven-born zeal, and yet under the control of heaven-born wisdom, it is to be expected that weak men, and ill-instructed ones, equally sincere, will mistake exceptional incidents of some revivals for useful means of promoting life, for established signs of religious power. Over such no healthy influence can be exerted by men who, though themselves of unquestioned piety, display no fervent interest, no quickening power, in the movements of the Church; who are more frightened by a little super-heated zeal, than they would be distressed by a long continuance of decent, well-conducted lethargy. The enthusiast is likely to imagine that such would restrain him, not from wisdom, but from lukewarmness. But when a man like John Wesley inflames his logic with an evangelist's fervour, and without shrinking passes through scenes in which he can neither account for nor welcome all the physical symptoms that arise in connexion with clearly proved religious results, and calmly takes the reproach of fanaticism thus brought upon him, caring as little for the alarm of the sedate and religious as for the scoffs of the ungodly, provided always he is fully satisfied that sinners are truly turned from sin; and that no means are used to raise undue excitement, and no encouragement given to consider it as in itself desirable or useful; then even enthusiasts feel that if their excesses are rebuked, it is hard to account for it on the ground of the preacher's indifference, or his fear of man. There is nothing colder, or more shallow, than the observation with which great religious excitement is often accounted for and dismissed. 'It is only among the more ignorant classes.' Certainly, and what

then? Men of education, of balanced mind and disciplined manners, can pass through intense crises of emotion with slight outward display of what is passing within. And if you will only make the whole world into gentlemen and ladies, before sounding the awakening trumpet in their ears, you may, according to all human probability, lead them through scenes of pentecostal life, without any bystander having reason to say that they are drunk with new wine, or any such sneer. But if a whole crowd of colliers, ignorant and wicked as savages, are to have their eyes suddenly opened to see their vileness before God, their danger of hell, to have all their past life called up in their conscience, and all the world to come confronting it, we must not expect that no feeling will be expressed in a strange and violent form; for, in such cases, that would prove that no intense, all-commanding feeling had really taken possession of the throng. Suppose a crowd of all classes really to be 'awakened,' suddenly to *FEEL*, as if pressing upon the quick of their souls, what they had always believed, but never heeded, that there is a God, a heaven, a hell; that they have sinned, and are under God's very just displeasure, liable to die to-day, and utterly unprepared to give an account; suppose that all this is not such a presentation of these truths to the mind as can be given by one man to another, but that, really, the Spirit of God Himself has opened an inward eye in the soul, and more or less brought to the view things unseen and eternal; then it is a most natural result that all the faculties, moral and physical, shall thrill with emotions intense and beyond measure, and ranging over too wide a field to be defined;—emotions, the effect of which upon one man will be a deep, strong reserve; on another, silent weeping; on another, an impulse to solitary prayer; on another, a cry, 'What must I do?' and on yet another, that, 'falling down upon his face, he will worship God.' And such a scene as this is to be not only a cause of scoffing to worldly men, but of half-shame, half-apology to Christians!

In one of his early Circuits, at Liverpool, Dr. Bunting had for colleague one of the most remarkable men known in the Methodist ranks; one in whom eminent holiness and wonderful zeal were tinged with mysticism, which, if it rendered him less safe as a model and leader, detracted nothing from his character as a Christian. William Bramwell's name and fruits will live when thousands with whom you could find no fault will be forgotten, in the buried mass of the common-place.' Of him it is well said:—

'A biography might still be written of him, which should exhibit his example to the imitation of the Methodist people, without, on the one hand, any enthusiastic eulogy of his defects, or, on the other, too

much effort to conceal them. In the delineation of the character of good men, it is well to state it just as it is. The most obvious errors, while they show the natural tendency of the mind, show also, and make conspicuous, the better qualities, innate or ingrafted, which, on the whole, prevailed. The stern and ascetic revivalist at Liverpool, somewhat apt to believe that great gifts and great graces were never bestowed upon the same minister, soon found out that his young colleague was, at least, as zealous as himself; and was delighted with the visible success which attended the common labours of the co-pastorate. Even as to his own wonderful power of storming the consciences of careless sinners, Bramwell rejoiced to know that he did not stand alone, or indeed pre-eminent, among them.'—Pp. 342, 343.

Of late years the general impression respecting the Methodists, among other bodies, has been that they were more anxious to stimulate their neighbours in respectability and order than careful to preserve their own proper zeal and religious power. Much of this may be due to the odd ideas formed by many of the ways in which their zeal showed itself. Much also to the extraordinary extent to which Methodism has become engrafted on other bodies, so that many things which half a century ago were entirely confined to the former, are now common to all evangelical Churches. Even its names and terminology have been largely adopted; and prelates are occasionally lauded for steps which would seem to be new discoveries, whereas they have long been familiar Methodist usages. Nevertheless, men of the mighty and impressive class, men whose call multitudes feel, and generations commemorate, have been much more rare of late than of old: and the way to meet this fact is not to gloss it over, but fully to admit it, neither murmuring on the one hand, nor distrusting on the other, but taking it as a fresh call to look on high for another renewal of the Church's life and power, such as that out of which Methodism first arose. Wesley himself ever held up to view the tendency of all religious revivals to subside; but in the stillest and even the most adverse years of its course, modern Methodism has been enabled to go on laying foundations, and preparing ground upon which it may receive to greater advantage, and turn to greater ultimate effect, whatever new showers of blessing the Head of the Church may be pleased to pour upon it; and that He will pour out of His Spirit in glorious plenty we do not dare to doubt.

As early as 1806, Dr. Bunting was elected assistant secretary of the Conference, and thence began his intimate connexion with all its proceedings, and his unparalleled influence over them. It is doubtful whether any man exerted for so long a period such a powerful influence in so numerous an assembly,

where all stand on an equal footing. Every element and reason of that ascendancy must be sought within his own person. Outside of it lay nothing to distinguish him above the most obscure of his brethren ;—no fortune, birth, or patronage. By what was in him, and by that alone, he won, exercised, wielded, and maintained an influence which amounted to power, and power of a kind and to an extent which could not be attached by law to any office.

The Methodist Conference, owing to the itinerant system, and to the very intimate relation of the individual Churches to one another, to the close and really organic union of the whole in one body, acts far more directly upon both the lot of ministers and the interests of Churches than any Presbyterian assembly. Yet the dread of power has led to an avoidance of any office to which an appreciable or permanent executive, much less legislative power, is constitutionally intrusted. The President of the Conference holds office for a year, and possesses very limited prerogatives. The chairmen of districts are in the same position ; and on the floor of the Conference each man approaches every question that arises with equal opportunity of directing its course according to the strength of his own hand. In American Methodism it is otherwise. Legislation is open equally to all ; but executive functions and powers are carefully defined ; then a considerable portion of them is committed by the Church constitution to bishops and presiding elders, who exercise them under direct responsibility, not as their personal influence, which can take effect only through the concurrence of the majority ; but as their official trust, each exercise of which is their own act, performed under accountability.

The English system has the advantage of bringing all questions, however routine, all interests, however common-place, before the entire Conference, to be settled by all in council. This, however, is coupled with the necessary result that as no power is vested in any office, all power lies loose, to be taken up by whoever may prove to be the strongest man of the day, and to be exercised by him not as it would be if it were formally intrusted to him, and he responsible ; but simply as influence which, theoretically, may have no effect, though, practically, it may carry everything before it. In such a form of government it always ought to be secured that the strongest man should be also the wisest ; should be so unearthly wise, that he will combine all the caution of official responsibility with the freedom of merely personal, non-official advice.

Dr. Bunting rose to his pre-eminent influence by simple necessity, resulting from the combination in himself of business

tact and debating power, such as were never surpassed in any man. We have heard speaking in our own Parliament, in that of America, and in that of France at the height of revolutionary excitement; and for mastery in debate, for facility, completeness, and crushing force of reply, we have never yet heard a man whom we should compare with Dr. Bunting. This accounted for his sudden rise, and maintained his permanent position. With this pre-eminent ability in business and debate was united a decided taste for legislation, with considerable power of combination and unequalled power of control, without, however, as we think, the higher gift of distant foresight. Even the early years recorded in these volumes show an active effort to improve the legislation of the Connexion in almost every direction; and offer an odd commentary on the biographer's remark, implying the desirableness of the whole body passing twenty years in the experiment of 'not mending our rules, but keeping them;' excellent advice, as, according to its original intention, addressed to an individual minister acting in his own capacity; to him, indeed, not only advice, but law. But this advice, transferred from the individual to the ruling body, never had a meaning; and, at all events, Dr. Bunting in his earlier years, and up to the time when the human mind usually ceases to initiate anything, never took it as applicable to the Conference. His policy is justly described as aiming 'to promote simultaneous improvements in all directions,' some of them affecting matters of detail and finance, others the vital and organic question of the rights and position of the people in Church government; all of them directed to one end, the greater consolidation and efficiency of the work.

The great part which Dr. Bunting played in Methodist legislation only begins to be noticed in the present volume; and his career as a real, though not an official, ruler (for the Methodist constitution knows none) has not begun. But the deep piety, strong intellect, great application, business tact, and predilection for legislation and administration; the ability to defend, the boldness to attack, the determination in maintaining what commended itself, the readiness to innovate where he believed he could improve, which formed the basis of his future power, are all brought to light in the most natural and historically valuable way. The biographer has done this part of his work as well as the rest. His father's friends know him better than before, though not in a different light; his enemies have insight into his inner character which now they will probably value, as elevating their view of him. Both will agree that his unparalleled power was a simple necessity of his greatness; and

if the one freely admit that the dissensions which arose in the years of its ascendancy were not unaffected by the faults of his character, the other will admit that never were faults more on the surface, more entirely open to the public eye, and never power so extraordinary exercised with greater disinterestedness, or fewer causes for reproach.

We lay down the book with a relish increased by every re-reading, and every dip into its pages. We only hope that the next volume may be as readable, as wise, as good. If so, Mr. Percival Bunting will have had the double happiness of doing justice to his father, and of coupling with his claim to an honoured memory a well-founded claim of his own.

ART. X.—1. *La Question Romaine.* Par E. ABOUT. Bruxelles. 1859.

2. *Italy, its Condition: Great Britain, its Policy. A Series of Letters addressed to Lord John Russell.* By an English Liberal. London. 1859.

‘EVERY state or government,’ says Cardinal Wiseman, in his *Recollections of the Four Last Popes*, ‘presents two distinct aspects and conditions, one internal, another external. In this it is like any other association, any family, any individual. We know little or nothing of what is going on within the circle of persons next door to us, of the struggles, or jars, or privations, or illnesses, or afflictions, or of the domestic joys, affections, and pleasures, inside any house but our own. There is a hidden life too in every separate being that composes each homely circle, impenetrable to the rest of its members. No one can read the thoughts, unravel the motives, map the mind, block out the desires, trace the intentions of others with whom he has lived for years in contact. Hence we must be content to act with them according to the form in which they show themselves, and in the proportion that we require one another’s co-operation.’

‘Is it not so with kingdoms and principalities? What do we know of the internal policy, the yearly growth, the daily actions of rulers and people, in states especially that have not attained an influential prominence? For the readers of newspapers, volumes are daily prepared of home-stirring information, to be eagerly devoured: how much will have an interest beyond the hawser’s length that moors the Dover packet? Who will care in France or Germany what illustrious guests the Sovereign entertained yesterday at her table, or who spoke at the last

Bradford or Wolverhampton Reform Meeting? Their very names defy spelling or pronunciation beyond the Channel. And so how little do we inquire what is going on, for example, in Hesse, Hamburg, or Reuss! or who troubled himself about "the Principalities," or their interior affairs, till their outward life came into close contact with those of other governments? *As a matter of course, it is impossible for those who are absorbed in their own interests, and fully occupied with their internal concerns, to penetrate into the real feeling, or invest themselves with the circumstances, that belong to another nation, perhaps men of a different race.*

'Like any other country, Rome has its twofold existence. Of its exterior action, of the part which it openly takes in European politics, of its treaties, its tariffs, its commerce, of course every one may judge, and has probably data on which to attempt at least to judge. But it is more than improbable that the real condition of the country, the character of its laws, the sentiments of the mass of the people, will be better known than are those of other states, beyond the interior sphere which they affect. *No one can for a moment believe that the occasional, and too evidently partisan, communication to a newspaper constitutes the materials upon which an accurate judgment can be formed, while no trouble is taken to ascertain the statistical, financial, moral, or social state of the country, the administration of the state, or the inward changes gradually introduced.* Yet, while such indifference is manifested concerning the interior state of other sovereignties, no such reserve is permitted about Rome, and it seems to be imagined that it is within everybody's power to discover evils there, and to describe their remedy. There surely is a very different reason for this interest than ordinary philanthropy, nor does it need to be defined.' (Pp. 452-454.)

We feel that no apology is needed for commencing with so long a quotation from one of the ablest defenders of the Papal power. It is a fair specimen of the character of the replies that are given to all criticism on the present state of Rome. For our own part we should hardly allow the truth of the opening statement, much less should we admit the conclusions drawn from the suggested parallel between a family and a nation. Ignorant as we may be of the details of domestic life, it is not very difficult to form a correct judgment of the general character of a neighbouring household. There are certain indications that are enough to distinguish the orderly, the harmonious, the well-conducted home from that which is dissipated, or discordant, or vicious. But with states the case stands very

differently. The inner life, as it is termed, of a people is regulated by public laws, is modified by legislative enactments, the administration of which cannot be altogether concealed. Of course, if no sufficiently wide-spread inquiry has been made into the 'statistical, financial, moral, or social state of the country,' there is much danger that we shall arrive at a worthless decision. But Cardinal Wiseman, like most of the Papal apologists, endeavours to avoid the real point at which we are at issue. If any account of the condition of Rome be published in which there are errors as to matters of fact, 'financial, moral, or social,' let the errors be pointed out, and the conclusions founded on them will be invalidated according to the importance and degree of the misstatement. But, if the facts be admitted, men with liberty of thought will hardly be 'content to act with them according to the form in which they show themselves,' as his eminence so euphemistically expresses it, without coming to some judgment as to their character. In fact, the mental suspense which is here advocated is simply impossible; we may allow for mitigating circumstances and for our own imperfect knowledge, but we cannot help coming to some conclusion. If a man should pick your pocket, or rob your house, you would 'act with him in the form in which he showed himself,' and would probably hand him over to the police; but your mind would inevitably arrive at a conclusion unfavourable to his honesty. And if we learn certain facts concerning the internal condition of a foreign nation,—facts that speak loudly as to the foul misgovernment of the rulers, and the misery and degradation of their unfortunate subjects,—we are not to be persuaded that any circumstances of a nation '*even of a different race*' can change the great moral laws of our nature, can alter the plain demands of justice, can excuse the dark iniquity of despotism, or make it a fit substitute for liberty. We are not to be persuaded that under any combination of affairs such a condition is desirable for the victims that are crushed beneath its withering influence; and when, instead of an attempt to disprove the statements advanced, it is urged that from the peculiar and critical position of the Pope, we cannot judge correctly of the effects of his government upon his people, we answer that such a line of reasoning is daily denounced by the Roman Catholics, with Cardinal Wiseman at their head, in their demand for the concession of supposed rights in England, that it is very different from the method of ordinary argument, '*nor does it need to be defined.*'

It must be confessed, however, that, before the appearance of *La Question Romaine*, there was much need of a work that

should state, in a definite shape, the present condition of the Papal States. Not that the volume adds largely to our actual knowledge. The condition of affairs was notorious enough; but we were in want of something which should speak with clearness and particularity. What Mr. Gladstone did for us in the case of Naples, was much needed in that of Rome; nor was it easy to see by whom the want should be supplied. If the subject had been handled by a Protestant, he would have been accused of sectarian bigotry, of viewing things through a jaundiced medium of prejudice, of being incapable of entering into the spirit of a Catholic government. Whilst, of English Romanists, those of old family who have long belonged to that Church, though endowed with sufficient liberty of mind, would be unlikely to take so unpopular a step,—the more recent perverts lack all the necessary elements for forming a wise judgment; as a body, they believe in the ultramontane theory, in the Immaculate Conception, and the blood of Januarius. We congratulate ourselves, therefore, in having a work from the pen of an avowed Papist. M. About declares his adhesion to the Romish communion, but his complete dissent from the system of Papal government in things profane. He has avoided, too, the error attacked above, and seems to have spent a considerable amount of labour in gathering information that is reliable. His book, despite its pointed, epigrammatic style, bears upon its face the appearance of truth; but it has received a far more notable testimony to its authenticity in the consternation which its publication caused the Papacy. The author wrote some of his first impressions for the *Moniteur*; but infallibility seated in St. Peter's chair shook at the *libellous* statements of a *feuilletoniste* addressed to a French journal; and the government was excited to prohibit their continuance. M. About then took a year to digest his subject; and, having retired beyond the reach of the Pope's 'long arm' to Brussels, published his work in that city. Once more, the Papal wrath was stirred; all the copies in Paris were seized by order. Fortunate for the author is it, that the Inquisition can do him no farther kindness than that of advertising his *brochure* in the Index of Prohibited Books. Prudence might have suggested another course. But infallibility and conscious innocence, in this case, strangely 'hating the light,' find it hard to battle with the malice of mankind and the licence of the press.

But it is time to turn to the book itself; and of this it is not easy to give an adequate idea through the medium of a translation. We are more occupied, however, with the facts stated, than with the form in which they are cast. The whole nation,

says M. About, save those who have a direct interest in the government, demand a change. The reformers are of two classes, the Moderates and the Mazzinists: the one speak so clearly that all may comprehend them; the others clamour so loudly that none can fail to hear them. And this is the burden of their complaints:—

‘That the government to which they are subject, although they have neither asked for it nor accepted it, is the most rigidly absolute that has ever been described; that the powers, legislative, administrative, and judicial, are combined, confounded, and intermingled, in the same hands, contrary to the usage of civilized states, and to the theory of Montesquieu; that they willingly recognise the infallibility of the Pope in all religious questions, but that, in civil matters, it seems to them harder to allow it; that they do not refuse to obey, since, on the whole, man is not placed here below to follow his own fancies, but that they should be glad to obey laws, and that a man’s good pleasure, be it as good as it may, is not so desirable as the *Code Napoléon*; that the reigning Pope is not a bad man, but that the absolute rule of a priest, though he be infallible, can never be any thing but a bad government.

‘That, in virtue of ancient usage, which nothing can eradicate, the Pope joins to himself, in the temporal government of his states, the chiefs, deputies, and spiritual *employés* of the Church. That the cardinals, the bishops, the canons, the priests, plunder pell-mell across the country; that one and the same caste has in its power to administer the sacraments and the provinces, to confirm the little boys and the judgments of the petty courts, to ordain the subdeacons and arrests; that this confusion of the temporal and the spiritual places in all the high offices a crowd of men excellent, doubtless, in the sight of God, but insupportable in the view of the people; strangers often to the country, sometimes to their business, always to the life of a family, which is the foundation of societies; without special knowledge, save in spiritual things; without children, so that they are indifferent to the future of the nation; without wives, so that they are dangerous to the present; finally, without any willingness to listen to reason, because they believe they share in the Papal infallibility.

‘That these servants of God abuse, simultaneously, gentleness and severity; that, full of indulgence for the indifferent, for their friends, and for themselves, they treat with the utmost rigour any one who has had the misfortune to offend the authorities; that they pardon more readily the assassin who has murdered a human being, than the imprudent man who has complained of an abuse.

‘That the Pope and the priests who aid him, not having undertaken to give any account, manage the finances badly; that the clumsy or dishonest consumption of the public riches was bearable two centuries ago, when the expenses of the cult and of the court were paid by 139,000,000 of Catholics, but that one ought to look a little closer into things, now that 3,124,668 men have to provide for every thing.

'That they do not complain of paying taxes, since that is an usage everywhere established, but that they would like to see their money employed upon the things of earth; that the basilicas, the churches; and the convents, built or supported at their expense, please them as Catholics, and oppress them as citizens; for these edifices are but an imperfect substitute for railways, high roads, canals, and embankments against inundations; that faith, hope, and charity receive more encouragement than agriculture, commerce, and industry; that the public *naïveté* is developed to the detriment of public education.....

'That they are obliged to pay ten millions yearly for the support of an army without either service or discipline, of questionable courage and honour, and destined never to make war but against their own countrymen; that it is painful, if one must inevitably be beaten, to be obliged to pay for the rod; that they are compelled to entertain foreign armies, and particularly Austrians, who have a heavy hand in their character of Germans.

'In short, they say, this is not what the Pope promised us in his *Motu Proprio* of the 12th of September; and it is very sad to see men who are infallible fail in their most sacred engagements.'—Pp. 5-8.

Painful as are these complaints, they have long resounded in the ears of Europe, and have caused European states in alliance with the Papacy, and with little real love for the principles of freedom, to urge measures of reform upon the Pope, and to persuade him to adopt a more moderate course of action. Such, at any rate, has been the burden of many a dispatch from the French government; and whilst a French army occupies Rome, and maintains the reigning monarch on a throne from which he would be instantly expelled on their withdrawal, it has required all the subtlety of Papal diplomacy to escape yielding to admonitions from such a quarter. The ruling spirit of the Romish government is not the Pope, but Cardinal Antonelli. This worthy, being well aware that Austria would gladly occupy the posts now held by the French, has hitherto evaded compliance with the demands of Napoleon. In the courteous language of one who feels that he is master of the situation, the Cardinal Secretary of State has alleged, in reply, something to the following effect:—

'We require your soldiers, and not your counsels; recollect that we are infallible. If you pretend to doubt it, or if you attempt to impose anything upon us, even our own safety, we will cover our face with our wings, will set up the palms of martyrdom, and will become an object of pity to all the Catholics in the world. Now, we have in your country 40,000 men who have free liberty of speech, and whom you pay with your money to talk in our favour. They will preach to your subjects that you tyrannize over the holy father, and we shall set your country on fire without seeming to touch it.'—Page 11.

M. About devotes his second chapter to combat the position maintained, in 1849, by M. Thiers, that there was no independence for the Pope, save in absolute sovereignty; and that this independence is so important as to override every other consideration. Our author very keenly ridicules this theory, and with poignant sarcasm, on the assumption of its truth, calls on the 3,250,000 of Italy to devote themselves for the good of the Catholics at large. It is not hard, indeed, to prove that facts point to a conclusion directly opposed to that of the historian of *The Consulate and the Empire*. The great additions to the Romish communion were made in the days of the Pope's political insignificance; but, since his sovereignty, he has been hampered at once by debt and by political necessities.

Like a true Frenchman, M. About has arranged his sketches in the most methodical manner. Having described the country over which the Pope rules, he proceeds to draw the portraits of the various classes of which the Roman population is composed. Here, as throughout his work, M. About insists upon the superiority of the Papal dominions on the eastern side of the Apennines over that which is nearer to the capital. As you recede from Rome, everything improves. The land is better tilled; the middle class is more numerous, more wealthy, and more enlightened; commerce is more flourishing; the peasantry more respectable, and even more moral, the farther they are from the Vatican. The sharply defined distinctions between class and class which are maintained at Rome with a rigour unknown elsewhere, are lost at Bologna in the freedom with which all are blended together. This, however, our author asserts, is due to the influence of the first Napoleon. But we return to the Eternal City and its Italian population.

Left without education, treated with indulgence like spoiled children, pleased at one time with shows, and at another time with food, as in the days of the decline of the Empire, the Roman *plebs* is the natural product of such a system in a land where the climate inspires *ennui*, and where the necessities of life are easily obtained. The government is afraid of them, and therefore treats them gently, imposes but few taxes, and permits them to beg at their will. 'All that is required of them is to be good Christians, to prostrate themselves before the priests, to bow down to the nobles, to bend to the wealthy, and not to make revolutions. They are severely punished when they refuse to communicate at Easter, and when they speak disrespectfully of the saints.' Crime in them is pardoned, baseness encouraged. One thing alone is never allowed, to demand liberty, to oppose an abuse, or the pride of being a man.

One is only astonished, with such an education, that they are not worse.

'If some day, seeking for the Convent of Neophytes, or the house of Lucretia Borgia, you find yourself by accident among the narrow streets paved with filth of the *Quartier des Monts*, you will elbow some thousands of vagabonds, thieves, sharpers, guitar-players, models, beggars, cicerones, and ruffians, with their wives and daughters. Have you any business with them? They will call you, "Your Excellency," will kiss your hands, and steal your handkerchief. I believe that in no other place in Europe, even in London, will you meet a more abominable breed.'

Nor is the peasantry of the Campagna any better. They are as ignorant, as improvident, as gross in passion, as unused to self-control. How should they be otherwise? They have never learned to read, they have never left their country; their ideas of pleasure are taken from the cardinals; their venality is copied from the government *employés*, and their thievish habits from the Minister of Finance. The women do all the hard work, the children guard the cattle; the men walk at morning to the fields to sleep, and return in the evening to sup. They have the kind of easy gaiety that one sees upon a slave estate, and will share with you their supper, if you can eat a coarse salad; and their bed, if you are not afraid of fleas. It is useless to ask them what they think about the government: their idea of it is an *employé* at £12 a year, who sells justice to them.

'You ought to see them on a great fête day to admire the intensity of their simplicity of character. Men, women, children, everybody rushes to the church. A carpet of flowers is spread upon the roads, joy radiates in every countenance. What new thing has happened? What has occurred? The fête of Saint Anthony. They chant a musical mass in honour of Saint Anthony. A procession is organized to fête Saint Anthony. The little boys are dressed as angels. The men array themselves in the garb of their various fraternities: here are the peasants of "the Heart of Jesus," there those of "the Name of Mary," there again the spirits in purgatory. The procession is arrayed somewhat confusedly. They embrace one another, trip one another up, cudgel one another, all in honour of Saint Anthony. At last the image comes forth from the church: it is a wooden puppet with very red cheeks. Hurrah! Crackers are fired off, women weep for joy, infants shriek with all their lungs, "Long live Saint Anthony!" In the evening there are grand fireworks; a balloon in the shape and likeness of the saint rises above the church, and burns magnificently. Saint Anthony must be very hard to please, if such veneration does not go straight to his heart. And the country peasantry would seem very unreasonable, if, after a fête so intoxicating, they should think of complaining because they are starved.'—Pp. 57, 58.

But side by side with this Irish kind of revelry there exists misery in its most deplorable form. On this point, the author of *Italy, its Condition: Great Britain, its Policy*, speaks far more plainly and decisively than M. About. It is useless in the teeth of such facts to represent the Italians as a light-hearted, simple-minded people, contented with the absence of many things which we are wont to deem necessities of life. Even if this be true, it only proves the degradation of the people, and casts great discredit upon their rulers. The quiet acquiescence of a large mass of our own town populations with dwellings in which decency and morality are alike impossible, is one of the most painful proofs of their low condition, and calls for the most active energy of every philanthropist. And if passive indifference to a most debased manner of life be the habitual frame of mind of the Italian peasantry, it but proves that the oppression must have been protracted and crushing which has so completely annihilated every aspiration for a better state of things. A few words from the pamphlet on the subject of this misery.

‘On many points, casual travellers in Italy would do well to distrust their impressions. Nature throws so beautiful a veil over human anguish in that lovely land, that a man might travel from Reggio to Trent, and wonder why so much is said about the sufferings of the Italians. Not so in the Papal States, with the exception of the country immediately about Bologna: here you see the result of oppression in its full and hideous development. The soil is out of cultivation; the roads are infested with brigands. The peasantry are as ill off as the Irish peasantry of thirty years ago, even if we go to Connaught for our illustration; a bar is raised against human progress in every form. The policy of modern Rome has been deliberately and uniformly so directed as to produce the impoverishment and degradation of its own subjects, as the conditions of its own stability. What meets the eye is, however, but little by the side of what is unseen. Let any one who has lived sufficiently long amongst the Romans to get behind the curtain which priestly power has drawn over the sufferings of the people, but tell what he knows of the internal economy of Roman households, and no man would look his fellow creatures in the face, and stand forward as the defender of such a system.’—Pp. 13, 14.

We hardly require, in this country, so elaborate an explanation of the advantages derived from the influence of a large middle class, as that given by M. About. The reason of his studied eulogium is by no means ambiguous. The French middle class, excluded as it is in effect from political power, must be flattered and its chains gilded by every possible device. Louis Napoleon, like Augustus, sees the policy of maintaining despotic power under a democratic garb. In Papal Rome, all

such disguises are spurned, and the first object of the government seems to be the suppression of the middle class. This is in full accordance with its general policy. The privileged body are not likely to be anxious for change which might affect their exclusive privileges; the peasantry are too ignorant to understand the advantages to be derived from any alteration in the constitution. But a middle class, with its activity directed to practical results, and thereby sensitive to any legislative enactments by which that activity is hampered, is especially obnoxious to despotism. The Romish hierarchy are fully sensible of these tendencies, whilst it seems blind to the stability and prosperity which a large middle class produces. Nothing, accordingly, can equal the aversion and disdain with which it is regarded by the ecclesiastics in whose hands all the power is lodged. We shall speak presently of the financial measures of the Papal government, the effect of which is to crush all commercial enterprise, that mainstay of the middle class of any nation; but the same feeling is operative in every other branch of this section of society. Every profession is studiously discouraged save the ecclesiastical. The highest law offices are all conferred on prelates, who are guided in their decisions by laymen, whom they ostentatiously look down upon. The class of advocates is regarded with suspicion as daring to think freely. 'The barristers,' said Cardinal Antonelli to the French ambassador, M. de Grammont, 'were one of our sores; we are beginning to heal ourselves from them. If we could only disembarass ourselves from these men of the bureau, all would go well.' One of the means employed to work the cure above alluded to, is the punishment of any advocate who ventures to defend a client too ably.

A like oppressive influence crushes every tendency to expansion of thought. Strange and foolish regulations fetter the study of medicine. The stewards and agents of the nobles, who manage their estates and improve their revenues, are offensive for their intelligence, and in some cases for their wealth. If they can arrange these matters so admirably, they have the audacity to suppose they could handle those of the State. In the fine arts patronage is extended to such artists only as will confine their talents to imitations of old masters. Original genius has its dangers: it is rightly deemed unsuitable to the existing *régime*. The majority of Roman painters make copies to sell to strangers, and knock off the article with all possible rapidity. The press, in such a condition, or rather absence, of public opinion, may be easily imagined. No wonder that M. About 'brought away from Rome a somewhat mean idea of the

middle classes. A few distinguished artists, a few talented and courageous advocates, a few learned physicians, a few rich and clever farmers, do not suffice, in my opinion, to constitute a *bourgeoisie*.'

'Who knows,' says an Italian, 'if some day a powerful microscope will not discover in the blood the globules of nobility?' The pride of ancient birth and an honourable name, transmitted through a long line of ancestors, has, in most countries, exercised an ennobling influence, and made its possessors anxious to be worthy of their sires. There is less of this, however, in Rome than elsewhere.

*Thirty-one princes or dukes; a vast number of marquises, counts, barons, and chevaliers; a multitude of untitled noble families, amongst whom Benedict the Fourteenth enrolled sixty at the Capitol; an immense extent of seignorial domains, a thousand palaces, a hundred galleries, large and small; an incredible profusion of horses, carriages, liveries, and coats-of-arms; some royal *fêtes* every winter; a remnant of feudal privileges and popular veneration: such are the most salient traits which distinguish the Roman nobility, and make them the admiration of all the boobies in the universe. Ignorance, idleness, vanity, servility, and, above all, nullity,—these are the contemptible deficiencies which make them inferior to all the aristocracies of Europe.'—Page 81.

The origin of the Roman noblesse is very varied. The Orsini and Colonna are descended from the heroes or brigands of the Middle Ages. The Caetani date from 730 A.D. The Massimo, Santa Croce, and Muti, trace their ancestors to the times described by Livy: the first of these families, claiming to be sprung from the celebrated Fabius Maximus, has for its motto, '*Cunctando restituit*.' Then there are those who owe their nobility to the various Popes. In the seventeenth century every Holy Father deemed it right to establish his relatives in a small principality. Hence sprang the Borgia, Barberini, Pamphili, Chigi, Rospigliosi, and Odescalchi. A third division includes the rich bankers Torlonia and Ruspoli; monopolists like Antonelli, millers like Macchi, bakers like the dukes of Grazioli, tobacco merchants like the Marquis Ferrainoli, and farmers like the Marquis Calabrini. At Rome, any man may buy a domain with a title attached to it; and when the Pope has signed the patent of nobility, its possessor, *parvenu* though he be, at once ranks as the equal of princes of the oldest family. According to M. About, this equality is unhesitatingly recognised by the nobility themselves, and the most ancient peers intermarry without scruple with those that have the last created titles.

It is not easy to discover what occupations are open to the

Roman noblesse under the existing *régime*. Almost all offices are monopolized by ecclesiastics, and the meanest friar is superior to the whole order as soon as he has received a cardinal's hat. They are not deficient in a certain kind of generosity. They give alms liberally, ostentatiously, and indiscriminately. They care little for the fine arts, although they live in the very centre of their greatest productions; but it is deemed the proper thing to have a gallery which may be visited by strangers. They superintend the arrangement of their accounts without understanding them, and so relieve their agents from much responsibility, and themselves from much cash. It is the mode with them to be elegantly indifferent to everything save certain frivolous displays and visits of etiquette. Any youth taken from a Catholic seminary, well educated, and taught a little music and riding, would do for a nobleman in Modern Rome.

The revenues of this body are by no means large. Torlonia and Antonelli are said to possess incalculable wealth, but the remainder enjoy incomes varying from £20,000 to £4,000 a year; and in a list furnished by M. About, the name of the Orsini figures with the lowest of these sums attached to it. The more recently ennobled are better off than their older compeers of equal fortune, since they have not a number of chapels or colleges to support out of their funds,—an expensive method of paying for the glory or sins of their ancestors. These comparatively insignificant riches, belonging to a nobility amongst whom the right of primogeniture is most scrupulously observed, are attributed by M. About to the passion for display which is prevalent at Rome. There are domains which would suffice to maintain half-a-dozen princes, if managed in the English fashion, whose possessors do not enjoy the comforts that pertain to middle rank amongst ourselves.

We are quite conscious that there is a degree of exaggeration in this description, but there can be no question as to the general truthfulness of the picture. The whole tendency of the education of the Roman nobility is to make them *fainéants*: they are all the same passionless amiable class from the days of their childhood, when they march two and two clad in hideous costumes, under the guidance of their priestly instructors,—through a youth without energy or effort, mainly spent in displaying their persons and their dress on the Pincian or the Cours,—until they enter upon a wedded life with no more animation or purpose in life.

Take a Roman noble at twenty-five.

'At that age an American has practised ten trades, made four fortunes, one failure, and two campaigns, has conducted a lawsuit,

preached a religion, killed six men with a revolver, enfranchised a Negress, and annexed an island. An Englishman has discussed two theses, been *attaché* to an embassy, founded a bank, converted a Catholic, travelled all round the world, and read all Sir Walter Scott's works. A Frenchman has written a tragedy, contributed to two newspapers, received three sword-wounds, twice attempted suicide, and nineteen times changed his political opinions. A German has slashed fourteen of his intimate friends, has swallowed sixty barrels of beer and the philosophy of Hegel, has sung eleven thousand songs, has smoked a million pipes, and been compromised in two revolutions. But the Roman prince has done nothing, seen nothing, attempted nothing, loved nothing, suffered nothing. Open the grated door of a cloister, and a young girl comes forth as inexperienced as himself, and these two innocents kneel before a priest, and start in the world as man and wife.'—Page 90.

A description of Rome would be incomplete without some account of the strangers that flock thither. In no other respect has the society of the Papal capital felt so strikingly the influences of those changes which have been effected on the continent of Europe. In the good old times when travelling was difficult and expensive, Rome was inaccessible to all save men of fortune and family. No sooner had the stranger reached the Eternal City, and presented his letters of introduction and of credit, than he was at once regarded as one of themselves by the Roman noblesse, invited to their assemblies, and admitted to the courtesies and intimacy of their society. There were then, as now, a thousand things to interest the newly arrived visitor. Painting, sculpture, architecture, antiquities, could be no where else so comprehensively studied; in no other place in Europe could the reputation of a virtuoso be so successfully established; there was, besides, every opportunity of forming collections in any branch of art. Add to all this the charm of the climate, the elegant idleness that could easily deceive itself into the notion that it was acquiring valuable taste and discrimination in art, and the pleasant familiarity of a high-titled but impoverished noblesse; and it will no longer be astonishing that many foreigners should make Rome the place of their permanent abode.

At the present day all this is changed. Railways and steamboats bring crowds to the borders of the Papal States, and the class of visitors no longer permits the same frank hospitality that formerly prevailed. At the approach of the great Easter ceremonies crowds of devotees throng to the city. Advocates without briefs, surgeons without patients, government employés at a thousand crowns a year, shopkeepers of every class, dowagers and priests, all hurry to communicate at Rome. One is determined to do all the galleries in the shortest space of time

possible; another is bent on carrying home some holy relics to excite the envy of her neighbours, and to insure her own salvation. Here is an old lady whose fixed idea it is to get possession of the palm-branch which the Pope himself has carried. She must and will have that special branch. She expects to succeed through the intervention of a curé, who will speak to his bishop, who will hand the matter over to a monsignor, who will beg it from a cardinal. But the strangest alteration is observable in the priests. There is one who beneath the shadow of his own church tower is at once the most amiable and the humblest of mankind. He has kind words for every one; his hat is off to M. the mayor, and to all the most microscopic authorities. But at Rome he is quite another man. His hat seems nailed to his head. He stalks with a defiant air. He can see no imperfection, will admit no possibility of improvement, in the Papal government. On his return from Civita Vecchia M. About travelled with one of these ecclesiastics, who challenged our author to make a single statement that told against the rule of Pius IX. The required instance was given, and the priest met it with an unqualified denial, asserting it to be 'an impudent fabrication' invented by the enemies of the Catholic religion. The case was that of the boy Mortara.

The transition is natural from the people to their rulers, and M. About devotes two chapters to the portraiture of Pius IX. and Cardinal Antonelli. The reigning Pope has the claims to our lenient consideration which are derived from old age, high position, some personal worth, and misfortune. 'I do not deny that Pius is sixty-seven years old, that he wears a crown regarded with veneration by 139,000,000 of Catholics, that his private life has been always exemplary, that he acts with great disinterestedness on a throne where selfishness has long been seated, that he spontaneously commenced his reign by some beneficial acts, that his first measures inspired the highest hopes in the bosom of Italy and Europe, that he has endured the slow tortures of exile, that he has exercised a precarious and dependent sovereignty under the protection of two armies, and that he now lives through the might of a cardinal. But those who have been slain by the fire of cannon at his request, and to replace him on the throne, those whom the Austrians have shot to strengthen his authority, and even those who work in the pestilent country to maintain his budget, are still more unhappy than he.'

Pius the Ninth, Count of Mastai Ferretti, was born on the 13th of May, 1792, and was elected Pope the 16th of June, 1846. In person he is small, fat, rather pale, and of feeble health, which makes him look older than he really is. His

expression is mild and indolent, suggesting good humour and lassitude. There is nothing imposing in his appearance. In the great Church ceremonies he acts his part with but moderate dignity, and strangers are often scandalized at seeing him take snuff in the middle of the most sacred solemnities. His leisure hours are devoted to playing at billiards on the recommendation of his physicians. His private character has been always irreproachable, even in his early youth. His public life has not been stained by nepotism,—the commonest vice of his order; his nephews are not wealthy, powerful, nor ennobled. In religious views he is more than an enthusiast, and by the promulgation of the bull establishing the Immaculate Conception he has made his name notorious as the author of a doctrine without scriptural foundation, whilst he has perpetuated its memory by a monument without artistic taste. 'The character of this well-meaning old gentleman is made up of devotion, good nature, vanity, weakness, and obstinacy, with a spice of rancour which peeps out every now and then. He blesses with unction, and pardons with difficulty; is a good priest and an incapable sovereign.'

But despite these sarcastic sentences, M. About has some leniency towards a man whose faults and virtues have been alike exaggerated by his subjects. When, in 1847, Pius voluntarily commenced a few reforms, nothing could exceed the enthusiasm of the people in his behalf; and since the bitter lessons of exile seem only to have aroused in him a deep-rooted terror of change, he is regarded as a violent reactionist, instead of a weak old man who is ruled by others. In truth, he is neither detestable now, nor was he admirable then. His greatest fault is the incompetency of his character that permits others to do evil in his name.

The failure of most of his undertakings, and certain accidents which have happened in his presence, have led the superstitious populace of Rome to believe that Pius IX. has 'the evil eye;' and when the holy father drives through the Corso in his carriage, the women fall down upon their knees, but 'make horns' beneath their cloaks to counteract the malignant influence.

We quote these passages as being illustrative of the present state of Rome. Of the Pope's character men will judge more or less harshly, according to their realization of his responsibility, and of the evils which his people endure. History has been written in vain, unless it has been learned that weak and vacillating sovereigns have caused as much misery to their subjects as those of more decidedly vicious disposition. The exigences of his position will not excuse the reigning Pontiff for having violated his most

solemn obligations; and in his case the scandal is increased by the union of his religious with his temporal functions. After making every allowance for instigating circumstances, our own verdict is against him on grounds which will be presently adduced; whilst the necessary result of our past experience of his behaviour is complete distrust in any future pledges of amendment. 'If,' says the author of the *Letters*, speaking of certain changes at Rome,—'if these alterations have to originate from the Pope, they will be illusory and dangerous. No one in his states will now place the slightest confidence in Papal concessions, or in priestly promises, made to avoid war. No high-minded Italian layman of intelligence and capacity will submit to the humiliation of becoming the minister of a Pope whose faithlessness is unsurpassed by the treachery of any of his predecessors.'

To be appreciated, M. About's portrait of Antonelli must be read. Its bitter personalities, its pointed sarcasm, its stinging invective, lose their force in translation. You might as well endeavour to turn into French one of Mr. Disraeli's most telling speeches. As in almost all such cases, the spirit of hostility carries the writer too far, and there are allusions which had better have been omitted; whilst the whole has an air of recklessness which makes the reader suspend his judgment, although he is in danger of being carried away by the power of genius.

Antonelli was born at Sonnino, a village in the range of Nidi, that overhangs the kingdom of Naples. The place is a nest of robbers, long ill esteemed for brigandage and crime. Its badly built and ruined dwellings are places of reception for stolen goods. Its children draw in a contempt for law with their native mountain air. To know how to pursue and to run away, how to take and not to be taken; to learn the arithmetic of division of spoil, the value of money, and the principles of justice practised amongst wild Indian tribes: such is the curriculum of education at Sonnino. But to this course of study a further lesson was added in the case of Antonelli. When he was four years old, the French army passed that way, and shot some of his robber neighbours, whilst subsequent executions inspired a salutary fear of the *gendarmérie*, and rendered a new line of action necessary.

The youth hesitated some time about the choice of a profession. His vocation was that of all the inhabitants of Sonnino; to live in abundance, to lack no kind of pleasure, to be independent, and above all to violate the laws with impunity. To attain this end he entered the great seminary at Rome, but not with the intention of becoming a priest. Strange as it sounds in our

ears, this cardinal has never said a mass or listened to a confession, perhaps (adds M. About, maliciously) he has never confessed. He obtained, however, the friendship of Gregory XVI., and was made prelate, magistrate, prefect, Secretary-general of the Interior, and Minister of Finance.

He was a reactionist under Gregory XVI. He became a reformer to gain influence with Pius IX., and obtained a cardinal's hat as the reward of his enlightenment. The brigands of Sonnino saw the *gendarmes* present arms to their comrade, instead of firing at him. He acquired absolute control over the Pope, whom he served even in his irresolution. As President of the Council he proposed reforms, and as minister he postponed their execution. None was more active in preparing the constitution of 1848, nor in violating it. But he ran away from Rome at the first sound of danger, and at Gaeta he was Secretary of State *in partibus*.

'From this exile dates his entire command over the mind of the holy father, his re-establishment in the esteem of the Austrians, and the consistent bent of his whole conduct. Those who accuse him of hesitating between the good of the nation and his personal interest are reduced to silence. He desired to restore the absolute power of the Popes, that he might wield it at his pleasure. He prevented all reconciliation between Pius IX. and his subjects; he summoned the cannons of Catholicism to the conquest of Rome. He ill-treated the French, who would have died for him; he shut his ears against the liberal counsels of Napoleon III.; he designedly prolonged his master's exile, and drew up the promises of the *motu proprio* with the intention of eluding them. At last, he once more entered Rome, and for ten years he has reigned over a timid old man and an enthralled people, opposing a passive resistance to all the advice of the diplomatic body and to all the wishes of Europe; welded to power, thoughtless of the future, misusing the present, and ever increasing his fortune after the fashion of Sonnino.

'In 1859, Antonelli is fifty-three years old. He still preserves his youth. His form is robust and vigorous, his health that of a mountaineer. The breadth of his forehead, the brilliancy of his eyes, his hooked nose, and the height of his stature, inspire something like admiration. There is a certain air of intelligence in that swarthy and almost Moorish countenance. But his heavy jaw, his long teeth, and his thick lips evince the grossest passions. One thinks of a minister grafted upon a savage. When he assists the Pope in the ceremonies of the holy week, he is magnificent in his contempt and scorn. But in society you recognise in him the wild man of the woods, and your mind reverts with trembling to post-chaises overturned by the roadside.'—Pp. 143-145.

Antonelli is detested by all classes alike. Concini himself

was not so thoroughly detested. His enormous wealth, his absolute authority, his grasping avarice, his unbending despotism, his diplomatic intrigue, have combined to acquire for him the hatred of an entire people. One special aim he has in view,—the advancement of his family; one special weakness,—the fear of death. The first has prompted him to place one of his four brothers at the head of the bank, a most lucrative appointment, to which he adds the administration of the *mont-de-piété*! A second is conservator of Rome; a third exercises the public office of general monopolizer, and permits or prohibits exports as suits best the condition of his granaries. The youngest is employed as the ambassador of the family wherever their concerns require his presence. They play into one another's hands, and so augment and invest a fortune which is invisible, intangible, and incalculable. The following anecdote, which may illustrate this man's cowardice, we should hardly have ventured to reproduce, had we not been assured of its truthfulness from an independent reliable authority.

'One man only has dared to threaten a life so precious—to itself. He was a wretched idiot. Urged on by the secret societies, he took his stand on the staircase of the Vatican, and awaited the cardinal's passing by. The moment arrived, and he drew from his pocket, with great difficulty, a fork! The cardinal perceived the weapon, and made a bound backwards, which the chamois of the Alps would have admired. The poor assassin was at once seized, bound, and delivered to the judges. The Roman tribunals, who too often pardon the culpable, were without pity for this innocent. They cut off his head. The cardinal, full of clemency, threw himself officially at the Pope's feet to implore a pardon, which he was sure would not be granted.'—Pp. 149, 150.

The administration of the Roman government under this Prime Minister is entirely in the hands of ecclesiastics. Nominally, indeed, by the terms of the *motu proprio*, laymen are admissible to the highest offices, but virtually they are excluded by priestly influence. Of the religious body, too, none can hope to advance save by a profession of the most reactionary sentiments. To advocate any other course would be political extinction: such a man would have no alternative but—to marry.

'Another grief that presses heavily upon these unfortunate states is, that practically, to a great extent, they are governed not only by ecclesiastics, but by foreigners. Sicilians, Lombards, and Tuscans, have been legates and delegates in the provinces. The legates are exactly like Turkish Pashas,—a few foreigners, with unlimited power over the provinces. On the benches of the superior tribunals are to be found Spaniards, French, and Germans. For ten years a Genoese was Secretary of State, that is, virtually, Prime Minister. The Sovereign himself is not necessarily a native: how then can the

Roman government be influenced by that feeling of patriotism which, to a certain extent, actuates the measures and inspires the councils of even the worst of governments? All offices of any importance are filled by ecclesiastics; to the laity only belongs the privilege of paying taxes. All the ministries—Antonelli is now, provisionally, even Minister of War; all the embassies and diplomatic positions; all the chief posts at court; (*maggiordomo*, *maestro di camera*, &c.) the benches of the following Courts,—the *Sacra Consulta*; the *Rota*; the *Segnatura di Giustizia*; the *Tribunale Lauretano*, and partly the tribunal of the *R. C. A.*, and the *Criminal Tribunal*: the two great secretariats, *dei Brevi* and *dei Memoriali*; the *Udienza Santissima*; the *Sacred Congregation degli Studi*; the *Presidency and Vice-Presidency of the Council of State*; the *Presidency and Vice-Presidency of the Finance Chamber*; the *Direction of the Police*; the *Direction of Public Health and of the Prisons*; the *Direction of the Archives*, and many others:—these, then, are the separate jurisdictions of the Bishops, with extensive powers; (of these there are sixty-seven;) the *Inquisition*; the *Privileged Congregations*; all educational posts; the direction of all charitable institutions—all, all ecclesiastics! However, it cannot be too broadly stated, that in the Rome of 1859 it is the Cardinal Minister of State who is all in all; and that man is Antonelli!

As I have made mention of these episcopal courts, I would add one little fact in illustration of their methods of proceeding. On the 8th of March, 1850, the archbishops and bishops of the *Marché* published an edict against swearing, Sunday or festival breaking, violation of fasting, &c. The 54th article prescribes that the names of the informers and witnesses shall be kept secret. By the next article, (55,) the informers are to have half the fine; and if the punishment be not a fine, then the culprit shall pay fifty *bajocchi* (about two shillings) to the informer, whose name is kept secret.—*Italy, its Condition, &c.*, pp. 19, 20.

It is natural that in a community ruled by priests, crimes against religion should be sternly suppressed; and it is fitting that in every society the feelings of the majority should be consulted, and nothing allowed which is liable to cause a breach of the public peace. But what a monstrous system of espionage is here established! What a deadly engine is aimed at the liberty of any person who is obnoxious to the existing authorities! The commonest justice requires that the accused should be brought face to face with his accusers; that he should have every opportunity of sifting their evidence, of exposing their *animus* towards the prisoner; and that no temptation should be afforded for a groundless accusation. This piece of petty legislation, however, is in full accordance with the spirit of administration in the Papal States. Nothing can excel the iniquity and the folly of the rigour with which political crimes are punished by

these priestly tyrants. They see in everything conspiracy, rebellion, revolution. One gentleman, whose cause had been several times before the courts with chequered success and failure, was cast in his suit immediately on becoming the friend of M. About. When the Pope returned to Rome after the Revolution of 1848, he exempted 283 persons from the general amnesty recommended by the French Government; and of these 283 he has had the grace to pardon fifty-nine in the space of nine years. And how are they pardoned? Let the following account tell.

A young advocate, not very deeply compromised in the insurrection, saw with horror his name amongst the fatal list of 283. He might have gained a livelihood elsewhere, but his heart yearned towards his native land; he felt that he must either return or die. His family made interest in his behalf, and gained the powerful intercession of a cardinal. His suit was listened to, and he was allowed to return on acceding to the terms which the police should impose. The Pope published this man's pardon in the public journals; the conditions of the police were not thus set forth. They were these: that he should no longer continue to practise his profession;—thus leaving him to starve in a land where no one wants to learn Italian;—that he should never under any circumstances leave the city, even at mid-day; and that he should always be at home before the hour of sunset. The least infraction of these rules by accidental deviation would make him liable to a second imprisonment and a second exile. O merciful Pius IX. ! many thanks for your paternal clemency !

There are vast numbers of the Pope's subjects living under this *surveillance* of the police. It is not easy to state their numbers, but some approximate idea may be formed from the fact that there are two hundred of these unfortunates at Viterbo, a town of only 14,000 souls. Were all the foes of the government placed in confinement, prisons and gaolers and *gensdarmes* would fail. Every species of petty persecution is employed against those whose intelligence makes them suspected and feared. One individual, who required to be abroad on matters of business, has for nine years successively begged an audience of the Superintendent of the Passport Office, *without ever obtaining* so much as a reply. To others it is answered, 'Go, if you will; but on condition that you do not return.' Those deemed more guilty are confined in the prisons, which are classified as healthy and unhealthy. A short residence in one of the latter class renders it unnecessary to incur the odium of a capital punishment.

'The fortress of Pagliano is one of the healthiest. Two hundred and fifty prisoners, all for political offences, were confined there when I visited it. The neighbours informed me that in 1856 these wretched men attempted to escape. Five or six were shot down, like sparrows, on the roof. The rest were only liable to six years at the galleys for the crime of escaping, if judged by the common law. But an obsolete ordinance of Cardinal Lanto was exhumed to allow some of them to be guillotined.'—Page 173.

Nor is the charge of cruelty against the Papal government confined to the cases above quoted. On the contrary, in the western portion of the Pope's dominions, the presence of the French troops has greatly mitigated the severity of the sovereign. Questionable as is the French occupation of Rome, their influence has been steadily and consistently exerted on the side of clemency and reform. But on the eastern side of the Apennines his holiness is under no such restraint. There political murders by axe and bullet can be multiplied without let or hindrance, and torture employed to extract confessions; whilst a drum-head court-martial avoids the subtleties and uncertainties of a court of justice. As we read the accounts of Austrian and Papal tyranny, we only wonder that the whole people has not long since risen in defiance of all the dictates of prudence, and flung themselves to perish upon the cannon of their cruel oppressors, rather than endure so grinding and revolting an oppression.

'In the Papal States,' says the author of the *Letters*, 'misery is the rule, comfort the rare exception. There is universal suspicion and distrust. At Rome, a man dare not converse openly with his neighbour upon any but the most trifling subjects. There are spies in every corner: the police can arrest without warrant, and banish or imprison without trial. If you can ever persuade a Roman to speak out, he will tell you what the judgments called *economici* mean..... At Rome it often happens that the existence of prisoners is forgotten! When the attention of the government has been called to the cases of individuals, and there has really been the intention of searching for them and bringing them to judgment, it could not be done. They were rotting away somewhere, dead or alive, nobody could tell anything about them. Should the case of a political prisoner ever arrive at the stage of trial, it is good to remember that the *Sacra Consulta*, when dealing with political offenders, never reveal to the accused the names of the witnesses who appear against him, or even allow him to see them; nor do they leave him the choice of a defender; the court assigns the counsel for the defence. The sentences pronounced are such as might have been expected from such a form of procedure. Twenty years at the galleys for such an offence as that of lighting a blue light on the anniversary of the proclamation of the republic, or of hindering an individual from lighting a cigar from party motives, are surely somewhat out of proportion with these several crimes.'

I am painfully aware that in the narration of such matters a writer lays himself open to the charge of exaggeration. I wish that considerations of space permitted me to cite facts in proof of every assertion I make. I cannot do so, or this pamphlet would assume the proportions of a volume. In this instance, however, I will depart from my usual rule, because the fact stated is so incredible, so monstrous. Twenty years at the galleys, because one man prevents another from smoking a cigar! The official journal at Rome is now before me—the *Giornale di Roma*—it is Number 117 for the year 1851. The date is Wednesday, the 24th of May. The victim's name is Pietro Ercoli. His case was tried before the *Sacra Consulta*. The names of the judges are given, and the sentence at length, headed by an intimation that the judges retired to deliberate, *invocato il nome santissimo di Dio*, and they arrived at the conclusion that Pietro Ercoli was to spend twenty years at the galleys, because he had prevented Luigi Giannini from smoking his cigar! Carlo Rinaldi, one of the witnesses, deposed that, in his opinion, Ercoli was joking. By the same sentence Rinaldi was directed to be tried for perjury on account of that opinion.

But, whilst I am upon this subject, I would mention that, with regard to political offences, the Pope's government use a little artifice in order to shift the responsibility off their own shoulders when severity is desired. The truth is, Austria is the Pope's hangman. The Adriatic provinces have, for nine or ten years past, been under martial law and Austrian occupation. Any Papal subject in these provinces who may be suspected and denounced, is dragged before an Austrian court-martial. He is debarred from all means of defence. *Torture is used to extract confession*; and then—the halter, or the firing party.

The account of the murders committed in Ferrara on the 17th of March, 1853, by the Austrian troops under Radetzki's authority, is open on my table; and throughout Italy it is well known that the facts are true. On the morning of that day Domenico Malagutti, a young surgeon of Ferrara, Giacomo Succì, a private gentleman, and Luigi Parmeggiani, an inn-keeper of the same town, were led out by Austrian soldiers, blindfolded, forced upon their knees, and shot. They had been accused of treason against the Pope's government, inasmuch as they had meditated measures for the overthrow of his temporal power. I do not mean for one moment to assert that any government, even that of the Pope, has not the full right to maintain its own authority, and to punish all attempts at revolution; but the offence must be proved. In this present case there was no attempt at proof, beyond such as might have been used in the chambers of the Inquisition. These unfortunate persons and nine others were incarcerated in the citadel of Ferrara for seven or eight months. The examining judge was an Austrian captain of Hussars. *In the absence of proof this military judge had recourse to the torture of the accused.* They were beaten with sticks; they were kept without food till nature was on the point of giving way; they were chained in the form of

hoops; they were compelled to witness each other's misery; they were constantly told that a firing party was waiting for them, and that they were about to be led out to immediate execution. In the night their brutal gaolers would break in upon the sleep which afforded them a brief respite from their anguish, rouse them up, and shake before their startled eyes a hook and a halter. Each was told in turn that his companion had confessed, and that he might as well make a clean breast of it; or, that if he did not confess, his companions would instantly be put to the direst torture. To give a grotesque colour to the whole transaction,—there is nobody like an Austrian for such work,—the depositions were written down in German, of which the accused did not understand one word, and they were compelled to fix their signatures to depositions written in characters of which they knew not the significance. The disturbances which occurred at Milan, in February, 1853, practically settled their fate; Marshal Radetzki felt that a little bloodshed might tend to keep Italy quiet, and so these wretched men were shot upon evidence taken in the manner described. The English consul at Ferrara was duly informed of these transactions, and his interference was, of course, at once solicited. The poor creatures appealed to their natural sovereign; but no help was to be expected in that quarter. The Papal government is ready enough either to shed blood, or to see it shed.

In the seven years following the events of 1848–49, there were sixty capital executions at Ancona; at Bologna, 190. Some of these men were executed for the most trivial crimes: a robbery of a trifling sum, an infraction of the law about carrying or possessing in their houses arms, was a sufficient cause for the punishment of death. In illustration of what I have said above of the tortures practised upon the poor Ferrarese prisoners, I would add here an extract from a sentence pronounced by the Criminal Court of Bologna, on the 16th of June, 1856. Fifty persons had been accused of the crimes of brigandage and robbery before this court. Here is a translation of part of the sentence:—“In the examination of this cause, we have had occasion to deplore a series of violent and ferocious (*violenti e feroci*) means employed to suggest or extort from the accused the confession of their crimes.” By an edict, bearing date the 30th of July, 1855, Cardinal Antonelli has restored as a punishment the use of the *cavalletto* or *chevalet*, the Latin *equuleus*, an instrument of torture used by the Pagan Emperors against the early Christians.—Pp. 15–19.

Whilst the least political offences are thus wiped out in blood, crime of every character remains unrepressed. No country in Europe is so fertile in every species of delinquency, especially in those accompanied by violence. Brigandage is greatly on the increase, and has reached such a pitch, that during the forty years ending 1857 ‘it has cost just £1,000 less to escort the Pope’s mail than to educate his subjects.’ Insecurity of person and property is everywhere prevalent, and is aggravated by the jealousy which forbids men to carry arms for self-defence;

whilst, side by side with this prohibition of what Cicero called the '*non scripta, sed nata lex*' of all men, the most ordinary drunken or family brawls are decided by the knife. According to the official statistics of the government, cases of stabbing occurred in the Papal States, in 1853, to the average number of four daily. The Austrians, who accept willingly the rôle of executioners, neglect to perform the functions of a police; 'and in July last the most respectable citizens of Bologna petitioned the Cardinal Legate Milesi to protect their lives and property, which were often attacked in the day-time in the streets of the city, in which are stationed 8,000 Austrian soldiers.'

These more outrageous disorders are bewailed if not repressed by the government; but, if we may credit M. About, the thieves of Rome are regarded with an almost paternal care. They are all known by name to the authorities, are left to exercise their ingenuity with very little restriction, and repay this kindness by plundering none but foreigners. It is a mere spoiling of the Egyptians. The following anecdotes are taken from *La Question Romaine*.

A Frenchman seized a well-dressed man who was stealing his watch. He dragged him to the nearest station-house, and handed him over to the sergeant of police. 'I believe your statements,' replied the petty officer. 'This man is a Lombard, you must be very recently arrived in the country not to know him; but if all those like him were to be arrested, our prisons would never be large enough. Take yourself off, my good fellow, and make your precautions better another time.'

Another was robbed in the middle of the Cours just at midnight, as he was returning from the theatre. He went to complain at the police-office, and the magistrate said to him sternly, 'Sir, you were out at an hour when all respectable people are in bed!'

A third was stopped by robbers, on the road between Civita Vecchia and Rome. He gave up his money, and, on reaching Palo, related the circumstance to the government employé. This fine fellow, who scrutinizes the passports of strangers until they give him twenty *sous*, replied in an injured tone, 'What would you have? There is a great deal of distress.'

On the eve, however, of the great religious ceremonies the whole Arab population is ordered to go to prison. It generally obeys very quietly; and if any individuals are missing, the *gendarmes* go at midnight and carry them off. Notwithstanding these precautions, a great many watches disappear in the holy week. To complain to the police is utterly useless. They will only answer, 'We have made every provision by taking charge

of all the *known* thieves: if there are any fresh ones, so much the worse.

There is much reason to believe that magistrates and pick-pockets have in many cases a mutual understanding. M. Berti, a former secretary of Monsignor Valdi, had a snuff-box to which he attached an especial value, since it had been given him by his master. One day, as he crossed the Forum, he took a pinch before the temple of Antonius and Faustina, and replaced the snuff-box in his pocket: but it was too late. He had been seen. The instant after he was knocked down by the quoit-players; he got up and felt his pocket; the snuff-box was gone. He told the circumstance to a judge of his acquaintance. 'It is of no consequence,' replied the magistrate. 'Return to-morrow to the Forum and ask for Antonio, any one will point him out to you. Mention my name to him, and ask him what has become of the object you have lost.' M. Berti goes to the Forum, and asks for Antonio. That personage comes at once, smiles at the name of the judge, and admits that he cannot refuse him anything. Before the meeting terminated, he calls aloud for Giacomo, and another *bandit* comes out of the ruins. 'Who was on duty here yesterday?' Pepe. 'Is he here?' 'No, he had a good day's work, and is drinking it.' Whereupon, Antonio says, 'Sir, I can do nothing for you to-day. But come again to-morrow at the same hour, and I have every reason to hope that you will be satisfied.' The day following, at the hour appointed, Antonio sees M. Berti again, gets from him an exact description of the snuff-box, to convince himself that he is not being duped, and at last says to him: 'Here is your property; give me two crowns. I should have required four, if you had not been directed to me by a magistrate whom I esteem so much.'

All magistrates at Rome are not equally amiable. The Marquis of Sesmaisons had six silver dishes stolen, and had the folly to give information of the robbery. The justice required an exact description of the stolen goods. The marquis, to inform him more fully, confided the rest of the dozen to his care. If the account be true, he lost the whole twelve.

It has been claimed as a special virtue in Pius IX., that, whatever his other faults, he is tolerant in religion. This is, indeed, a new feature in a Pope, and it was perhaps its novelty which caused it to be so much vaunted. The grounds on which this excellence is claimed, are not very intelligible. It took years of pressing and influential negotiation to secure permission to build an English church without the walls. And if certain amenities passed between the Sultan and the

holy father, or between his holiness and the Emperor of Russia, they appeared to worldly eyes to be rather dictated by policy than by liberality of mind. With the Jews, however, the case seemed to stand very differently. Impoverished and degraded as they had long been, enclosed like wild beasts in a certain space of ground, catechized every Saturday on Christian doctrines, compelled to present a Bible each year to the Pope, who received it with mockery, shut up in their quarter every night at a certain hour, and exposed on all occasions to contumely and insult, it was a gratuitous act of kindness to remove some items of the oppression under which they were labouring.

And Pius IX. did this to all outward appearance. He abolished the law which forbade them to reside beyond the Ghetto; he did away with the forced attendance upon Christian instruction; he allowed them to move about night and day like their Christian neighbours. M. About, however, declares that this tolerance is only outward and apparent; that the Ghetto is confined by gates which are not the less unyielding because they are unseen; and that the Jewish population of Rome, under the existing clemency, is less by one quarter than under preceding Popes.

At the present time no Jew is allowed to possess land, and he cannot even cultivate it in his own name. An Israelite took a farm, and his neighbours, knowing his legal disability, plundered the poor fellow in every way conceivable. He applied for leave to appoint a watchman. It was refused. He made interest with the French officers, and at their solicitation the magistrate promised to yield, and himself to name the man fitted for the office. Months passed, and no one was appointed. The French became more urgent, and at last a name was given. The French were gratified, the Jew overjoyed. They had little reason. The person named had disappeared for six months, no one knew whither; and the Jew was 'warned' by the police to make no more complaints.

We cannot afford the space to enter fully into the neglect of education in the Papal States. The Romish system of priestly domination is best maintained over a peasantry too grossly ignorant to dispute its assertions, or over an aristocracy too worldly to care about truth. It is not therefore to be expected that liberal education would be encouraged. Freedom of thought will not generally submit to the dogmatic positiveness of authority; and in the Romish Church to question is to be lost. The withholding, then, of instruction is sufficiently intelligible. But far stranger is the character of the morality actually

enforced, and the principles of action sought to be implanted, where education to some degree is found unavoidable. But the discussion of this part of the subject would involve the ventilation of questions which cannot be entered upon in this place. The Roman authorities are doubtless persuaded that the present neglect of education in the Papal States is one of the best methods of maintaining their power; and we fully agree with this conclusion.

Before bringing our remarks to a close, we must add a few words on the material prosperity and financial position of Rome,—subjects, we at once admit, not of the highest importance, but which surely are worth the consideration of rulers. What, then, is the condition of the Papal States in these respects?

There are three principal sources of a nation's wealth,—agriculture, manufactures, and commerce; and for the development of the first and last of these Rome possesses remarkable advantages. The climate is peculiarly favourable to production, the soil fertile or easily reclaimed, whilst the extended sea-board of Italy and its magnificent harbours would afford especial facilities for commerce. But there are other conditions necessary for the existence of extensive transactions in any kind of business. There must be liberty for industry to strike out in any branch which may promise a productive return; there must be means of communication, that the surplus produce of one region may be exchanged for that of another; there must be security in transit from place to place; and there must be mutual credit between man and man. All these conditions are violated in the Roman States. Industry of every kind is fettered by monopolies, or repressed by privileges accorded by the government to individuals. Tobacco, salt, glass, sugar, candles, are all manufactured under exclusive privileges. There are monopolies of this commodity and of that. If an assurance company is formed, it acquires some special immunities or advantages, which exclude any other from fair competition. 'The panniers of the cherry-sellers are exclusively manufactured by a privileged basket-maker: the inspector of the "Place Navone" would seize any refractory basket which had not paid its tribute to the privileged individual. The hucksters of Tivoli, the butchers of Frascati, all the petty retail dealers who loiter in the suburbs of Rome, are privileged.' In comprehension of the principles of commerce, Rome has not advanced beyond the ideas current in Great Britain in the days of Elizabeth, whilst government interference extends to minute instances which, with us, were even then free. Be it remembered, that any such preference conferred by the ruling powers is a pecuniary benefit to themselves.

or to their friends, the price of which is exacted tenfold from the consumers,—that is to say, from their own subjects.

Nor is this the only hindrance to commerce in these highly favoured States. The insecurity of the public roads renders the charges for conveyance enormous. Bread, which can be purchased for two sous and a half the pound in one commune, costs only two sous the pound at a distance of four leagues. In other words, the cost of carriage for four leagues is twenty-five *per cent.* on the value of the article. 'At Sonnino, bad wine costs fourteen sous the litre; ten leagues off, at Pagliano, very fair wine may be had for five sous;' that is, the cost of transport on ten leagues was 180 *per cent.* on the value. In the immediate neighbourhood of Rome, matters are still worse. The villages have no communication by carriage roads with one another. What should we think of not being able to pass from Hampstead to Hornsey without going through London? But this is a fair example of the condition of the vicinity of the Papal metropolis. Bologna, the second town in the States of the Church, is in constant and rapid communication with every part of Europe, except its own capital. Letters from Paris reach Bologna some hours before those from Rome, and the post from Vienna a whole day in advance of them. There are only seventeen miles of railway as yet open, and every impediment is thrown in the way of a further development. The difficulties of engineers are not caused by the physical features of the country, but by the sacred nature of all property held by ecclesiastics. Whilst such public works are neglected, the government has thought itself justified in expending two thousand francs more than the capital of the Bank of Rome upon an ugly building on the road to Ostia.

There are, however, even more direct obstructions to material prosperity, in the oppressive taxation with which every kind of industry is burdened. In 1855, the disease in the vines spread through the Roman States. Antonelli selected this period for the imposition of a duty of 1,862,500 francs; and as there were no grapes from which it could be paid, the sum was apportioned among the different communes. All the corn cut in the Agro Romano pays a fixed duty, amounting to twenty-two *per cent.* on the value. All agricultural productions pay a duty on exportation. Grazing, which should form one of the profitable sources of wealth, is subject to vexatious imposts. There is a tax on cattle at pasture; a tax of twenty-eight francs a-head on going to the market; a tax on exportation. Horses pay an *ad valorem* duty of five *per cent.* on their price, every time they change hands.

What is done with the sums thus raised is known only to a few of the Pope's most intimate advisers. There is no public account rendered year by year of expenditure and receipts, save a budget of some four brief pages, containing large sums massed together without the separate items. One thing, however, is ascertained with sufficient clearness, namely, that the amount, both of taxation and of the national debt, is continually increasing.

'What has the Roman government to show for its 360,000,000 francs (about £14,500,000) of public debt? A few millions were spent, much against the grain, at the time of the hostile operations against Venice; about 5,000,000 francs (£200,000) on public works; 400,000 francs upon prisons, extraordinary commissions, &c., consequent upon the return of the Pope. The fortresses are without guns or munitions of war; the troops miserably and imperfectly armed. In the department of commercial marine we find capital involved to the magnificent extent of 100,000 francs (£4,000).

'The collection of the common taxes costs 31 *per cent.*, (compare this with 8 *per cent.*, which is the expense of collection in England,) the collection of the revenues from the execrable lottery is 62 *per cent.*, that from the monopoly of salt and tobacco 46 *per cent.* From 1848 to 1857, the expense of foreign troops to keep down the inhabitants has been about £1,000,000.

'From 1814 to 1857 the sum of the revenue of the Papal government has amounted to 358,265,850 scudi (equal to about 1,880,893,000 francs, or £75,500,000). When speaking of the financial system of the Papal States, it must always be remembered that ecclesiastical property of all descriptions is free from all taxation. The regular expenses incurred during the same period were 387,937,724 scudi. During that time, therefore, the government has spent nearly 30,000,000 of scudi, that is, about £6,000,000, more than it received. Now all this has been squeezed out of a population rich in nothing, but their poverty and misery,—without commerce, manufactures, or trade.'—*Italy, &c.*, pp. 20, 21.

We have been compelled from want of space to confine ourselves to a bare statement of facts in going through the various items which compose the condition of a people. Would it be possible to imagine a state laying claim to civilization more fatally misgoverned in almost every particular? The heart of a freeman burns with indignation at the thought of a people, high-spirited and intellectual as are the Italians, being forcibly compelled to submit to such misrule by the intervention of foreign powers. Are any of the duties of rulers performed by the Pope and his advisers for his unfortunate subjects? Are the commonest and most essential obligations of a government attended to? We have seen that they are not. And yet we are told that we are unable to understand the true condition of a

country in which the most iniquitous distinctions are maintained, where property and person are alike insecure, where gross crime remains unpunished, whilst mere suspicion of disaffection to the authorities is brutally corrected, where every species of repression is exerted to crush freedom of thought and liberty of action, where education is neglected and pauperism encouraged, where the priestly governors exempt their own lands, which are three-fifths of the whole territory, from taxation, whilst they equally exclude the other classes from any share in the benefits of the revenue which they are made to pay; all this, be it remembered, being in defiance of the plighted words of a ruler who claims to be infallible.

'But the Italians are unfit for political liberty. They are not prepared to become free men, as they have proved by their long submission to the yoke of bondage.' Such is the assertion of the defenders of despotism abroad, and of many who do not love despotism amongst ourselves. These vague statements are incapable of proof, and we can only express a contrary opinion in reply. If we look to the past history of Italy, we shall find that in no country did material civilization advance so rapidly. What cities in Europe could compare in the sixteenth century with Venice, and Florence, and Ferrara, and Lucca, and Naples? Their only equals were the Flemish commercial towns. In what country did the Reformation make more rapid progress, until the Inquisition, enforcing its judgments by fire and sword, as ruthlessly as in Spain, drove out the reformed to dwell in other lands, and stamped to the dust the few that remained behind? Have the Italians failed in any branch of literature, in any walk of science, in any kind of art? In how many of these are we not still learning from the models they have left us without having yet attained to a like degree of excellence! What further proof can we require that this people is capable of freedom?

How ardently the people of Italy desire freedom, is testified by facts more strongly than by theories. As the allied French and Sardinian armies have advanced, one town after another has risen against its Austrian oppressors. Already the declarations of the complete contentment of the Romans with the present state of things is being falsified. Bologna and other districts are calling for a change of masters and of measures. Nor have we heard as yet any accounts of vengeance wreaked for unpardonable wrongs, of any acts of retribution inflicted on their oppressors in the hour of victory, of any of those wild excesses which betoken the absence of self-restraint, and ignorance of the principles of self-government. It has been the calm, dignified,

self-respecting advance of a people, long indeed cruelly degraded, but determined, when opportunity was afforded, to assert, and to prove themselves worthy of, their freedom.

In the existing complication of European politics the cause of Italian liberty has met with less sympathy in this country than it deserves. We can quite understand that the cause may seem suspicious which is commenced under the auspices of Napoleon III. It is not very intelligible how the man that has overturned the constitution of his own country should be anxious to establish a free government in other lands. To this dilemma in our own case is added the natural apprehension that Napoleon, having completely subdued the Austrians, will find it hard to restrain his victorious army, and that their most eager aspirations will be to wipe out the disgrace of Waterloo. It is this mingled feeling of doubt as to the French Emperor's real intentions in invading Italy, and of concern as to the remote consequences to ourselves, that has taken possession of the English mind, and has absorbed its ardour for the spread of free government. We at once admit that there are sufficient grounds for these suspicions. Impenetrable in counsel, able in design, and unscrupulous in action, as is Louis Napoleon, we await with no little disquietude the issue of events in Italy. Whilst the new-born liberty of Sardinia seems in extreme peril under its present patronage, we can hardly suppose that its institutions are especially acceptable to the hero of the *coup d'état*.

But with whatever solicitude we may regard the present juncture of circumstances, one point may be considered as established,—that the Italians can hardly make a change for the worse. The despotism of France, oppressive as it has proved to the genius of that country, is light when compared with the brutality of Austrian tyranny in Italy. We speak advisedly in declaring our belief that a more godless, a more abominable absolutism was hardly ever known. Wherever foul butchery was to be performed on victims whose only crime was their efforts to be free,—wherever dark designs of Italian rulers against the constitutions which they had sworn to defend, needed external support for their accomplishment,—wherever the march of material improvement, involving in its train the progress of mind, was to be ruthlessly suppressed,—wherever the wiles of Popery to withhold the word of God from an ignorant people lacked a sufficient power to carry its intentions into action,—in all these cases the armies of Austria have been ever ready—ay, and at times have been thrust upon unwilling allies—to execute in all its utmost rigour the stern requirements of an iron rule. Like an upas tree, its deadly shade has spread

its blight over the fair fields and sunny slopes of the Italian peninsula, and everywhere beneath its influence have been desolation and slavery and mourning. The Italians have everything to hope, nothing to lose, by a revolution.

What will be the future fate of the States of the Church if were vain to prophesy. As we write, an ominous message has reached us, that the King of Sardinia has refused the dictatorship proffered him by the Bolognese; and has assured the Pope that Italian independence is not inconsistent with the neutrality of the Papal See, with the maintenance in their integrity of the Papal dominions. How far such a guarantee may be deemed politic to secure the Catholics of France and Sardinia, we are unable to decide. But with the experience of the past, and speaking on behalf of the population of the States, we can only affirm our conviction, that any constitution will be illusory, which shall be established under the Pope as its temporal Sovereign. Popery may accommodate itself to the circumstances in which it is placed; may take the popular side to secure its special ends; may declaim, as in our own land, about liberty of conscience and of action; but, in essence and reality, it is the deadliest foe of freedom. Light and darkness are not more incompatible. If Pius IX. and Antonelli are still to govern Rome as heretofore, we may well sit down and weep for the blood so vainly shed on the fields of Montebello, Palestro, and Magenta. There will be the same promises of amendment in the hour of danger; the same insincerity in their plighted honour; the same faithlessness when the peril is past.

In conclusion, we can only express our hope, that, whilst our own country still maintains a strict neutrality between the belligerent parties, the voice of its public opinion will yet be heard unmistakeably on the side of freedom and progress; and that whatever section of statesmen may be holding the reins of government, the whole influence of Great Britain will be exerted still, as heretofore, to support the weak against the strong; to further independence of thought and action amongst oppressed peoples; to advance the circulation of the word of truth in countries from which it has been hitherto excluded; in fine, to extend, as far as possible, to other and less favoured nationalities those blessings which, under Providence, we have so long ourselves enjoyed.

BRIEF LITERARY NOTICES.

A History of England during the Reign of George the Third. By William Massey, M.P. Vol. I.: 1745-70. Vol. II.: 1770-80. London: J. W. Parker. 1855-8.—The period of our history which Mr. Massey has chosen for treatment is one which is by no means wanting in interest for Englishmen of the present generation. The reign of George III., long as it was, was no peaceful cycle of stagnation, but was crowded with stirring events. The first twenty years of it, included in these two volumes, embrace many interesting transactions, in which our grandfathers were energetic actors or interested spectators. When the third George ascended the throne, the nation was but just beginning to revive from that dreary state of indifference to religion and true patriotism which signalized some fifty preceding years. The more carefully this era in our annals is studied, the more deeply will be engraved on the impartial student's mind a conviction of the special action of Providence in raising up John Wesley and George Whitefield at that particular juncture of affairs, and in fostering into such rich and rapid fruitage the tree of their planting and watering. We mean this to be taken in no sectarian sense. On the contrary we rejoice now to see, more plainly than was possible to our fathers, the wondrous effects which the religious revival of a hundred years ago has had, not only in raising the tone of much of our national life, but specially in rousing and energizing anew that venerable Church which knew not rightly to appreciate her worthiest sons. In an interesting chapter on the manners of the period, Mr. Massey demonstrates the low ebb of morality throughout the land; and candidly declares that 'it was the evangelical doctrine which revived the fainting spirit of the ministry, and infused new vigour and vitality into all its members;' and that 'the interest of religion has been signally served by the remarkable movement which commenced about the middle of the eighteenth century.' In confirmation of this position we cannot now enter into detail, though there exists a mass of material, of which Mr. Massey has made comparatively little use.

The main points in these volumes are the causes and conduct of the American war, and the various changes of home administration; the

latter, of necessity, involving some discussion of the respective characters and attitudes of George III. and the elder Pitt. These are matters with which we cannot now deal; but must content ourselves with saying that Mr. Massey treats them generally in an impartial spirit; and though his premises are, here and there, tinged with the traditional hue of party politics, and divers of his conclusions are decidedly at issue with one another, yet he deserves the thanks of his readers for the fair and manly tone which reigns throughout his work, and for the many sensible passages which bear upon the statesmanship of the present day. These practical observations are stamped with the sterling impress of a mind that has grappled with political details, not merely in the quiet of the study, but in the official shadow of Downing Street, and amid the stirring life of the House of Commons. His favourite statesman is, of course, the great Earl of Chatham; yet he has not failed to point out his defects, nor has he by any means over-rated his genius and eloquence. Encumbered with many foibles, troubled with a flighty temperament which betrayed him into singular inconsistencies, beset by cold and jealous friends and maligned by bitter enemies, the character of Chatham still stands before us bright and fair as it did when all England wept at his death; and the reader's heart glows afresh as he lights anew on proof after proof of his patriotism, or realizes, with all their striking accessories, the grand scenes of his noblest efforts of oratory. To him, certainly, more than to any politician of his day, we owe the foundation of a higher style and purer order of statesmanship than had been known from the days of William III.—Of the merits or demerits of George III. we must postpone any particular consideration. His memory has suffered almost as much from the indiscriminate eulogy of his admirers as from the bitter spite of his personal enemies. But surely it is now time that the party cries of the past century were hushed, and that the life-long conduct of the King was calmly viewed in an atmosphere free from the mists of faction. We are not of those who hold him to have been justified, in his stubborn opposition to many able statesmen and good measures, even by the state of the times, peculiar as that was: yet we feel that England owes a large debt of gratitude to the good old man who, struggling with overwhelming cares of state, haunted by insanity, and cursed with dissolute and ungrateful children, yet steadily held up a fair example of morality, when the manners of courts and of peoples were at a very low ebb, and who, even in his most mistaken measures, had nothing so much at heart as the happiness, material and spiritual, of every subject of his realm. We shall look with much interest for Mr. Massey's continuation of the history of this reign; and meanwhile give these instalments our hearty recommendation.

Sketch-Book of Popular Geology. By Hugh Miller. Edinburgh. Thomas Constable and Co. 1859.—This volume consists of Six Lectures delivered before the Philosophical Institution of Edinburgh, and a collection of miscellaneous descriptive papers selected from the author's note-books. It is edited by Mrs. Miller, assisted and guided

by Archibald Geikie, Esq., and the Rev. W. S. Symonds, of Pendeck, — both men of mark in the science of which it treats. A few notes explanatory or corrective, and an introductory preface of about twenty pages, containing the latest geological intelligence, comprise all the matter added by the editors, the corrections being chiefly drawn from the last edition of Sir Roderick Murchison's *Siluria*, or from his private communications to Mrs. Miller. The author had intended these Lectures, together with the previously published posthumous volume, to constitute the chief illustrative portion of the great work on the Geology of Scotland, of which his early death has deprived us; and the fact that the principal part of the volume was delivered in popular lectures, in which the dry details of the science are relieved by the introduction of imaginative treatment, is the chief ground for the title it has received. But though only a part of a wider design, much has been accomplished in these pages. The author, beginning with the period in which geology touches on human history, revealing facts in the early life of nations, even before the birth of fable, conducts us along the line of the ages back to the reign of 'Ancient Night,' when no light from sun, or moon, or stars had reached our desolate orb, and the earth was without form and void. In this course, he exhibits the results of inquiry in nearly all the ancient formations, chiefly dwelling upon those which are represented in his native land. As might be expected, we have the most minute scientific information drawn from the author's own observations; but the charm of the book lies in its mode of presentation. Occasionally, some scene of personal interest, pictorially described, carries him back as in a dream to the earlier periods of the locality in which it occurred. Sometimes, an anecdote, inimitably told, describes the first gleam of a new discovery, or the origination of a loftier conception. At other times, the bold precipitous aspect of the Trap rocks recalls the history of his country; and the fortress of the Bass, the castles of Dunbar, of Dumbarton, and of Stirling, with the field of Bannockburn, rise to his imagination, stored with the memories of heroic endurance and strength, exhibiting a marvellous analogy between the Plutonic forces of nature which upheaved those giant forms, and the corresponding forces in man which made them the battle-ground of centuries. At the close of almost every lecture or geologic period, he takes an imaginative survey of the ground he has traversed, in which the whole array of archaic existence rises before us. Ancient forests wave, and in the sunbeams which flee their gloom, the insects of primeval ages sport, until preyed upon by their superiors in strength, who in their turn are glad to seek a refuge from their own more powerful foes. By their reedy banks of rivers long since wasted and dry, huge mammoths seek their food, and ancient seas bearing their strange inhabitants break in foam on solitary shores untrodden by the foot of man. In few men were the keen observation and analytic skill of the man of science so united with the imagination of the poet as in Hugh Miller; and hence his works are read with avidity as literature by multitudes who would never regard them in any other light. We

quite agree with the Rev. Mr. Symonds, that 'this work is calculated to advance the reputation of its author;' and we cordially commend it as a book in which the lover of science will find fresh gratification, and the lover of imaginative eloquence expressed in rare English, 'a feast of nectared sweets.'

The Primeval World: a Treatise on the Relations of Geology to Theology. By the Rev. Paton J. Glead. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

—The author of this book seeks to harmonize geology and revelation; or, at least, to show that no discrepancy between their testimonies should be assumed to exist. He accepts the conclusions of the most intelligent geologists with respect to scientific facts. He believes in the long antiquity of the earth, and the recent appearance of man upon it. He has reached the conviction that the Deluge was partial in relation to the globe, though covering the whole humanly inhabited area; and in a spirit of profound reverence seeks to justify the ways of God in the dispensations which the rocks disclose, and even to show the operation of Divine benevolence in the primeval death, and in the destructive agencies which still operate in our world. He cannot think the time has yet come for the formation of a satisfactory hypothesis of reconciliation between Genesis and theology, though he seems, on very insufficient grounds, strongly determined against Hugh Miller's. The whole work is intelligently conceived, industriously compiled, and clearly expressed; and, though we do not always agree with its conclusions, we commend it to those who wish to know, at a small cost of time and money, what a thoughtful and religious mind has made out concerning the relations of geology to theology.

Wanderings of an Artist among the Indians of North America, from Canada to Vancouver's Island and Oregon, through the Hudson's Bay Company's Territory, and back again. By Paul Kane. London: Longmans. 1859.—It was natural that North American scenery,

and American Indian life, should present to the mind of a Canadian artist the most fascinating subjects of study; and Catlin having already chosen the Mississippi and Missouri valleys, Mr. Kane resolved to keep more to the northward, and took the course indicated on his title-page. The expedition was undertaken in 1845, when British Columbia was much less interesting in the eyes of the world than it is now. Why the publication should have lagged so far behind the adventures is a matter with which perhaps we have no concern. But a diary is not exactly a book; and, during the intervening years, Mr. Kane might have found leisure to re-write his rough notes 'jotted down in pencil at the time,' out of courtesy to his readers, if not in mere justice to himself. His drawings are good, his writing is bad; and yet both are truthful. As a writer he lacks discrimination and imagination. He does not perceive what is valuable and what commonplace; and he does not know how, by the aid of illustration, to make his descriptions effective. Either he deals in generalities which convey no meaning; or he merely catalogues the features of a scene instead of grouping them into a picture. We are not much interested in dates, and names, and numbers, and do not care to know exactly

how many miles our author travelled on any given day, who were his companions, and whether he was fatigued or not. The reader cannot fail to be struck, in this as in all books treating of the American continent, with the enormous scale on which the natural features of the country are modelled;—mountains which rise peak above peak far into the clouds, and are quite inaccessible; prairies that must be traversed day after day, and seem illimitable; forests literally impenetrable to the traveller, where trees, thirty and forty feet in circumference, fall from old age, and lie rotting uselessly; rivers 800, 1,200, 1,500 miles in length, navigated only by an occasional bark canoe. These noble forests and plains and rivers are most lavishly stocked with animal life. We read of trees being for 450 miles devastated by caterpillars, which, when the foliage was gone, covered the ground *en masse*; of salmon in such superabundance, that as many as 1,700 fish, weighing, on an average, 30lbs. each, have been taken in the nets of a chief in a single day; of gulls and pelicans, which so completely covered an island on one of the lakes, that, on being disturbed, they rose in a mass so dense as to produce the impression that the island itself was taking wing; of herds of buffaloes in countless thousands, and the plains strewn in every direction with their bones; and of herds of wolves and wild dogs, which are only less numerous than the buffaloes. This redundancy of animal life reduces a hunting excursion to the level of a battue, and is scarcely to the taste of an English sportsman.

After Catlin's elaborate volumes, there is not much novel information respecting the customs of the Indian tribes. Catlin, however, was an enthusiast, which it is very obvious Mr. Kane is not. From his point of view the Indian is idle, boastful, revengeful, treacherous, selfish to a degree that almost shuts out natural affection, childish in his superstitions, intolerably filthy in his person, and degraded in his habits and tastes. We shall never believe in poetry again. During a four years' residence among the Crees, Assiniboines, Blackfeet, and the rest, numerous adventures befel our author, and not always of the most amusing kind. Here is a situation quite dramatic;—

July 30th.—Proceeded along the shore for eight or ten miles, when I discovered that I had left my pistols and some other articles at our last night's encampment. I had, therefore, to send my man back for them, while I sat by the river, with horses and baggage, under a burning sun, without the slightest shelter. Whilst sitting there, a canoe approached with four Indians, streaked all over with white mud (the ordinary pipe-clay). On landing, they showed much surprise, and watched very cautiously at a distance, some creeping close to me, and then retreating. This continued for about three hours, during which not a sound broke through the surrounding stillness. I had commenced travelling very early, and this, combined with the heat and silence, made me intensely drowsy. Even the danger I was in, scarcely sufficed to keep my eyes open; but the Indians were evidently at fault as to what to make of me. As I sat upon the packs taken from the horse, nodding in silence, with a fixed

stare at them whichever way they turned, my double-barrelled gun, cocked, across my knees, and a large red beard (an object of great wonder to all Indians) hanging half-way down my breast, I was, no doubt, a very good embodiment of their ideas of a *secco-oom*, or "evil genius." To this I attributed my safety, and took good care not to encourage their closer acquaintance, as I had no wish to have my immortality tested by them.'—Pp. 290-292.

It required nearly four months of constant toil to ascend the Columbia, which, on the way down, had been accomplished in fifteen days. The mountainous district, at the head of the river, was especially trying. The journey commenced on the 1st of July,—it was now November, and the cold was intense. Mr. Kane's extensive red beard, so long tended with care, now gave him a good deal of trouble; for it became heavy with ice from the freezing of his breath, and could hardly be thawed even before an enormous fire; the spirit thermometer indicated 56° below zero; (*sic*;) snow began to set in, and the brigade had a reasonably good chance of ending their journey in the mountains. The horses were now abandoned, a dog-sledge was procured for the author's collection of sketches and curiosities; and snow-shoes, six feet long, were made for the men (the wood for the frames having to be fetched from a distance of twenty miles). But even thus, progress was most difficult, the whole party being sometimes blown along by the wind so violently, that they could only stop themselves by lying down, the sledge was blown in front of the dogs, and clouds of drifting snow rendered it impossible to see more than a few yards a-head. There were frozen rivers to cross, and what proved to be far worse, rivers only half-frozen, with treacherous ice above, and a roaring torrent below; but, after perils and adventures which have rarely been surpassed, even in the Arctic region proper, Fort Assiniboine was reached, and the danger was at an end. The book is not what it might have been; but is a genuine book nevertheless, and has this excellent quality, that the interest heightens as the narrative proceeds.

The Life and Times of Daniel Defoe: with Remarks digressive and discursive. By William Chadwick. 1859.—The announcement of a new biography is always an attractive one even to those who have been disappointed times without number, and who know too well that excellence in this department of letters is a rare achievement. In truth, we are apt to be pleased with any gossip—the most unworthy—about the man whom we love for his character, or honour for his work's sake; and from the interest attaching to many indifferent memoirs we may partly judge how large an amount of culture and enjoyment might be conveyed to us in productions of this class. We are persuaded that if the art of biography were better known, and practised there would soon be no place, and eventually no demand, for works of fiction. Perhaps it will be so in some future day. Then our seers will be no longer novelists and poets, but biographers and historians; the beauty of truth will be recognised in its actual and concrete form; and imagination, enlightened by a purer moral sense, will see its loftiest ideal realized in the walks of daily life. The for-

tunes of every individual supply not only the materials but the form of a consistent story; the outlines and the details are both to be discerned by the eye of genius, which quickly separates them from irrelevant connexions; and thus, following the clue of individuality, the biographer finds all the features of a work of genuine art start under his hand, the whole being tinged with moral truth, if not visibly culminating in poetic justice. In such a performance the aid of fancy would not be required, for simple fidelity provides against the need of mere embellishment; and the art-instinct of the author would employ itself in the selection of essential traits and features of the actual life, as that of the novelist now exercises itself in shaping some ideal picture. We do not say that the two species of composition are identical, but only that one may practically supersede the other. A novel is but an ideal biography; and its existence rebukes the limited discernment of those lovers of truth who cannot shape its equal out of the real world of providence and nature.

Daniel de Foe deserves a better memorial than that which has suggested these remarks; and Mr. Chadwick ought to be ashamed of himself for making the author of *Robinson Crusoe* so much more dull and indistinct a character than its hero. The volume owes its origin to a mistake, the writer being prompted to undertake it by meeting with an old book of travels that was not, as he supposed, the composition of De Foe. But the work is one huge blunder altogether, and fruitful in a thousand others. The first sentence of the biography (page 2) is an imperfect clause, left absolutely without predicate of any kind. Then the hero's extraction is formally asserted in the text and immediately contradicted in a note; and after we have been told of his youth and education, we are treated to the announcement of his birth. The general plan of the work is on a par with its arrangement: it consists of huge lumps of genuine extract floating in a thin consistency of twaddle. Of the first twenty pages more than ten are transcribed from Dr. Eachard's diatribe on *The Contempt of the Clergy*. But the greatest demand is made upon the writings of De Foe, the unfortunate object of this work. This expedient has the advantage of making three-fourths of the volume readable; but the passages are so clumsily introduced, and so ignorantly commented on, that all chance of instruction is reduced to a hopeless and disheartening minimum. The author's remarks on the politics of King William and Queen Anne are dreary in the extreme; long extracts are made from old forgotten pamphlets, and scurrilous old libellers are put for their sins into this precious pillory. Happily for them, few need to answer to their names; for here the notorious Tom Brown takes the imposing form of Dr. Thomas Browne. But we have said enough about this wretched piece of patchwork. It is another and most flagrant instance of biographical incompetence, and puts the literary millennium back at least two centuries.

The Trilogy; or, Dante's Three Visions. Inferno; or, The Vision of Hell. Translated into English in the Metre and Triple Rhyme of the Original. With Notes and Illustrations. By the Rev. John Wesley Thomas. Bohn. 1859.—It is easier to recognise the merits

of this translation than to conceive any adequate motive for its production, or to promise its author any reward commensurate with his pains. To some readers it probably will be welcome; but its existence could hardly have been missed by any. Dante is almost as familiar to the English reader as to his own countrymen. Not less than ten new versions of the *Inferno* have appeared within the last fifty years, and the whole of the Divine Comedy has been translated almost as many times. Mr. Thomas suggests that a majority of these versions are wanting in the characteristic *terza rima*; but he allows that the three last published, including the excellent one of Mr. Cayley, are not without this merit. Perhaps the version of Mr. Wright, first published in the year 1833, is that which comes nearest in pretensions to the one before us. The performances have much in common, and there is hardly room for both. Mr. Thomas objects to the work of his predecessor that, though rhymed, it has not the same kind of rhyme as the original,—that continuous and interchanging harmony which must appear so suitable to Dante's great poem, like a chime in the bells of eternity. There is some force in this objection, and we are quite disposed to contend for metrical fidelity in every effort of the kind; but in the case before us the English language is not susceptible of such melodious changes as the soft Italian, nor will the English reader miss an unwonted gratification of the sense while his mind is intent on images of austere and solemn beauty. For this, among other reasons, the blank verse translation of Mr. Cary is still, as it seems to us, quite able to maintain its place. The merits of that performance are of the highest kind. Even the Miltonic style and rhythm, which would be fatal to its claims as an original composition, confer upon this version of the Tuscan poem a charm that is at once familiar and remote. Perhaps Milton is the only poet of whom the English reader of Dante may justly be reminded.

It thus appears that Mr. Thomas has many rivals to contend with, and some of them in established favour. But there is always room and welcome in the republic of letters. There is room, it may be, for the present volume, which evinces considerable learning and ability; and we are glad to see that its publication is warranted and justified by a numerous list of subscribers. With the same material guarantees the author might venture to prosecute his purpose, and complete a rather creditable version of this famous *Trilogy*. But we are bound to add, that it is scarcely worth his while to do so. An extra version of a foreign poet must greatly depend upon the partiality of friends; and we are sure that the subscribers to Mr. Thomas's production will not hold him to a thankless task, but accept this volume as a sufficient proof of his taste and ingenuity.

An Outline of English History in Verse. London. Wertheim and Co. This neat and unpretending little volume is well suited for children. In pleasant and easy verse it gives a sketch of English History, which may be readily committed to memory; and its author has managed to combine the introduction of the most important events of each reign with a brevity that is not dull.

Wesley Thomas. Boston. 1838.—It is easier to recognize the merits

MISCELLANEA.

Modern Anglican Theology. By the Rev. J. H. Rigg. *Second Edition, revised and enlarged.* London. 1859. It is sufficient to announce the new edition of this important work. The improvements are considerable, yet not such as to make this new issue indispensable to owners of original copies.—*Notes of a Clerical Furlough, spent chiefly in the Holy Land.* By Robert Buchanan, D.D. London and Edinburgh: Blackie. 1859. An eloquent and interesting work. Dr. Buchanan affects no critical research of an independent character; but his notes and observations are popular in the best sense of the word. The voyage out in the trim yacht 'Ursula' is very charmingly described.—*Studies in English Poetry; with short biographical Sketches and Notes, critical and explanatory.* By Joseph Payne. *Fourth Edition.* London. 1859. We have nowhere met with a finer selection of English poetry than that of which this volume consists. The first part is of a miscellaneous character, and includes many of those fugitive pieces which are the solitary witnesses to their author's genius. In the second part a systematic selection is made of the beauties of the greater bards. The whole forms such an Anthology as no other nation can produce.—*Our Woodland Heaths and Hedges. A popular Description of Trees, Shrubs, Wild Fruits, &c.* By W. S. Coleman. *With Illustrations printed in colours.* Routledge and Co. A seasonable little volume, welcome especially to those who ramble in the country woods and lanes. It contains nothing about trees and shrubs but what we are all supposed to know; but that is just the reason why nine out of every ten would do well to procure it—they will then learn to distinguish a Beech from a Hornbeam.—*His Treasures, and the Search for them: being the Substance of Lectures delivered to Bible Classes.* By John Hartley. Mason. 1859. The author of this little volume has brought much spiritual wisdom to its preparation, as well as no ordinary mental culture. Its style is elegant and attractive.—*The Huguenots.* By the Rev. W. Morley Punshon. Nisbet. 1859. Our word of praise can do little to enhance the popularity of this oration; and its merits are of a kind which lift it almost out of the region of criticism. With many hundred readers it will revive the memory of a rare enjoyment, while its glowing passages are associated in their minds with the splendid declamation of its author. We need hardly say, that those readers who come to it without this preparation will miss the key to its effect.—*A Bible Dictionary; being a comprehensive Digest of the History and Antiquities of the Hebrews and neighbouring Nations; the Natural History, Geography, and Literature of the Sacred Writings, with References to the latest Researches.* By the Rev. J. A. Bastow. *New Edition.* Longmans. 1859. A valuable book of reference.—*Full Assurance; or, the Doctrine of the Witness of the Spirit, Stated and Defended.* By George Maunier. *Fourth Edition.* London. 1859. Modest, judicious, and comprehensive. Perhaps the most valuable part of this volume—notwithstanding the excellence of the treatise itself—is the precious catena of quotations from English divines in support of the doctrine expounded and defended.

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